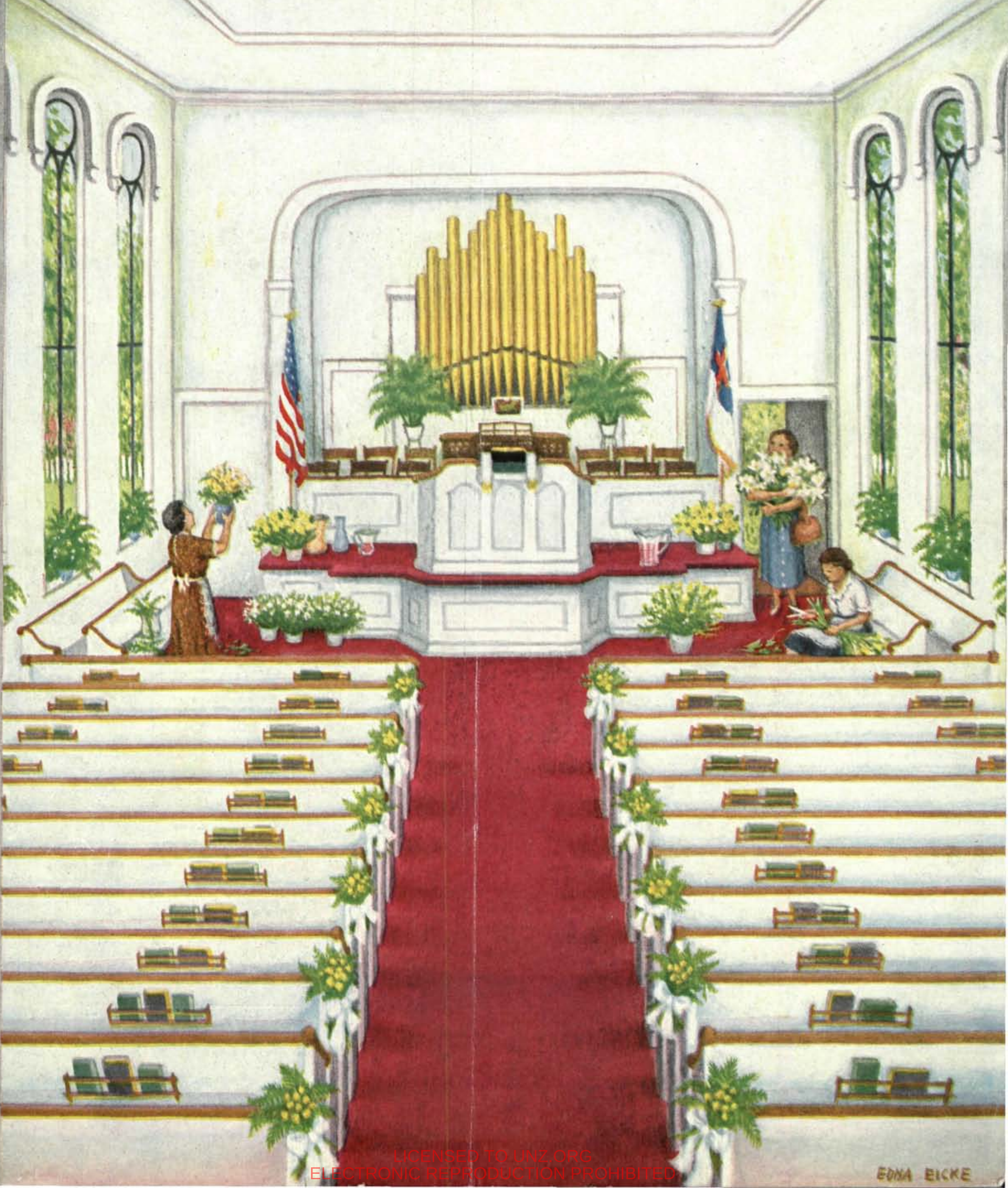
★ June 8, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents



Wendens Ambo, a village in Essex, England

Personal way to the heart of England—a telephone call

Great Britain is just a friendly call away from your home or office. A telephone call across the Atlantic is a lot like a call across town. It's easy and economical.

When you telephone friends, relatives or business associates overseas, you have the advantage of being able to *talk things over*. You can make plans and settle details quickly in a personal, two-way discussion. Saves time, trouble and money.

• • • •

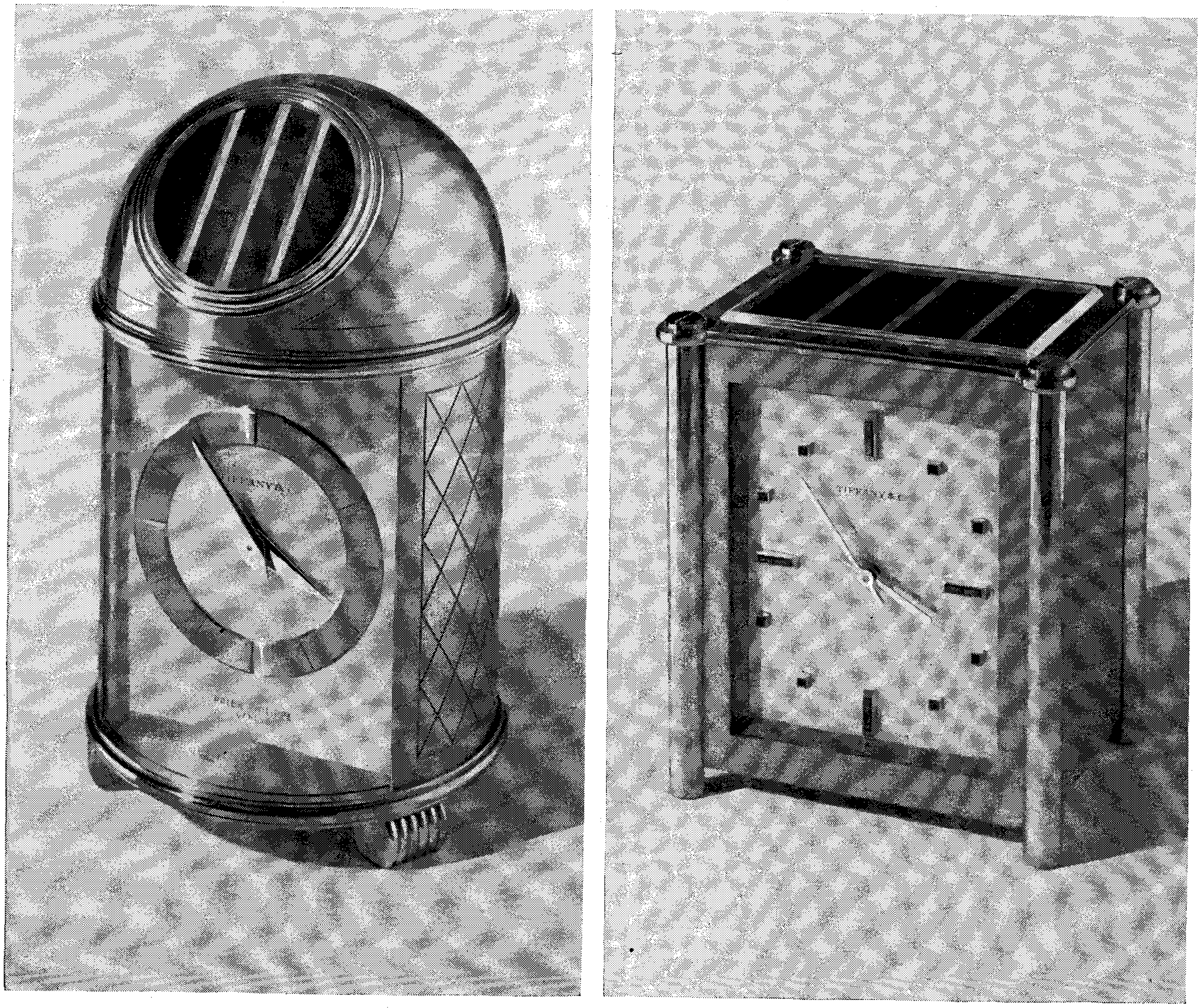
P. S. When you travel abroad, you'll enjoy keeping in touch with family and friends at home by telephone.

YOU CAN CROSS THE OCEAN FOR $12 BY TELEPHONE

This is the daytime rate for the first three minutes from anywhere in the United States, not including the 10% federal excise tax. . . . It applies not only to Great Britain but to 27 countries in Europe. . . . In most cases the rate is even lower at night and on Sunday.

BELL SYSTEM OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

THE CLOCK THAT IS WOUND BY LIGHT. The energy in natural or artificial light, captured by a highly sensitive photo-electric cell, winds the extremely accurate twenty eight jewel movement. A unique development by Patek Philippe.



Left: Gilded dome clock with engraved decoration, twelve hundred fifty dollars.

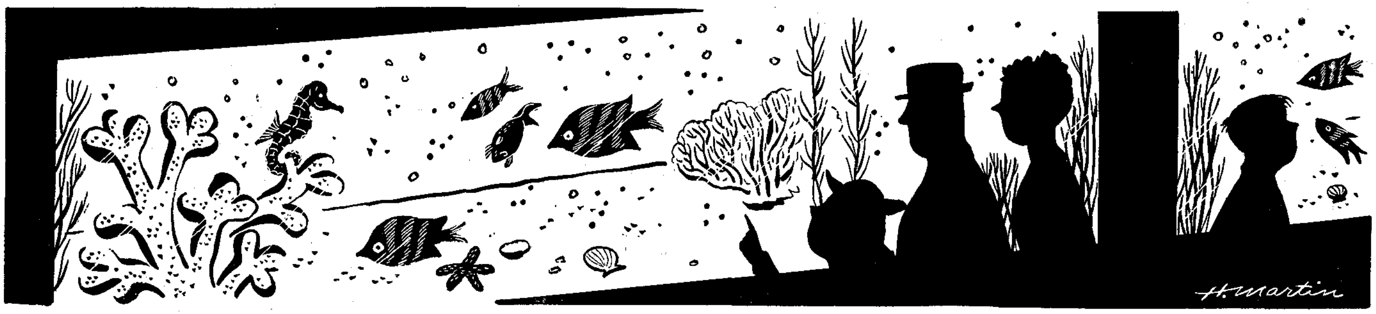
Right: Sterling silver clock with sapphire hour markers, fifteen hundred dollars.

Prices include federal tax.

TIFFANY & Co.

NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book about the Biddles of Philadelphia, which he wrote with one of them, is occasionally funny but generally pretty laborious. Walter Pidgeon plays the freewheeling hero, and among his assistants are Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas is fine as a good-natured slob in Arnold Schulman's rather dull and inconclusive play about a fellow whose family considers him unfit to bring up his son, and there are other worth-while performances by David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hotel Paradiso—A wild French farce, adapted by Peter Glenville from an 1886 original, which hasn't quite the style of "The Matchmaker" but is still very funny. Bert Lahr, at the top of his form, heads a cast that includes Angela Lansbury, John Emery, Vera Pearce, and Douglas Byng. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero, and beautifully acted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see for some time. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Eugene O'Neill is writing this time about his alcoholic elder brother and the farm girl who tries to save him, but the play is by far the least effective of his autobiographical works. Franchot Tone and Wendy Hiller, with an assist from Cyril Cusack, struggle heroically with the almost interminable leading roles. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Separate Tables—The first play in this double bill by Terence Rattigan is a more or less routine effort, but the other, a study of two beaten people saved by their neighbors' compassion, is mature and sensitive. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are magnificent in the leading roles in both offerings. Among the supporting players are Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. It hasn't a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level. Tom Ewell is excellent as a badgered cartoonist, and Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson assist him very nicely. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard and Eddie Mayehoff are superlative in the leading roles. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** An account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. Abigail Kellogg is now playing the young girl, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are her father and mother. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, June 22.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** A variant on the Scopes trial, currently with Ed Begley as Clarence Darrow, and Leon Stevens as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present with Charles Hohman, Rex Everhart, Arte Johnson, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	115
BOOKS	118
THE CURRENT CINEMA	82
LETTER FROM SEVILLE	94
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
JAZZ	101
CONCERT RECORDS	101
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	84
THE RACE TRACK	80
THE WAYWARD PRESS	106

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
(ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in a comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

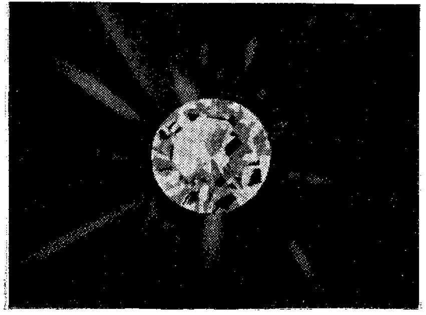
Happy Hunting—The return of Ethel Merman is just about all the good news there is concerning this big and rather foolish show, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—Some lively songs and some fine dances do a lot to make this adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip at least intermittently good fun. The book is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and the music, respectively. Edith Adams and Peter Palmer head a cast that includes Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill; the dances were staged by Bob Fosse; and the sets and costumes were designed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—In spite of Beatrice Lillie's heroic work and Billy De Wolfe's almost equally indomitable assistance, this item is hardly superior to the average television program. The other performers include Harold Lang, Helen Wood, Micki Marlo, and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 16, June 8, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



Most valued symbol of your devotion

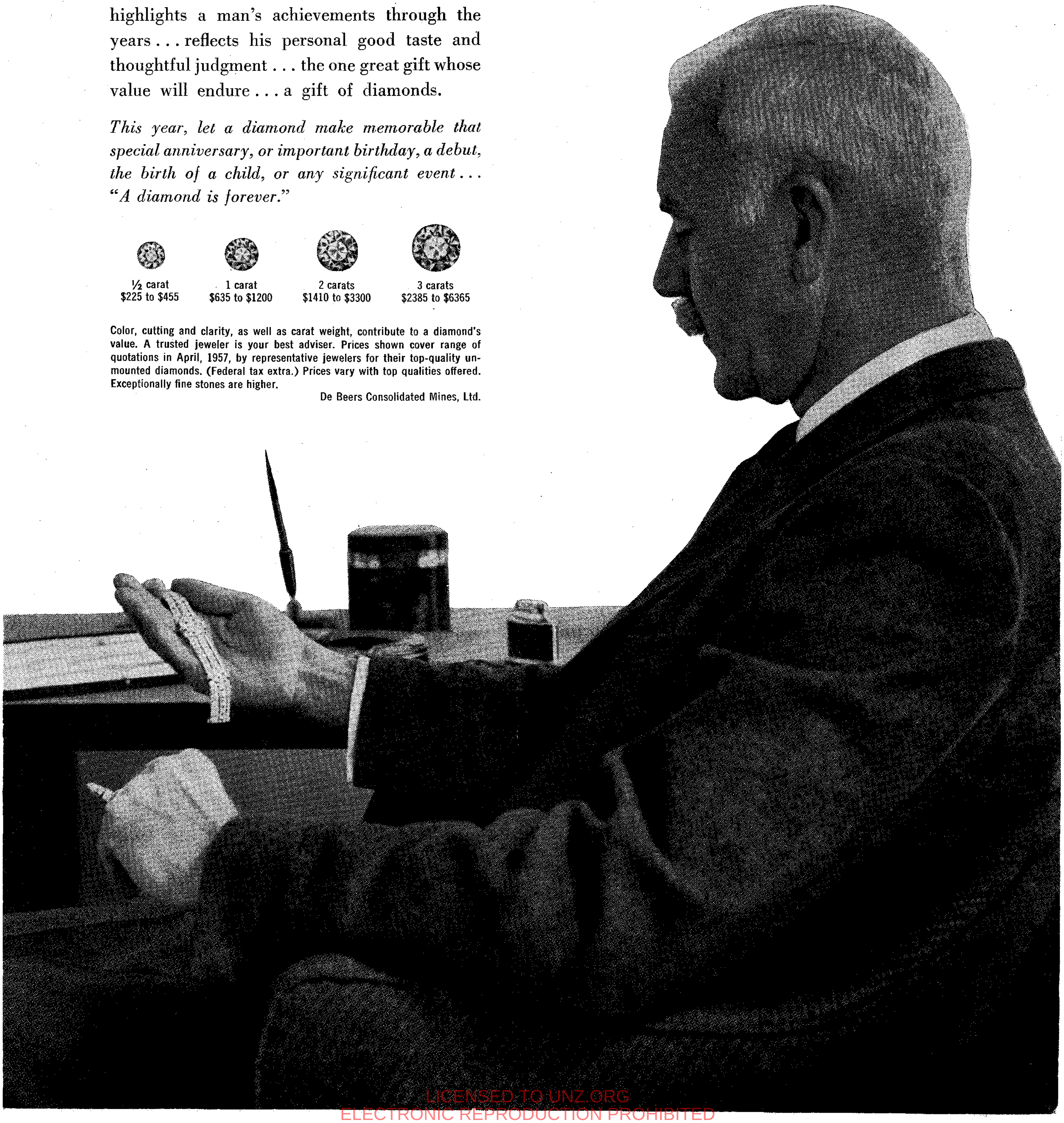
A gift of diamonds means so many things . . . highlights a man's achievements through the years . . . reflects his personal good taste and thoughtful judgment . . . the one great gift whose value will endure . . . a gift of diamonds.

This year, let a diamond make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event . . . "A diamond is forever."

½ carat	1 carat	2 carats	3 carats
$225 to $455	$635 to $1200	$1410 to $3300	$2385 to $6365

Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Prices shown cover range of quotations in April, 1957, by representative jewelers for their top-quality unmounted diamonds. (Federal tax extra.) Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Carol Lawrence, and Raoul Pène duBois designed the not always intentionally comic scenery and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—damn yankees: George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gretchen Wyler is now the lady from Hell, Howard Caine her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 9.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, June 7-9: "The Barber of Seville." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, June 14: "Aïda." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife" and with music by David Martin. Melvin Stewart and Ethel Ayler head the cast. (Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse, 150 W. 85th St. SU 7-9532. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

Seventh Avenue South—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Seventh Avenue South, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9205. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers—A group of dancers, singers, and guitarists, including Lola de Ronda and José Molina. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Through Sunday, June 9.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Theatre Under The Stars—Maria Tallchief, André Eglevsky, and their ballet group, along with José Limón and his dance company, will launch a new summer series of dance programs and musicals on Monday, June 10. (Wollman Memorial, Central Park. Nightly at 8:45. For tickets, call PL 7-2187.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, which represents Park Avenue before Park Avenue became an office building, gets along with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's dance orchestra and a rumba brigade cut loose. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A celebrated house by the side of the road whose principal transients are all Carl Van Vechten types. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band never pause for breath.

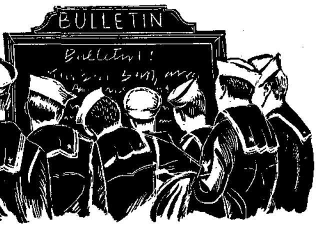
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Celeste Holm, the picture of a modern Greek goddess, is doing an astute little musical drama at dinner and supper, and doing it with what looks suspiciously like perfection. The dance tunes are the work of an excellent band headed by Joseph Sudy and a rumba group headed by Alan Logan. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room offers Dorothy Shay, who proclaims herself a hillbilly singer, though she probably can't tell an Ozark from a cocktail onion. She's on hand at dinner and supper. The band of Ted Straeter, from which dance music flows like wine, and Mark Monte's smaller group are the other inhabitants of the place. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra holds forth at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea is just as popular as the cocktail. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is also heard in the lofty council chamber called the Edwardian Room, in which dinner music (but no dancing) is the custom of the house.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's orchestra, largely a standard-gauge operation, is occupying the Grill. All is dark on Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Under this section of the vault of heaven, the only clouds are pink ones, and a nice match for the pretty girls in their summer dresses. Dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari is, of course, a permanent fixture. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.



Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The huge Café Rouge is housing the Dorsey band, which at the moment is operating without benefit of Jimmy Dorsey. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A couple of small bands, one Latin and one Manhattan, make dance music for outdoor sports in the garden from dinnertime through supper.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof is offering a course in music appreciation that is apt to prick up anyone's ears, or maybe even pierce them; i.e., Sarah Vaughan and Joe Williams, singing for dear life, and Count Basie's band, playing for keeps. The Mischa Borr dance orchestra alternates with the Basie group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by the trios of Jozsi Ribari and Bernie Leighton from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one. They're away Sundays, when the Mischa Borr dance band performs from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, from which every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a meticulously manicured greenwood tree, Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): At one end of this long-established water hole, lions and lambs sit down side by side to quench their thirst; at the other end, Kurt Maier plays piano all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **goldie's new york,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The alumni and alumnae of Goldie Hawkins' earlier pubs forgather here of an evening to pick up the latest campus gossip. This, along with hustle-and-bustle piano, is supplied by Mr. H.; more sentimental études are supplied by his alter ego, Wayne Sanders, whose work week ends every Thursday. Friday and Saturday, Bill Taylor is his fill-in. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A my-compliments-to-the-chef affair, combined with a gala holiday for strings (the violin choir of Teo Fanidi), which is in full force from dinnertime until one or two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **rsvp,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): After the theatre, Don Evans plays the piano in his high-style fashion; Don Carey, recently of the Bermuda *boîtes,* works the keyboard from cocktail time until far into the night. Mr. E. and Mr. C. are both at liberty Sundays, when Don Feldman takes over the piano. . . . **barberry room,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini's guitar, which speaks eloquently of amorous nights on the Spanish Main, will have its final outing, nine at night to one in the morning, on Saturday, June 8. . . . **gatsby's,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Fancy-free architects have had their way with this small but elaborate inn, where Maxine Thomas extracts quiet music from her piano at dinner and supper, and sometimes embellishes the proceedings with quiet song. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Arthur's knights slept here. Now it's a refectory in which Norbert Faconi and his come-fly-with-me violin make sweet music together, from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday. . . . **weylin,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of the entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of his ten-finger specialties in the bar from six to eight and again from ten to one or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **left bank,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): The Modern Museum never offered quite as tongue-in-cheek a display as do the walls of this gallery. The tone poems

Hampton Week-end

Jonathan Logan creates a versatile
costume for the week or weekend...
slender sheath with a new relaxed jacket.
For dawn to dusk crispness:
Galey & Lord's dark and cooling cotton.

Galey & Lord Burlington QUALITY ®

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y. • A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES

Lord & Taylor

Career coverage

that might be a summer-long plan—on a weekday basis.

By Jonathan Logan—

in black, grey or royal blue cotton. Sizes 5 to 15, 14.95

Second Floor Junior Dresses

Lord & Taylor, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(vocal and pianistic) of Hubbell Pierce, world traveller, and the music of Lee Evans' trio are audible during the late-dinner and supper shift. The trio is at liberty on Sundays, Mr. Pierce on Mondays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards going exuberantly native, which makes for some pretty fair song and dance. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays.... **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, to say nothing of wandering minstrels whose music is all valentines. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Middle Europe in a quiet but gala mood compounded of zimbalons, gypsy violins, schnitzel, light wines, and dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after eight in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, where there's always a spate of casual piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

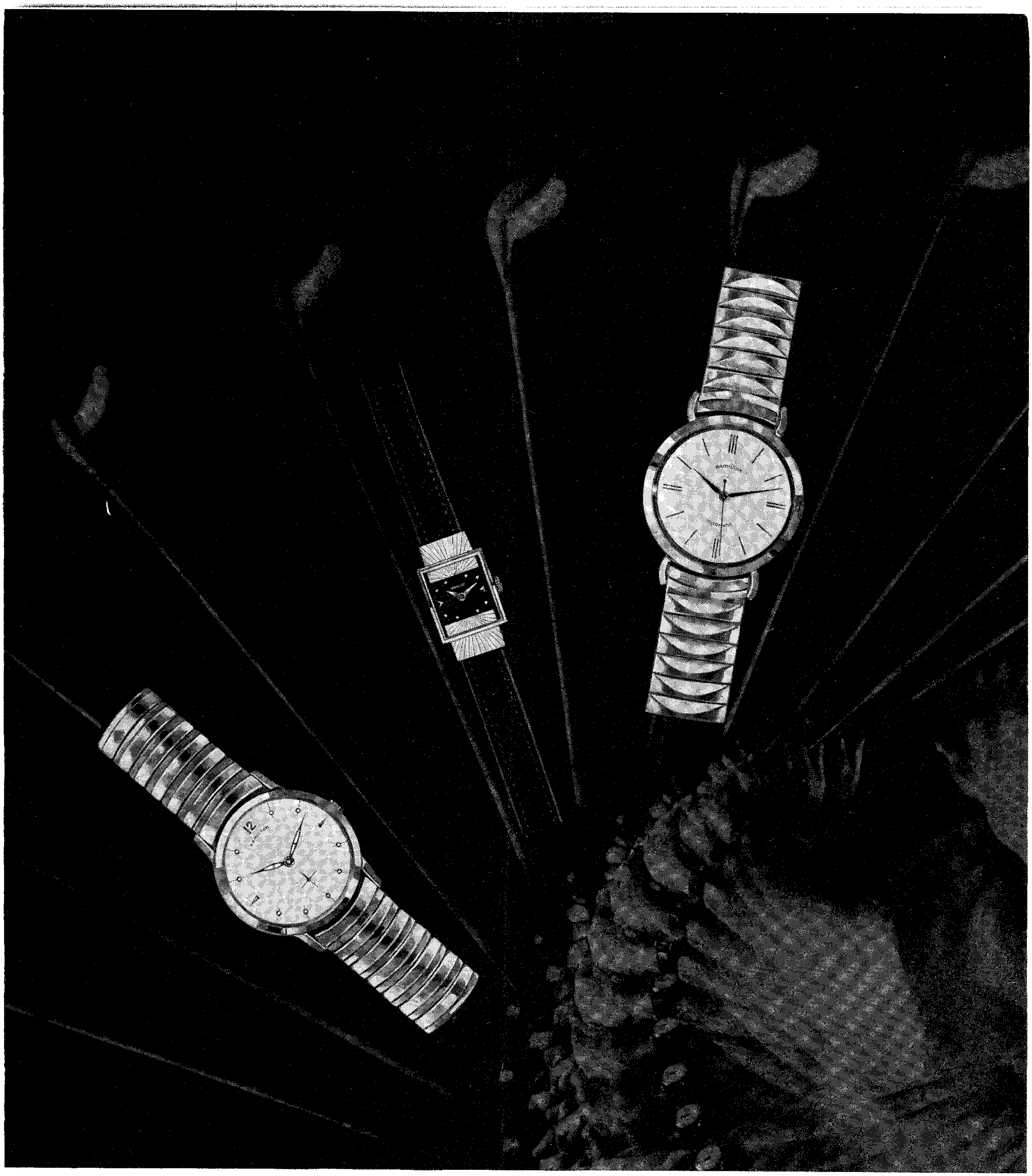
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The lyrics intoned by Spivy, a decisive girl with the voice of a drill sergeant, always call a spade a garden utensil, but the point of her words is clarity itself. Will Holt, possibly the funniest backwoodsman and guitarist of our time, and a guileful singer to boot, is the other main dish. The proceedings are underscored by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard.... ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty cranks out quiet cocktail and dinner piano for the small fry in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, the Lyons family does interesting experiments with geometric progression.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's school for comedy is holding its annual commencement exercises, which involve June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews (all of whom are most likely to succeed) in a revue constructed mostly of spoof. The words are the work of such semanticists as Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery; the music is the two-piano team of Stan Keen and Mr. McCreery. The rites begin at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The Garden of Eden in an impish new version that requires the services of two serpents—Stella Brooks, singing songs of sixpence in which nothing is sacred, and Blossom Dearie, singing songs of dalliance in the sweetest possible childish treble. The angel in the Garden is Daphne Hellman, who has her harp to prove it. The institution is connected spiritually (Julius Monk) and physically (staircase) with the Downstairs Room. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Free-associational discourse by Irwin Corey, a thoroughly bewitched, bothered, and bewildered extemporaneous speaker, and free-associational music by Chico Hamilton and his quintet, who can give visitors to the Village a warm reception. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Sylvia Syms, the most resonant of our double bassoons, is once more being true, blue, and funny, and Jimmie Komack is again talking to himself in his bemused way. Also worthy of note are the dizzy music of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels' boulevardier chanteys. Closed Mondays.... **RED CARPET**, 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Kitty White sings her swan song, probably a very pretty one, on Saturday, June 8. On Monday, June 10, Felicia Sanders, an oriole who can run quite a temperature in the middle of an emotional ballad, will be taking the floor, and there'll be dancing, too. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, there are also Joey Carter, with a long string of oft-told tales, and Rosemary O'Reilly, with a string of nice enough ballads. He is off Sundays, when old movies are added, and she is off Mondays, which are amateur nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

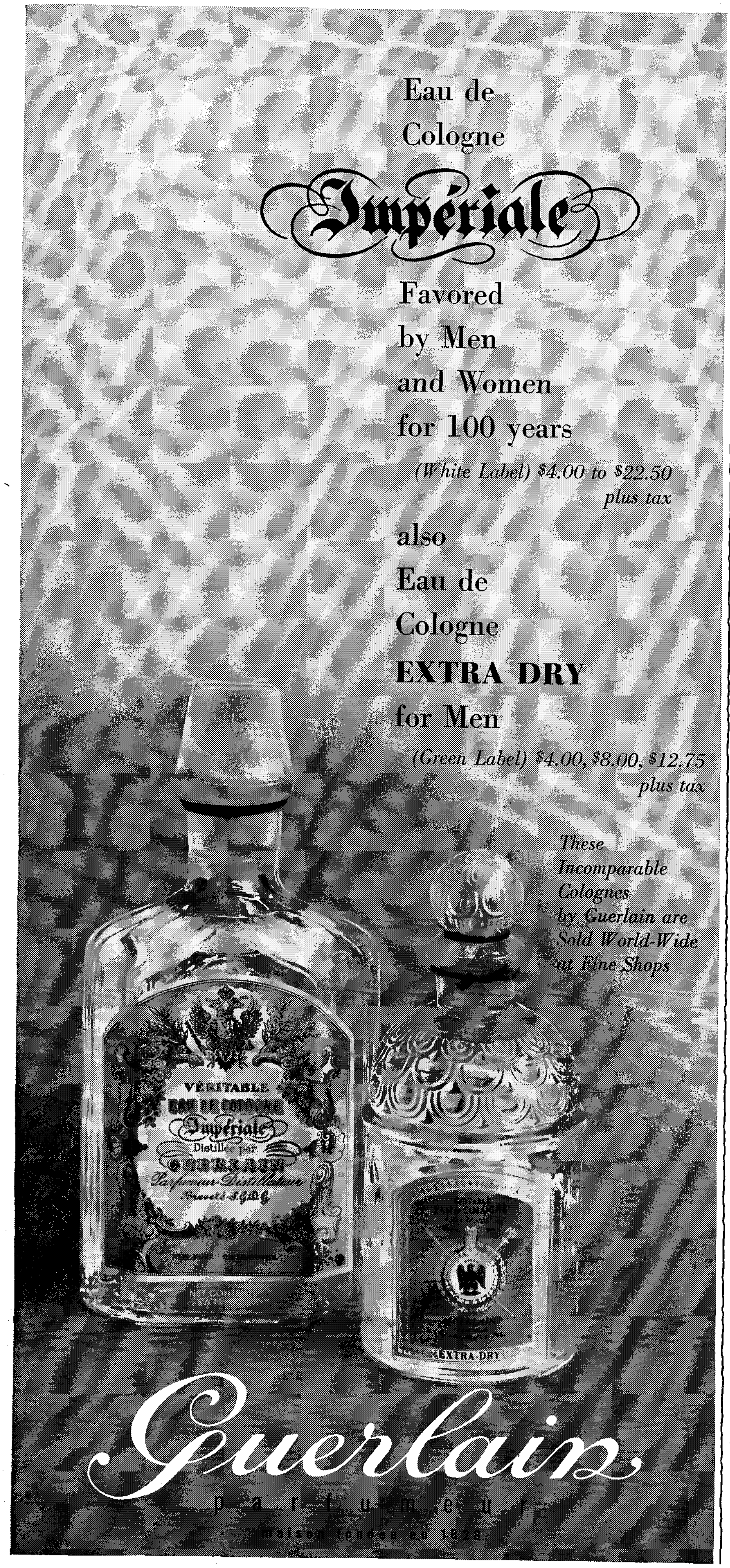
EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): At times, you'd think the entire student body of Winsocki was buckling down at once, and even the music of Alex Kallao's trio and Jonah Jones's quartet, whose distinguishing characteristic is vigor, pales by contrast. Sundays, when the regulars are off, the floor is held by other practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The band headed by Sidney de Paris goes out of business on Saturday, June 8. Monday, June 10, Sidney and Wilbur de Paris will join forces, along with such other estimable veterans as Omer Simeon and Benny Moten, to make beautiful, if noisy, music. Don Frye will stay on as the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights.... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The trios of Dorothy Ashby and Hampton Hawes, both of which are very much in their formative years, are occupying the room behind the pulsating bar. The Ashbys are off duty on Sunday, the Haweses on Monday. Thursday, June 13, will be the dawn of a new era, when the incumbents will be replaced by the threesomes of Marian McPartland and George Wallington, two first-flight pianists. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sunday and Monday, when he is there all night, and Saturday, when he is off.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Not the sort of place you'd like to live in, even if they gave it to you, but beyond the barriers is a wide variety of music: Cannonball Adderley's quintet, who are warm and outgoing philosophers; Maynard Ferguson's band, which is nervous second-generation Stan Kenton; and the Hi-Los, who sing, sing, sing. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jean Nelson, a young woman given to toying with vibes and drums, departs, along with her trio, from the hollow in the oval bar on Sunday, June 9. Absolute silence on Monday, but as of Tuesday, June 11, the piano there will be in the hands of Billy Taylor, who plays as though he had four of them going at once. His trio will be active, too.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by the Billy Maxted band, the Voice of the South. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-



Action

Whether you play games or watch them, your timing will be vastly improved by one of these handsome new Hamiltons. Accurate in the Hamilton tradition, they're rugged to the finest detail, styled to perfection. Reasons enough, we submit, for a talk with your Hamilton jeweler. Left to right, Aqualine, $89.50; Dominette, $125; Kinematic I, $72.50. Prices include federal tax. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.

HAMILTON



Eau de
Cologne
Impériale
Favored
by Men
and Women
for 100 years

(White Label) $4.00 to $22.50
plus tax

also
Eau de
Cologne
EXTRA DRY
for Men

(Green Label) $4.00, $8.00, $12.75
plus tax

These Incomparable Colognes by Guerlain are Sold World-Wide at Fine Shops

Guerlain
parfumeur
maison fondée en 1828

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2278): This week (and every week thereafter), "East Lynne," or a rabid Dixieland parody of it that could easily bring the house down. Among the players in a practically continuous performance are Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Jazz music that's a form of ancestor worship, or how to amuse the children over the weekend. On Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, the noise will probably be made by Roy Eldridge, Charlie Shavers, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Art Trappier, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): A bit of the Henry Hudson Hotel is devoted, evenings from nine to one, to a six-man exposition of music from south of the border (Mason-Dixon). The moderator is Bobby Hackett, and among his advanced students are Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres. The intermission pianist is Teddy Roy, who's in keeping with the prevailing mood. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): An airport for the exclusive use of progressive but nonscheduled airlines. It's rumored that Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and a quintet operated by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn are there now, but who knows? It's absolutely definite, though, that the place is closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through June 28. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JIMMY ERNST—New abstractions, more philosophic in manner than heretofore; through Saturday, June 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Saturdays.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Landscapes and still-lifes, none of them recently exhibited; through Friday, June 14. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HOPKINS HENSEL—Paintings, meticulously exact in treatment and mildly Surrealist in atmosphere; through Friday, June 14. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Saturday, June 8.)

WILLIAM MEYEROWITZ—Semiabstract landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; through Saturday, June 8. (Chase, 29 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

MIRKO—New sculptures in bronze, imposingly totemic in feeling; through Friday, June 14. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Paintings and collages, much more playful in mood than usual; through Saturday, June 8. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JULES PASCIN AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Pascin (1885-1930), supplemented by oils by Vlaminck, Dufy, Picasso, and others; through Friday, June 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

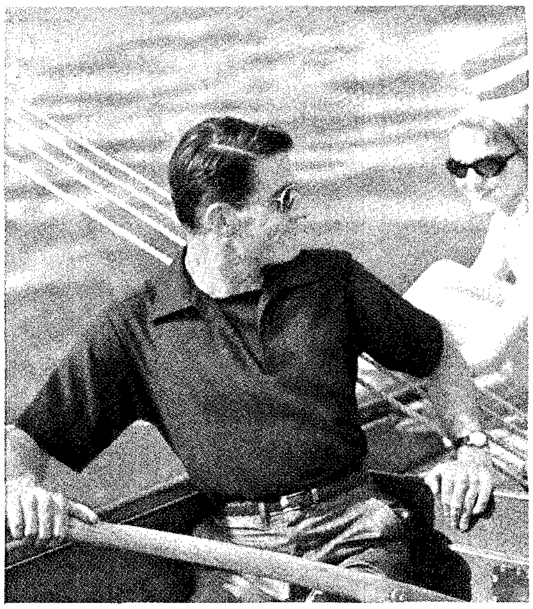
GUIDITTA SCALINI AND RENATO CRISTIANO—Bronze sculptures, mostly small, neatly attenuated in manner, by the former, and landscapes in oil by the latter. The first showing here for both artists. Through Saturday, June 8. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by newly elected members of the Institute and by winners of Academy and Institute awards, including Raphael Soyer, Morris Graves, and Polygnotos Vagis, plus a group of Childe Hassam Fund purchases (paintings and woodcuts); through June 23. (American Academy of Arts and Letters,

Do you know the 8 secrets of Hathaway's VIYELLA® Shirts?

1. Viyella is a super-British fabric. It is woven near Sherwood Forest, from a genius mixture of pure lamb's wool and long-staple Egyptian cotton. Light and *soft!*

This Hathaway: Our classic tattersall check—$16.95



2. Viyella won't shrink. Send Viyella to the laundry. Or wash it at home. Get it soaked in a cloudburst. Fall overboard. If it shrinks—we replace. No argument.

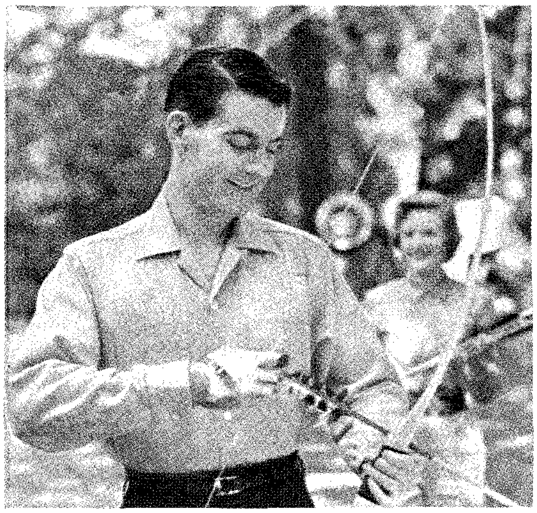
This Hathaway: The "Salty"—our new pullover—$14.50

3. Viyella won't chafe. It doesn't get itchy when damp. You can fly-cast all day. It never chafes at the neck or wrists.

This Hathaway: Trout-fly colors in bold check—$16.95

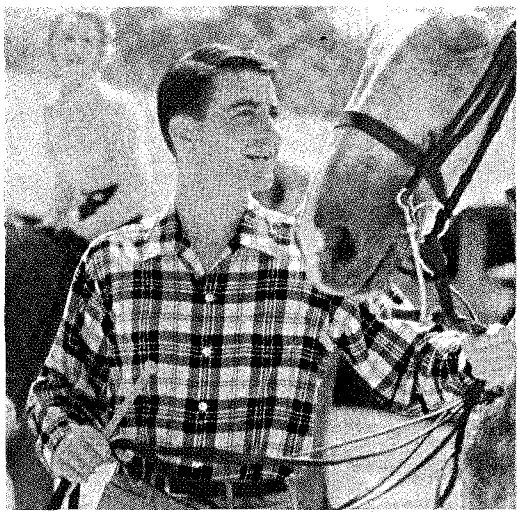
4. Viyella won't fade. Neither sun nor rain nor laundries can ever fade Viyella. Wash it and wash it. Colors stay bright.

This Hathaway: Our dashing sunshine check—$16.95



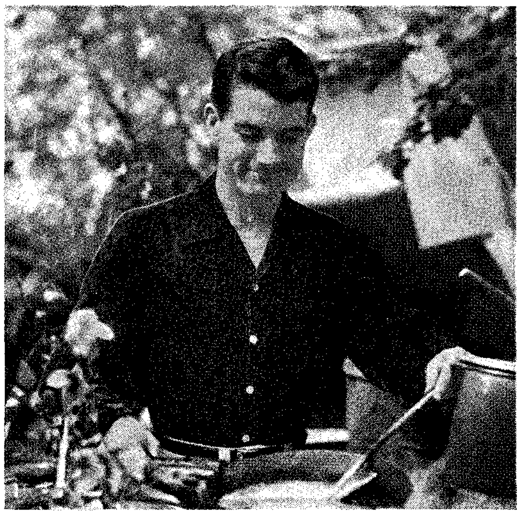
5. Viyella is light. Not one of these shirts weighs more than 10 ozs. They are wonderfully opulent—yet not a bit bulky.

This Hathaway: A gray of the utmost restraint—$14.50



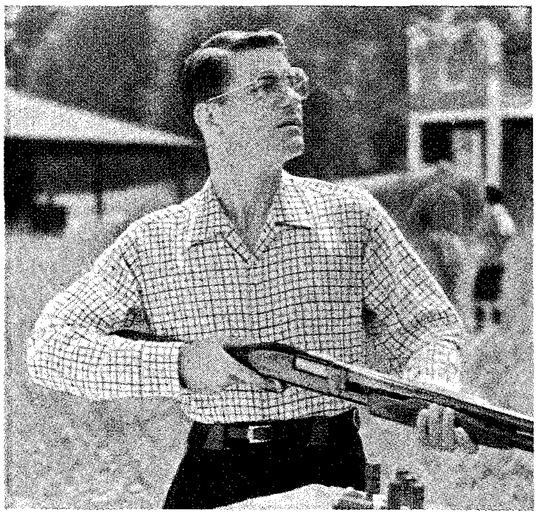
6. Viyella is tailored by Hathaway—who never skimp cloth when they cut. Tails are generous—they stay in your trousers.

This Hathaway: MacPherson Dress Tartan—$17.95



7. Viyella wears and wears. One man we know bought a Viyella shirt eleven years ago. Casualties to date: two buttons.

This Hathaway: Hunt scarlet, visible for miles—$14.50



8. Viyella defies imitation. Many have tried. None have succeeded. Look for the Viyella label. It's on every shirt.

This Hathaway: A tattersall in red and black—$16.95

NOTE: Never be bamboozled into buying something that *sounds* like Viyella—but isn't. If you can't find the real thing, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine—or dial OX 7-5566 in New York.

Chairs, Eero Saarinen Design

Desk and Cabinet, Florence Knoll Design

Knoll Office Planned Furniture provides wide new latitude for executive, conference and secretarial needs. World-wide distribution. May we send you an illustrated brochure?

KNOLL ASSOCIATES, INC., KNOLL INTERNATIONAL, LTD., 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: The third annual "Painters and Sculptors of Promise" show (with items by, for instance, Bruce Conner, Richard Hunt, and Dean Richardson) is the initial offering at the gallery's new location; through Friday, June 7. . . . ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and mosaics by Frank Roth, David Sauer, and others; through June 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Doris Lee, Ruth Vodicka, Sigmund Menkes, and others; through June 28. . . . BARONE, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An outdoor show of sculptures by Martin Craig, Herbert Kallem, and other American moderns; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.) . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by Stephen Csoka, Martha Visser't Hooft, Joseph Konzal, and others; through July 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.) . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: The regular artists here—Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, and so on; through June 28. . . . FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings by Arbit Blatas, Walter Barker, Henry Botkin, Hans Moller, and Manfred Schwartz; through Friday, June 14. (Open Saturday, June 8.) . . . GREENWICH, 71 Washington Pl.: The gallery's opening exhibition, consisting of fifty paintings and sculptures by as many living artists, ranging from Milton Avery to William Zorach; through June 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.) . . . HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: Oils by, among others, Colleen Browning, Robert Bliss, and Rex Clawson; through June 29. (Open Saturdays.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Fourteen painter-printmakers, including Will Barnet, Minna Citron, and Seong Moy; through Friday, June 7. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: A twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, comprising paintings on loan from museums and collections. The artists include Doris Rosenthal, Isabel Bishop, and Dong Kingman. Through Saturday, June 8. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through July 26. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The current show contains about fifty oils chosen by William Kienbusch, Adolf Dehn, and Robert Brackman; through Friday, June 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . POINDEXTER, 21 W. 56th St.: New York work of the thirties, including items by Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and Arshile Gorky; through June 29. (Open Saturdays.) . . . REHN, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings and drawings by Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, and others; through June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Greene, and Monolo Pascual are among the painters and sculptors represented in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation; through Aug. 23. . . . STABLE, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Painters and sculptors on the roster of the gallery's sixth New York artists' annual exhibition include Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, Louise Nevelson, and William King; through June 21. . . . WILLARD, 23 W. 56th St.: Paintings by Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Charles Seliger, and others, as well as prints by Genichiro Inokuma; through Saturday, June 15. (Open Saturdays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the CRESPI, 232 E. 58th St.: Paintings by Ben Benn, Alvin Sella, and others, in addition to sculptures by Domenico Facci; through Saturday, June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 9.) . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings in various mediums by twentieth-century artists, including Marin, Picasso, and Klee; through Friday, June 14. . . . KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, David Hare, and other American and French painters and sculptors; through June 21. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists,

ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR GOOD-LOOKING BEACHWEAR
in interesting new designs and colorings

Our Exclusive New Beach Robe of Hand-woven India Madras in Colorful Stripings or Solid Blue—White Terry Cloth Lining, $26.50*

Our Exclusive New Short Sleeve Beach Shirt of Scottish Gingham in Navy with Grey-and-Gold Regimental Stripings, $12.50*
(not shown) Complementary Semi-tailored Navy or Gold Cotton Gingham Swim Trunks, $11.50*

Tailored Front, Elastic Back Swim Trunks of Quick Drying Dacron†-and-Cotton. Blue, Grey or Olive, $13.50*

Heavy Cotton Beach Shoe with Rope Sole Imported from Italy. Navy, Natural or White, $6

Exclusive India Madras Sport Hat That May Be Folded and Put in Pocket. Blue or Rust. 6⅞ to 7⅞, $7.50

*Small, medium, large, extra large †Du Pont's fiber

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

Address Mail Orders to 346 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

MORE AND MORE AMERICANS FLY AIR FRANCE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

BECAUSE AIR FRANCE BLENDS

Experience and the Finest Equipment

- The pioneer of international commercial flight
- A 38-year record of dependability
- Now, Super "G" Constellations
- Soon, the even larger, faster Lockheed Super Starliners.

Luxury and Convenience

- Air France is France aloft
- French comfort, service and cuisine
- Daily, non-stop Tourist and Deluxe First Class flights New York to Paris
- Choice of midday or 7 P.M. departure from New York
- Regular service from Boston, Chicago, Montreal
- Choice of 236 destinations in 73 countries.

Enjoy yourself—fly Air France

PARIS
BEIRUT
ISTANBUL
TEL AVIV
ROME
FRANKFORT

Only Air France offers through flights to ALL these destinations.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE
WITH 177,740 UNDUPLICATED ROUTE MILES TO 236 CITIES IN 73 COUNTRIES
•
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR AIR FRANCE
NORTH AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS—683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
OFFICES IN MAJOR CITIES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 30. . . . WHITE, 42 E. 57th St.: Jan Gelb, Boris Margo, Kandinsky, and others in a showing of prints, drawings, and sculptures; through June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Canvases by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorjou, and others; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.). . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit arranged as a tribute to the art historian and dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, with paintings by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and others; through June 29. (Open Saturdays.)

Pre-Columbian Art—At the EMMERICH, 18 E. 77th St.: Pre-Columbian sculptures, along with modern paintings, by, among others, Picasso and Jawlensky; through June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.). . . WIDDIFIELD, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Aug. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Sculptures—Work by Milton Hebald, Barbara Lekberg, Henry DiSpirito, and others; through June 29. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the PANORAS, 62 W. 56th St.: Lora Civkin; starting Monday, June 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ Group shows at the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.; starting Monday, June 10. CHASE, 29 E. 64th St.; starting Monday, June 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) HELLER, 63 E. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, June 11. MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, June 11. (Open Saturdays.) ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, June 11. VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.; starting Monday, June 10. (Opening day, 8 P.M. to 10 P.M.; thereafter daily, 1 to 6, and Monday evenings until 9.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 30. . . . ¶ At the Brandeis University Creative Arts Festival, in Waltham, Mass., there are seven art exhibitions, which will continue through Friday, June 14: One-man shows of paintings by Max Weber, Stuart Davis, Jimmy Ernst, and David Holleman; a series of George Grosz etchings illustrating Dante's "Inferno;" works from the university's art collection; and works by students.

MUSEUMS

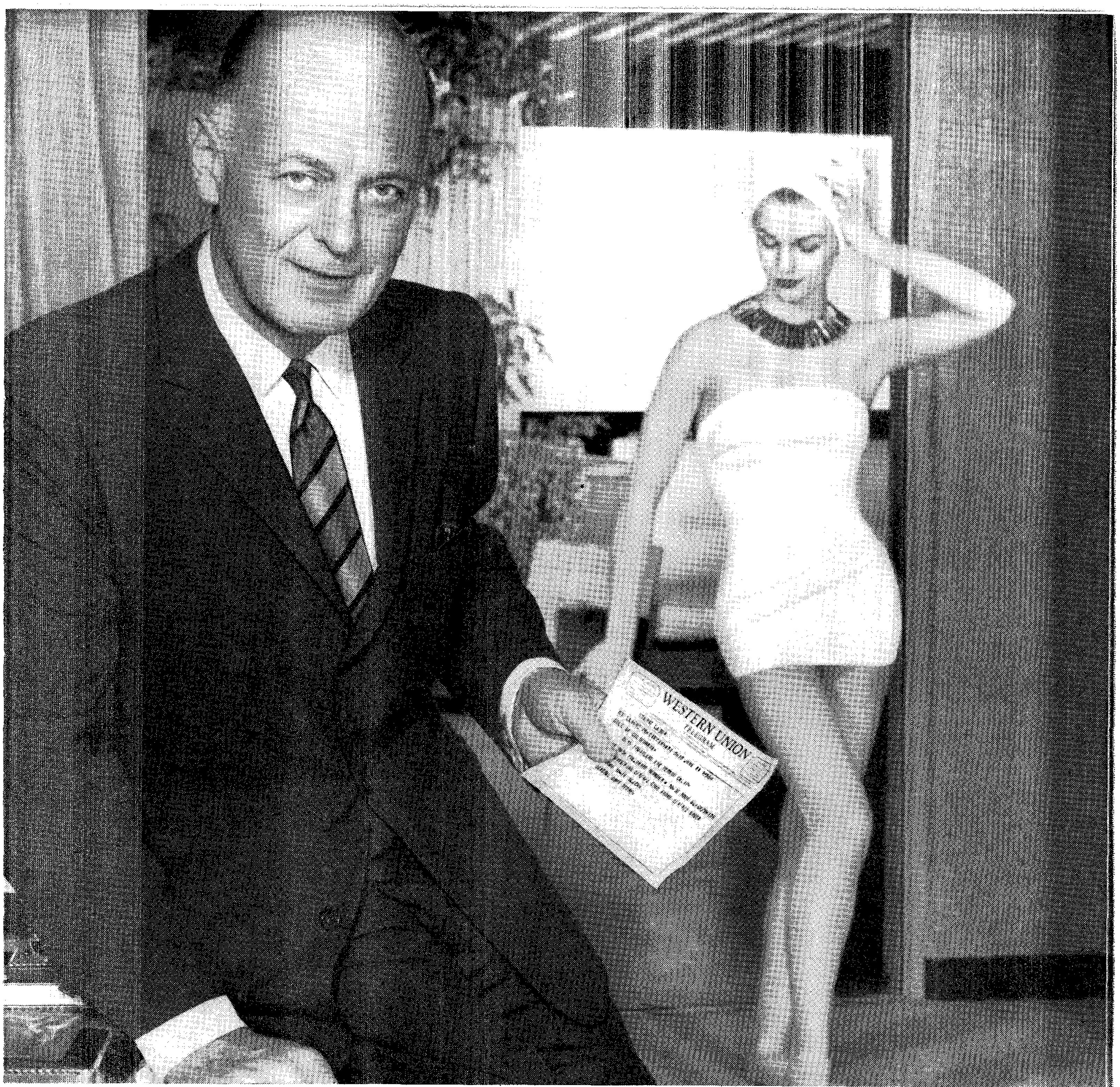
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sixty-five Greek vases (principally Attic and ranging in date from the early sixth to the late fourth century B.C.) from the Hearst collection, purchased last fall by the Museum. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; through Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A two-part exhibition celebrating the Museum's tenth anniversary at its present address. One part consists of paintings and sculptures from a number of private collections, ranging from a Rembrandt self-portrait to modern works by Chagall, Gauguin, Weber, and Lehmbruck (to name a few); through June 30. The other part is the Strauss-Rothschild collection of Jewish ceremonial objects from the Cluny Museum, in Paris; through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A new selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from various places, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle



Fred Cole, President, Cole of California, as photographed by Mead-Maddick

Fred Cole shows beautiful figures with telegrams

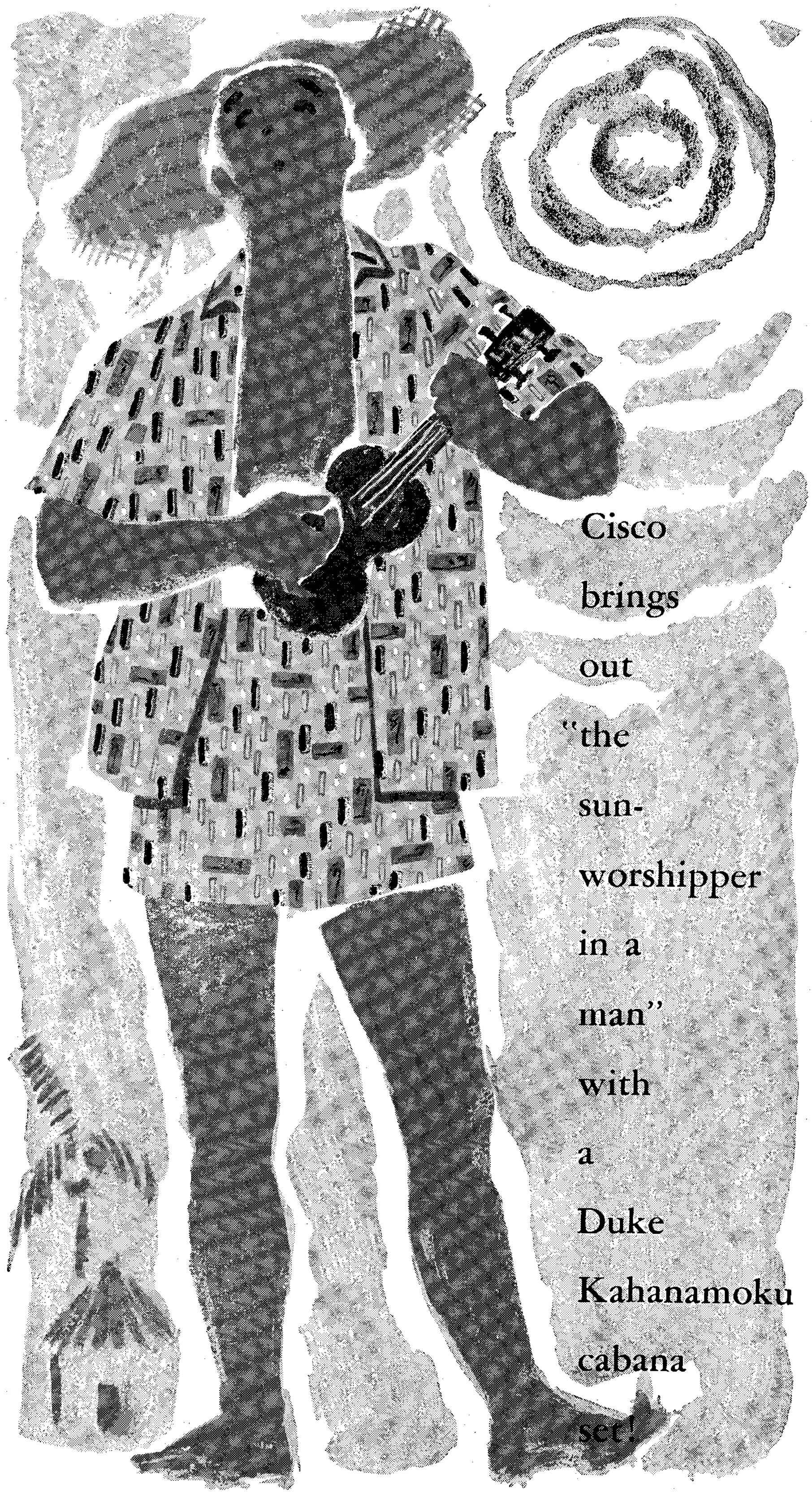
"Reorders are the profitable part of our business," says Fred Cole, President of Cole of California, "and they could not exist without Western Union! Here's why: swimsuit sales are as sensitive as a barometer to changes in weather. Last summer, for instance, a hot spell in Cleveland brought a run on suits. Store buyers there reordered 101 dozen by wire; we acknowledged by return wire, giving shipping times as well. You just can't beat the telegram for getting business done fast—and in writing!"

More than a million times a day, business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to business.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION ...

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!



DUKE KAHANAMOKU shirt and boxer sets in neat and bold patterns. Tailored of light, cool, Mallinson rayon that's as washable as a handkerchief! Complete set, about $15 at Wm. Hengerer, Buffalo; Harry Suffrin, Detroit; Kresge-Newark, Newark; Best & Company and Weber & Heilbroner, New York; or write to:

CISCO *Casuals*
A Mallinson FABRIC
16 East 34th Street, New York City 1

shell; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann; through June 16. . . . ¶ Eighty-eight twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Charles Burchfield, Adolph Gottlieb, Louise Nevelson, and others) acquired during the past two years; through June 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

IN THE COUNTRY

Brandeis University Creative Arts Festival—Thursday, June 6, at 8:45: A jazz concert conducted by Gunther Schuller. . . . ¶ Friday, June 7, at 11 A.M.: A repeat performance of the jazz concert, followed by a panel discussion involving composers Charlie Mingus, Harold Shapero, Mr. Schuller, George Russell, and Milton Babbitt. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 8:45: Aaron Copland conducting a symphony orchestra in a program of his own works, with Benny Goodman, clarinet; Marguerite Willauer, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; and other vocal soloists. (Brandeis University, Waltham, Mass. For information about tickets, call OX 7-5340.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the polo grounds: Giants vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, June 6, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 7, at 8; Saturday, June 8, at 2; and Sunday, June 9, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Tuesday, June 11, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 12-13, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, June 14, at 8, and Saturday, June 15, at 2. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Friday, June 7, at 8; Saturday, June 8, at 2; and Sunday, June 9, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 11-12, at 8, and Thursday, June 13, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 14, at 8, and Saturday, June 15, at 2. . . . roosevelt stadium, Jersey City: Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Monday, June 10, at 8.

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 15; varsity race at 7:15.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday, June 8.)

Golf—United States Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Through Friday, June 7.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Inverness Club, Toledo, Ohio. Thursday through Saturday, June 13-15.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Rock Spring Club, West Orange, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 13-16.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 7-9.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 14-16.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At belmont park: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Metropolitan Handicap, Saturday, June 8; the National Stallion (for fillies), Monday, June 10; the Shevlin, Wednesday, June 12; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . new woodbine park, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 8. . . . monmouth park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Tuesday, June 11, through Wednesday, Aug. 7. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat will leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and be met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Sunday, June 9, at 2.

Tennis—Sears Cup Matches. (Baltimore, Md. Friday and Saturday, June 7-8.) . . . ¶ Church Cup Matches. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L. I. Friday and Saturday, June 14-15.)

Track Meets—New York Athletic Club. (Travers

Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, June 8, at 3.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, June 15, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7.) . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, June 6, through Saturday, Aug. 24.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Greenwich, Conn. Saturday and Sunday, June 8-9.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Flower Show—The June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 12, from 1 to 4:30.)

Variations in Media—An exhibition by seven artists (among them Joseph Meert, Henry Varnum Poor, and Richard Pousette-Dart) of work in their own and related fields. In the display are sculptures, pottery, paintings, drawings, jewelry, enamels, and stained glass. Through June 23. (Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Manuscripts and Books—Original manuscripts, first editions, and musical scores by newly elected members of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters. Some of the authors represented are Conrad Aiken, John Dos Passos, John Cheever, and Igor Stravinsky. Through June 23. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including several letters written by Voltaire to Helvetius, an illuminated Flemish manuscript of the twelfth century, and a drawing by Rubens; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

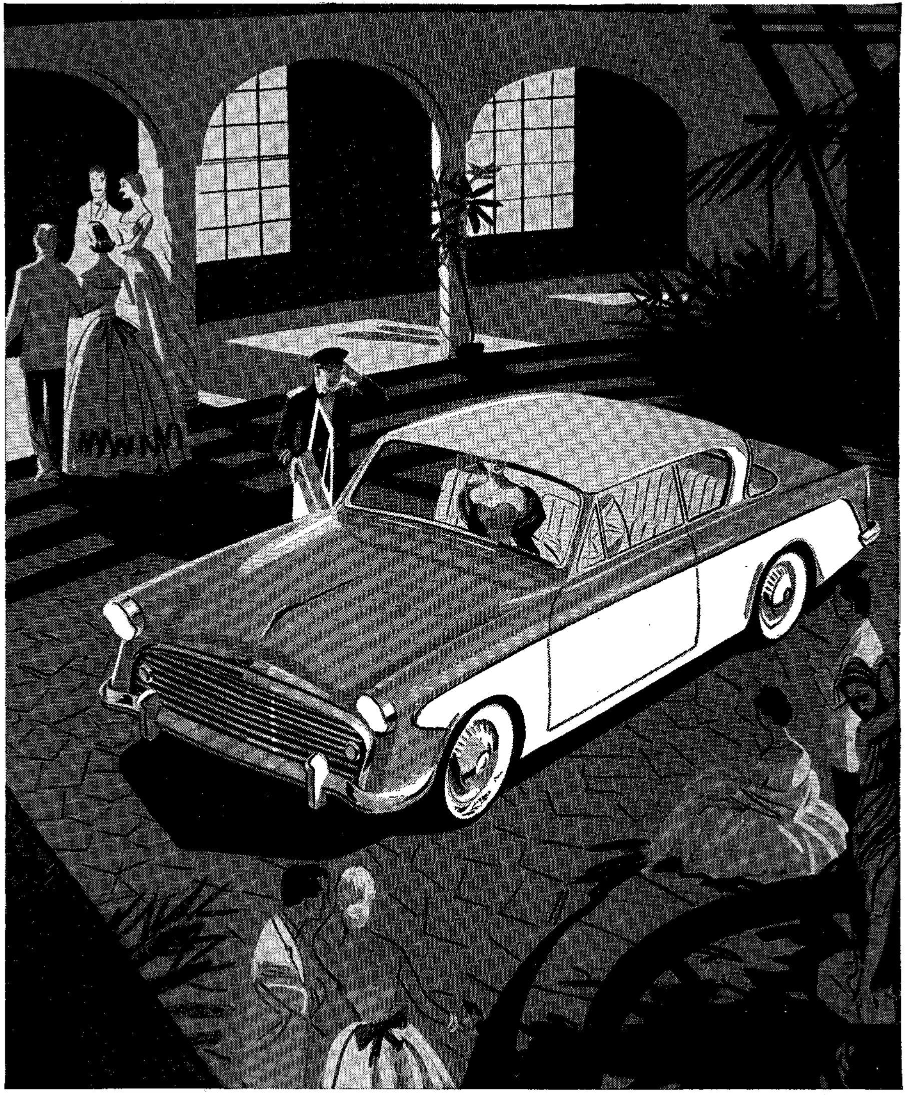
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sun in Action," deals with the power and influence of our nearest star; through July 1. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, June 6-7, at 1:45: English and other country furniture, paintings and drawings, silver, table porcelains, linens and laces, Oriental and domestic rugs, and decorations; the property of Ralph A. Gamble and others. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 13-14, at 1:45: Terrace and garden furniture and sculpture, collected by Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., and others. Exhibition starts Friday, June 7.

Commencement Dates—N.Y.U., Thursday, June 6; Annapolis, Friday, June 7; Dartmouth and Smith, Sunday, June 9; Vassar and Yale, Monday, June 10; and Harvard, Thursday, June 13.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through June 8, at 3 and 5:30: "Juve vs. Fantoman" (1913), plus an excerpt from "The Vagabond" (1915). . . . ¶ June 9-12, at 3: "The Tenth Symphony" (1918), directed by Abel Gance. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

Stunning, Spirited Sunbeam



Stands Out In The Most Stylish Circles

The exhilarating new Sunbeam proves that fine living need not be extravagant. Unexcelled style and performance make the Sunbeam Britain's proudest contribution to America's imported car field, yet it actually costs less than most American sedans.

While the Sunbeam is basically a family car, it is esteemed by Grand Prix race drivers for its jack-rabbit take-off and agile handling. Off the circuit, the Sunbeam is admired throughout the Continent for its impeccable design, matchless motoring ease, and incredible operating economy. Join Europe's smart set – drive a Sunbeam at your Hillman/Sunbeam Dealer's tomorrow. (Going abroad? Ask about the Rootes Travel Plan.)

all new SUNBEAM

Rootes Motors, Inc., 505 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., 9830 W. Pico, Los Angeles 35, Calif.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, if perhaps a bit protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Andy Griffith is the diverting protagonist of this account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture is pretty superficial, but it moves briskly enough until it starts skidding into Grade B nonsense at its climax. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Fear Strikes Out—How a ballplayer, trained a bit too strenuously by his father for an athletic career, becomes a psychotic and is then salvaged by a psychiatrist. Based on the biography of Jim Piersall, a Red Sox outfielder, the movie is not at all the muscular foolishness we usually get when Hollywood takes a look at our playing fields. It has the capable services of Anthony Perkins and Karl Malden, as athlete and sire, respectively. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; June 6. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting June 12, tentative.)

Funny Face—Fred Astaire, as a fashion-magazine photographer, and Audrey Hepburn, as his reluctant model who aspires to be a heavy intellectual, make a genial team in this Gershwin musical, and Kay Thompson, as Mr. Astaire's editor, adds some comic touches. Best of all are the fine views of Paris, where most of the action takes place. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; June 6. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting June 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting June 12, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples—A number of enormously entertaining residents of southern Italy are caught in all kinds of interesting dilemmas in this Italian film, directed by Vittorio De Sica. There are four separate episodes, and the cast includes such talented people as Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Green Man—Alastair Sim in a droll English romp having to do with a gentleman who makes a practice of blowing up the people who bore him. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Lust for Life—As good a color film as we're likely to see for some time to come. It deals with Vincent van Gogh (well played by Kirk Douglas) and his colleagues, among them Seurat, Pissarro, and Paul Gauguin. The last is splendidly depicted by Anthony Quinn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Magnificent Seven—Some wandering samurai undertake to protect the residents of a sixteenth-century Japanese village from a horde of bandits, and the result is the kind of uproar we sometimes get in our own Western movies. Directed by Akira Kurosawa, this Japanese film, for all its loveliness, is just a bit too long. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 10-11.)

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a pleasant film about a girl who thinks she is homely and a confidence man who persuades her that she isn't. Adapted by N. Richard Nash from his play of the same name, the film includes Wendell Corey, Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman, and Cameron Prud'homme in its cast. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 7, tentative.)

The Spirit of St. Louis—James Stewart is the Lone Eagle in this account of Lindbergh's celebrated flight. Unfortunately, there isn't much in the way of subsurface content, and Mr. Stewart is occasionally too arch for comfort. Among his assistants are Murray Hamilton, Patricia Smith, Bartlett Robinson, and Marc Connelly. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 10-11, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 12, tentative.)

La Strada—This strange Italian film deals with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. The picture is full of sharp passages, even if it does go on rather lengthily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—Ostensibly a clinical look at the problem of nymphomania but actually more successful as a melodrama. The cast, in which Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin are prominent, cannot be faulted. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 11, tentative.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also visible in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Torero!—Luis Procuna, the eminent bullfighter, in the story of his own life, the details of which make fascinating stuff. A Mexican film (with a commentary in English), in which Señor Procuna proves himself as formidable an actor as he is a toreador. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

12 Angry Men—In this more than usually successful adaptation to the movies of a television show, an oddly assorted group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Written by Reginald Rose and directed by Sidney Lumet, the picture has a fine cast headed by Henry Fonda. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 8-11, tentative.)

Wee Geordie—The story of a youthful weakling in Scotland who takes a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the greatest hammer thrower ever seen. A British film that moves along amiably and has the benefit of some lovely Scottish scenery. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are happy as the principals. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 7-8.)

REVIVALS

Bread, Love, and Dreams (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 12.)

Doctor in the House (1955)—Fun and games among medical undergraduates. Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden, and Donald Houston are the budding medicos in this English film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting June 12, tentative.)

Farrebique (1948)—A study of farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through June 7.)

Five Fingers (1952)—A spy drama, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 9, tentative.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through June 10.)

It Should Happen to You (1954)—Judy Holliday as a girl mad to get her name on billboards. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 9-11.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 7-8, tentative.)

Knock on Wood (1954)—Danny Kaye as a mixed-up ventriloquist sparring with some international spies. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 9-11.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—José Ferrer plays the artist in John Huston's celluloid biography of Toulouse-Lautrec. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 9-11.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 8.)

The Yellow Balloon (1954)—Andrew Ray as a youngster who is accidentally involved in the death of a playmate and thereafter blackmailed. William Sylvester, Kathleen Ryan, and Kenneth More are also in this English film. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 7-8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Something of Value," Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
A FACE IN THE CROWD.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Joe Butterfly," Audie Murphy, George Nader.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through June 12: "Designing Woman," Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The D.I.," Jack Webb.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through June 11: "Desk Set," Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.
From June 12, at 8:30: "Island in the Sun," James Mason, Joan Fontaine.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Monkey on My Back," Cameron Mitchell, Dianne Foster.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Wayward Bus," Dan Dailey, Jayne Mansfield.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through June 9: "The Devil's General," (in German), Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.
From June 10: "Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri.

bronztan
SUNTAN LOTION

bronztan

PROTECTS—even *after* swimming

. . . and you get a glorious tan!

- BRONZTAN *stays on the skin*—even after swimming.
- Exclusive silicone ingredient Dura-Sil* gives the longest sun protection yet known.
- Many people who could never stay in the sun before write us that BRONZTAN allows them to *tan safely.*
- BRONZTAN is safe even for baby's delicate skin.
- BRONZTAN is cool, refreshing, non-drying . . . and sand won't stick.
- BRONZTAN helps prevent peeling.
- In smart plastic cylinder. (No dangerous glass to break.)

*Trademark—active ingredient developed by Shulton Pharmaceutical Division

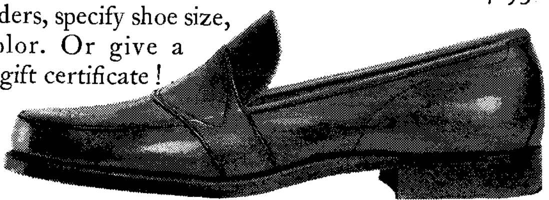
At leading department and drug stores. 1^{25} plus tax

SHULTON
NEW YORK • TORONTO

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "LOAFER"® – ESPECIALLY FATHER
TRADEMARK

The head of the family likes to picture himself as a Man with his Feet On The Ground . . . particularly in LOAFERS presented to him on Father's Day. They not only give him slipper comfort, indoors and out—they are also uncommonly good-looking and well-made.

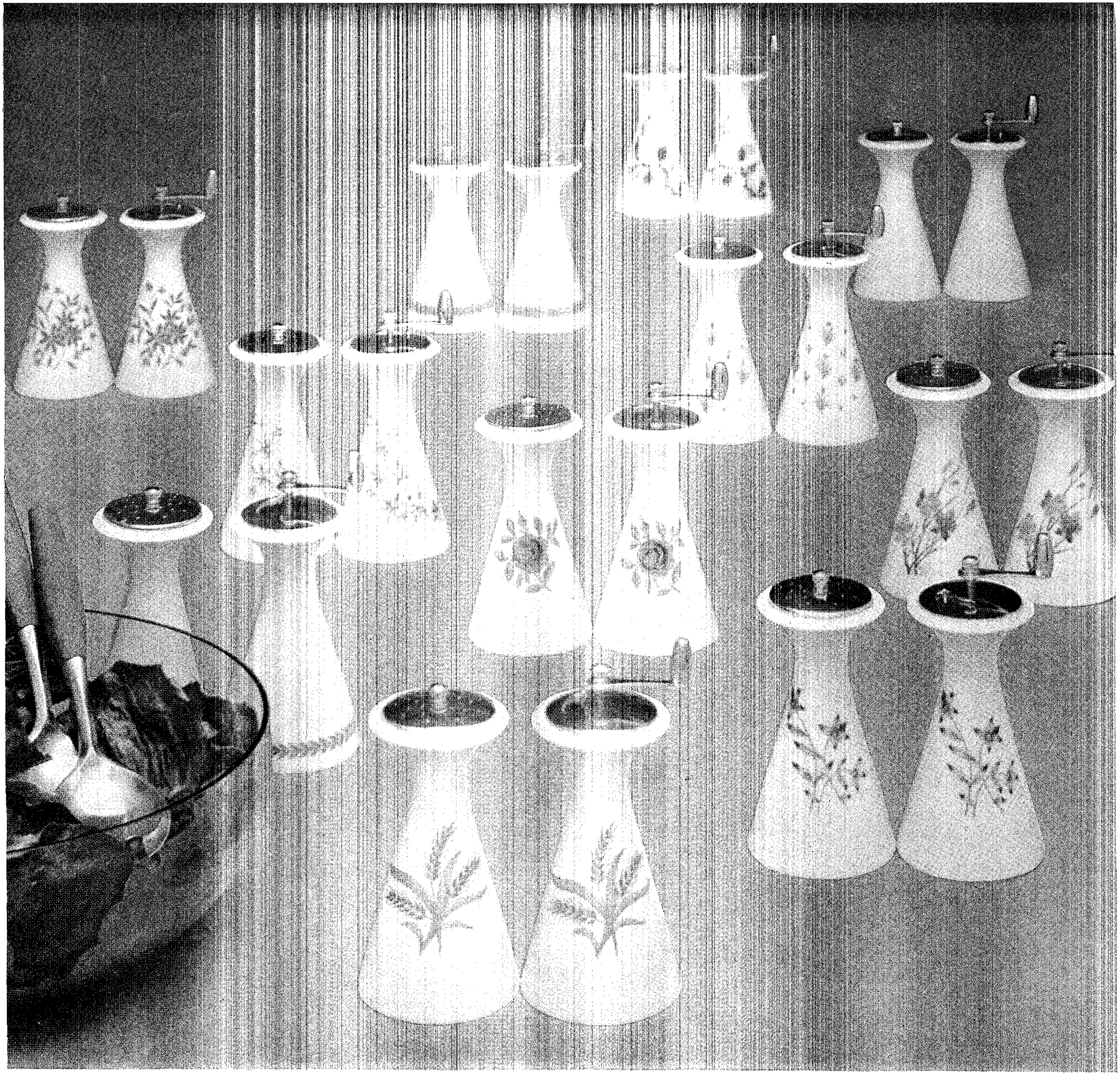
Though many have tried to copy LOAFERS (even to use the name illegally), Nettleton shoemakership is uncopiable. LOAFERS cost more than ordinary casuals, but if they're for the man who pays the bills it's extravagant to pay less. In tan, brown, black calf; tan or black calf with white buck tongue; brown calf with mocha silk tongue; black calf with grey silk tongue. 16.95. Tassel LOAFER in tan or black calf, or smooth-front Cavalier LOAFER in black calf. 24.95. In mail orders, specify shoe size, width, color. Or give a Nettleton gift certificate!



Nettleton

"LOAFER"® is the registered trademark that identifies Nettleton's famous casual shoes.

WRITE A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y., FOR NEW STYLE BOOKLET, OR VISIT: THE NETTLETON SHOPS IN NEW YORK, DETROIT, LOS ANGELES
ALSO ROOS BROS., SAN FRANCISCO • HUBERT W. WHITE, MINNEAPOLIS & ST. PAUL • NATIONAL CLOTHING, ROCHESTER • SILVERWOODS, LOS ANGELES
THE WHITE HOUSE, BEAUMONT • D. H. HOLMES, NEW ORLEANS • JACOBSON'S, SAN DIEGO • MC CLURKAN'S, WICHITA FALLS • GREENFIELD'S, ST. LOUIS



Your grandmother never dreamed of such a thing ...lovely china Pepper Mill Sets by Lenox

In grandmother's day, a *pepper mill,* heaven forbid, just had to be ugly as a butter churn, a flatiron, or a plow!

A pepper mill was, just by nature, an infernal machine—in spite of the delightful tastes and flavors it dispensed.

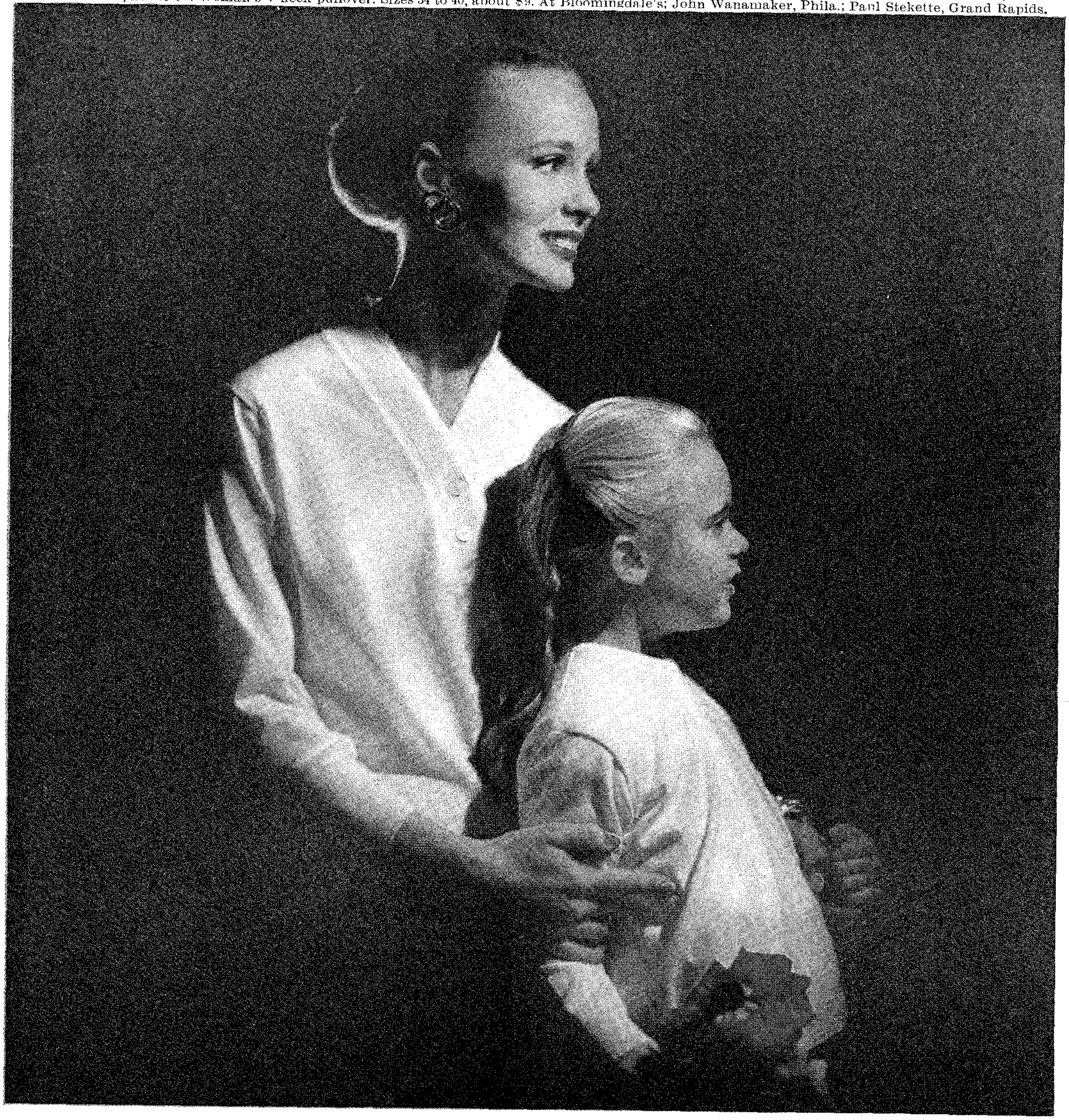
Now, oh what a difference! It's that lovely Lenox difference. These are the *first,* the very first, china pepper mill and salt shaker sets ever made—to match fine china patterns. What's more, they're in lovely Lenox, the china preferred by Presidents and Kings.

You can have these graceful new Lenox Pepper Mill Sets today—in your own chosen Lenox pattern, or in cool, chaste ivory to blend with other fine things. Wonderful gifts. Perfect for you and yours. Heirloom pieces for today—and years to come.

Pepper Mill mechanism warranted. Prices from
$14.95 to $19.95 a set.
For name of your nearest Lenox dealer, write
Lenox, Inc., Dept. S-96, Trenton, N. J.

LENOX CHINA

By **PANDORA** in a full range of darks and summer pastels. Girl's short sleeve pullover sizes 3-6x, about $4. Sizes 7-14, about $5. Cardigan sizes 3-6x, about $5. Sizes 7-14, about $6. Woman's V-neck pullover. Sizes 34 to 40, about $9. At Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker, Phila.; Paul Stekette, Grand Rapids.



The Fine-Needle Look

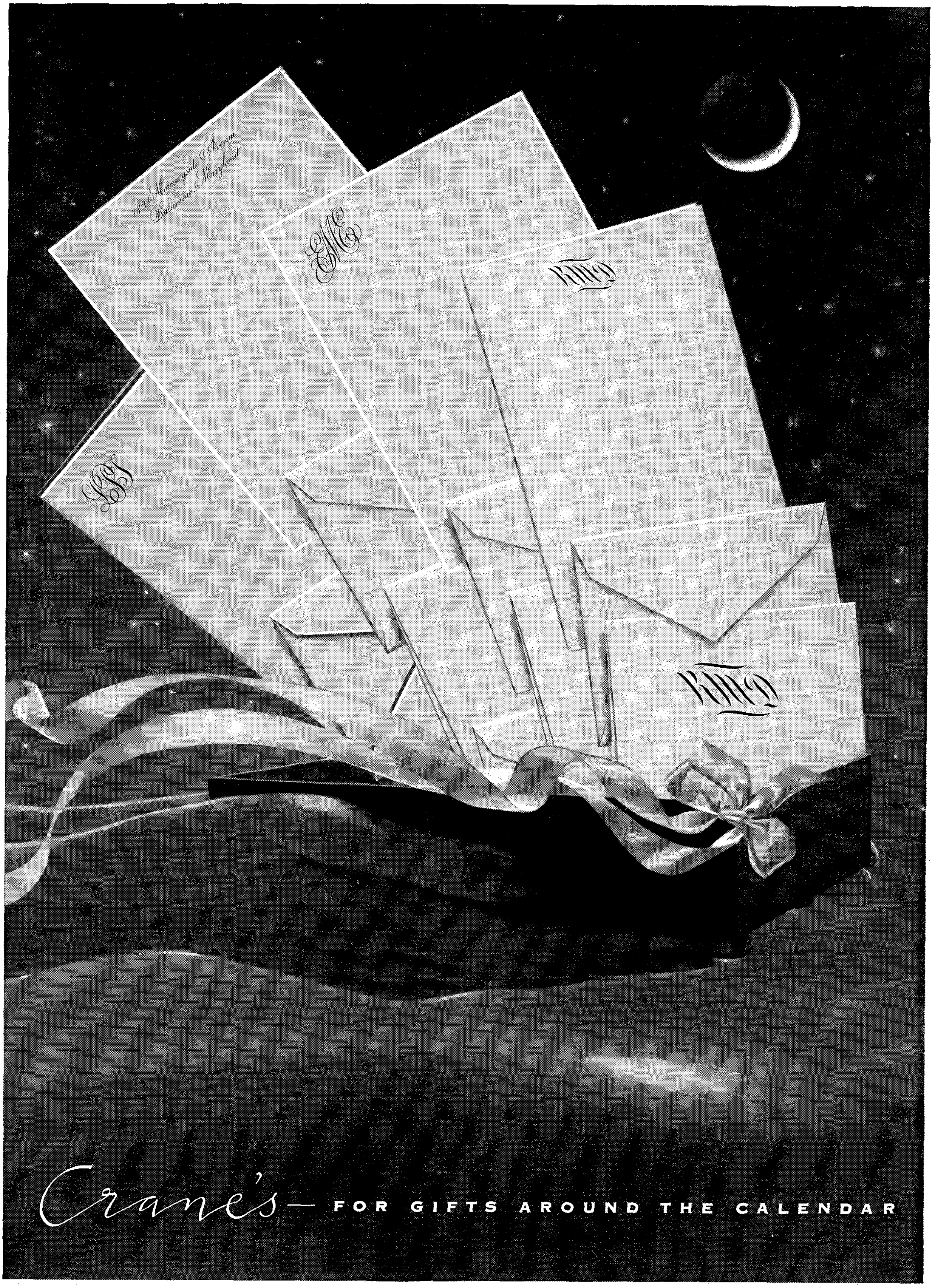
made possible by smooth, light Du Pont Nylon

The richness of summer, prettily—differently—captured in lightweight sweaters of Du Pont Nylon. Sweaters with a loving texture—with the fine-needle look that fashion applauds. And Du Pont Nylon keeps their custom look intact. They breeze in and out of suds . . . spring back into shape as they dry. You'll love their fine, light loveliness around you all summer long!

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the yarn or sweaters shown here.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*


783 Morningside Avenue
Baltimore, Maryland
Crane's — FOR GIFTS AROUND THE CALENDAR

CRANE'S FINE PAPERS • MADE IN DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS • SINCE 1801

100% RAG PAPERS FOR SOCIAL AND BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE • CURRENCY • SECURITIES • CARBON • TRACING

B. Altman & Co.

Olé . . . our "Costa Brava" beach ensembles from Spain, sun-drenched, multicolor stripes, dramatically blended with black. Towel, 36x72 inches, 6.95; cape (towel with draw-string), 8.50; beach bag with plastic liner, 3.95 PLUS 10% Federal tax on bag fourth floor

Fifth Avenue, White Plains,
Manhasset, Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN its usual box at the top right-hand corner of the front page of the *Times*, the Weather Bureau reported one morning last week that the day would be mostly sunny and cool, with the temperature ranging from forty-eight to sixty-six degrees. In a larger box, on an inside page, the Bureau offered other, less cheerful news. One of its leading research men had just informed the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy that according to an analysis of rain water collected on the roof of a building at Columbus Circle, the amount of strontium 90 falling on this city in January, 1957, was fourteen times as great as the amount that fell here in March, 1954. The *Times* report went on to say that the amount that fell in January was "not thought to be dangerous to the city's residents."

It's hard for us to imagine strontium 90—the name has a got-up sound, like something out of science fiction—but we accept the fact that it exists and is capable of killing us all off in a particularly gruesome fashion. That we have had even a little of it falling on us unawares is, from a layman's point of view, frightening enough; fourteen times that little strikes us as downright terrifying. Moreover, when we read that the total wasn't "thought" to be dangerous, we felt worse, not better. Who was doing the thinking and what was the information on which his thinking was based? How long would it be before he knew for sure? How much longer could we afford to wait? It appeared that the lives of all of us here in this city and perhaps on this continent were at the mercy of a right reading of a fraction of an inch of water in a tin measure on a roof. The weather that day was every bit as sunny as the Bureau had predicted, but to us the brilliant sky seemed full of a great gray cloud of innumerable lethal specks. A nightmare version of an old song came to our mind as we walked to work through the bright, summertime streets, and we sang nervously, under our breath:

> "Though April showers
> May come your way
> And bring the flowers
> That bloom in May,
>
> Don't think it's raining,
> There's more to come.
> It isn't raining rain, you know,
> It's raining strontium."

IF this is a city threatened, no telling how nearly or remotely, with destruction, it is also a city renewing itself and extending itself at a rate unheard of in history. We learned last week, at a press party given to celebrate the completion of yet another new skyscraper—this one being our neighbor the Bank of New York Building, at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue—that just since the war more office space has been created in New York than exists in any other city on earth. In 1946, the city had a total of approximately a hundred million square feet of office space; today an additional thirty-seven million square feet have been built or are under construction, and five or six million more are on the drawing board. Even more astonishing is the fact that almost all these millions of square feet of offices are occupied; new buildings shoot up on every side, but the vacancy rate continues to hover at slightly over one per cent. We don't pretend to know where all the tenants are coming from, or how these scores of elegant buildings—air-conditioned and with acres of wall-to-wall carpeting, to say nothing of thousands of glossy new desks and baby-blue electric typewriters—are ever to be paid for. Thinking of our own pocketbook, we tend to suspect our reckless city of having overreached itself.

The bankers we met at the party, presumably the most hardheaded of men, smiled at our fears. From Mr. A. C. Simmonds, Jr., president of the Bank of New York, we learned that he expects New York, and especially what he calls Midmanhattan, to keep on getting bigger and bigger and bigger, practically ad infinitum. "This is the executive hub of the United States," he told us and other members of the press, over a plate of appropriately cold turkey. "There's more concentrated executive brain power per square foot in this area than you could find anywhere else." What about congestion? Another confident smile. "Midmanhattan's very congestion has become an asset," Mr. Simmonds said. "Modern industrial organization is a series of interrelationships between the company and its customers, the company and its suppliers, and the company and other companies, as well as the numerous specialized services, like banking, that have become essential to efficient management." He went on to say that the metropolitan region of New York has a population of fifteen million, and that he hopes to see it reach twenty million by 1980. In fact, he said, the banking world was looking forward to the development during the next few decades of one great super-city, running along the Atlantic coast from Boston to Richmond. New York would be its ideal center, Midmanhattan would be the ideal center of the center, and—so we gathered, for our host was too modest to say so—the northwest corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue would be the ideal center of the center of the center. We envied Mr. Simmonds his equanimity in the face of such a vision, and, wishing him and his bank good fortune in their new quarters, hurried out into what seemed by then the blessed rural quiet of midtown.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On the bulletin board of The Lambs, on West Forty-fourth Street, a notice appeared the other day reading, "Will the Lambs who have borrowed the Protestant and Jewish versions of the Bible please return them to their proper place next to the color TV set."

Props

ONE of the most agreeable aspects of the boom we've been having for the past ten years or so is the freedom it offers young people in choosing their careers. If a young man doesn't like the first job that presents itself, he abandons it in favor of a second, and if it, too, proves unsatisfactory, he's apt to go out and invent a job of his own and make good in that. Take the case of a new acquaintance of ours, a pleasant and enterprising fellow named Stanley Levine, who is the deviser and proprietor of something called Prop Service. The name tells precisely what Mr. Levine has set out to do, which is to procure all sorts of props for the remarkably large number of non-Broadway people in this prop-happy city who require such objects—professional photographers, advertising agencies, TV producers, and the like. Levine, an athletic-looking thirty-two-year-old, is full of drive and bounce, as a seeker of props must be; his only assistants are his wife, known to the trade as Rhoda Roth (her maiden name), a man Friday named William Sheraton, and a telephone-answering service; and his headquarters is a room on Sutton Place, shared by Mary Suzuki, a nisei lady who does illustrations for fashion magazines.

When we visited Mr. Levine in Sutton Place the other day, we expected to find the room crammed to the ceiling with odd and perhaps unrecognizable objects. We found, on the contrary, that its contents consisted of a desk, a couple of chairs, two telephones, a small wooden box labelled "Sources," and a drawing board. "We had to make up our minds at the start whether to buy props," Levine told us. "We decided against it, partly because many photographers don't like to use a prop that they know other photographers have used, and partly because we'd have needed a warehouse to store stuff in. We've often been tempted to break our rule, but so far we've always either rented a prop or borrowed it or made it." What was Levine's preparation for his singular career? Brooklyn College, the Marines, the Sorbonne, then jobs with the United Nations, the *Journal-American*, Warner-Pathé, and a public-relations firm. "After a while, it occurred to me I didn't like working for other people," he said. "Rhoda and I are incorrigible window-shoppers, and we know a good deal about antiques. We figured we'd put our interest to work for us by charging a fee to locate the objects that we assumed photographers and the like were constantly in need of. We hung out our shingle in December, 1955, and discovered at once, to our astonishment, that what photographers wanted weren't just antiques but also kitchen sinks."

We supposed that Mr. Levine had mentioned kitchen sinks as a symbol, but he assured us he hadn't. "You wouldn't believe how many pictures of kitchen sinks get taken in this city every year, and how hard it is to find exactly the right sizes, shapes, and colors," he said. "This is a frantic business. Rhoda and I work as much as twenty hours a day, six and a half days a week. We had no predecessors, we have no real competitors, and I doubt if we'll have any successors." He smiled the rueful smile of the pioneer who fears he may have made too good for his own good. "In the beginning, photographers came to us for props. Nowadays, advertising agencies often come to us for props before they've chosen a photographer. Sometimes, in fact, we choose the photographer for them. Agencies also like to consult us on what a given picture may cost. Why try and build an ad around a picture of a diesel yacht if it would take their whole budget just to hire the yacht? *They* don't know what a yacht costs; we do. One agency wanted a life-size stuffed elephant for a prop. A stuffed elephant sounds cheaper than a live one, doesn't it? Well, we found what they wanted up in Yonkers, but the price was so high that we persuaded them to go to the Zoo instead."

Municipal departments and big corporations are extremely obliging about lending props, Mr. Levine said. He has often borrowed blinking lights, manhole guardrails and covers, pneumatic drills, and other equipment from Con Ed, and has borrowed subway seats, street signs, and similar items of local color from the city. "Except for an occasional gratuity, no cash changes hands in such cases, but there's a prodigious amount of red tape to be got through," Levine said. "That's what we get paid for—our headaches. Our fees range from fifteen to a thousand dollars. Some agencies and photographers simply mail us a list of objects they need, and count on us to deliver them at the proper time and place." Levine took a letter from the desk and read aloud, " 'One gilt pedestal. Feathered angel's wings. One hookah. One ornate fibre screen. One old conga drum. One sea diver's outfit. One beehive. One live tiger. One mermaid's tail.' We then scoot around town in a fire-engine-red Isetta 300 and look for the things." The props that the Levines are proudest of procuring are a ship's gangplank, a baseball grandstand, three racing greyhounds, and an eggshell cracked just so. "To date, our only failure has been a particular kind of Aladdin's lamp that somebody wanted—a million-to-one shot," Levine said. "Except for that, we've never missed a deadline, and we've *never* turned down an assignment." A telephone rang, and he picked it up. "Palm trees?" he asked. "Why not? Where? . . . What time? . . . How many?"

Caution

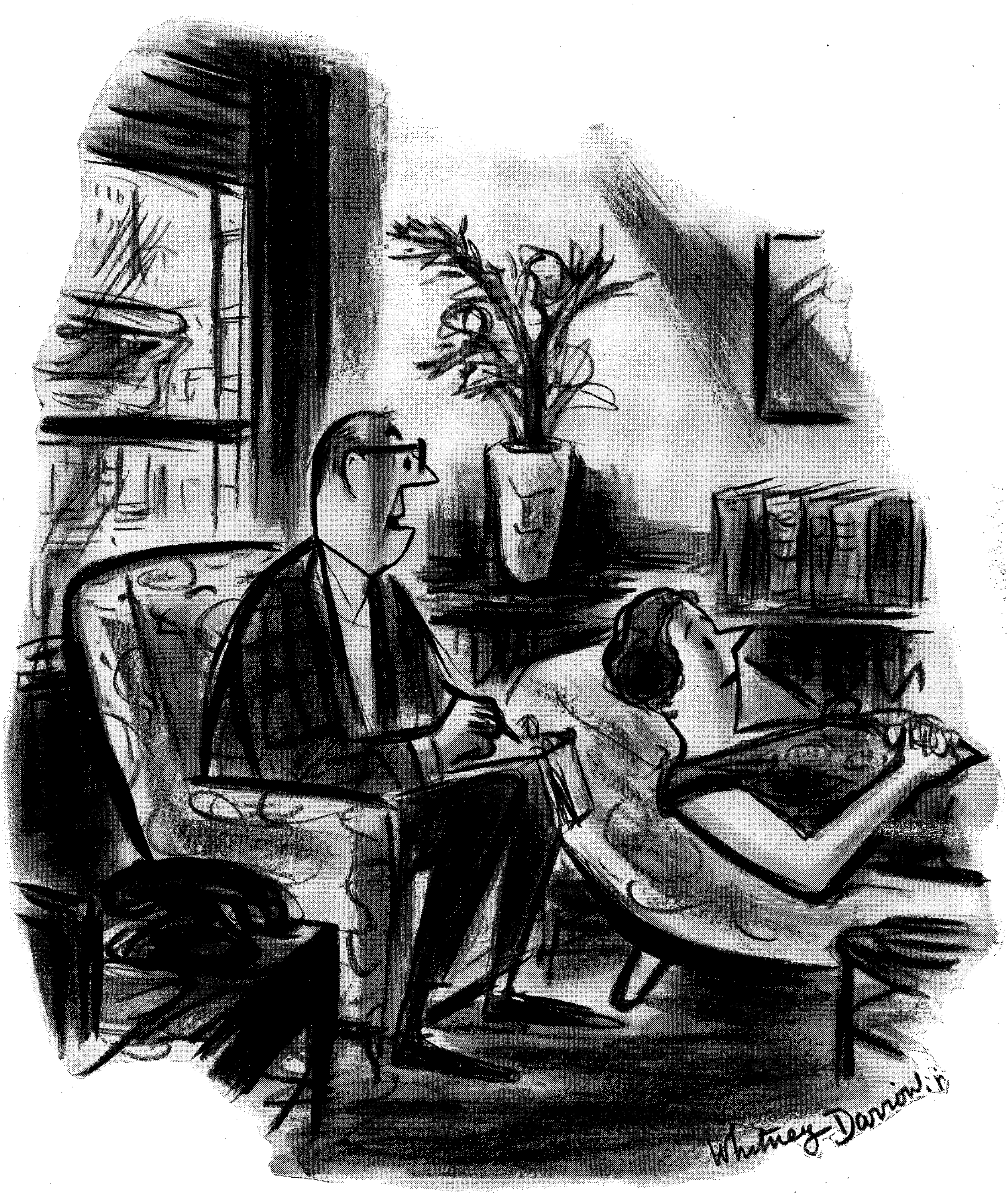
GETTING settled on the Cape for the summer, a young mother we've been told about replied "Of course" when her five-year-old daughter asked, "Can houseflies hear?" Going right on getting settled, she was peering in at the lower shelf of the refrigerator a few moments later, which brought her head on a level with her daughter's, when she felt a soft breath on her ear and heard a whisper that said, "Where is the fly swatter?"

G. Washington Slept There

WE asked our man Stanley to have lunch with us the other day, and he agreed, provided we would take him to some place that served a reputable chutney. "I'm mad for chutney," he said. "And, for that matter, I wouldn't mind a butter mango." What we had in mind was a German establishment called the Blue Ribbon down the street, and Stanley rather had us on the hip with his odd dietary requests.

"What's this chutney-and-mango nonsense?" we inquired.

"Have some jottings here," said Stanley, cascading a miscellany of photographs, envelopes, and publicity throwaways onto our desk. "You might fumble through this stuff, old boy, while I arrange myself for tiffin," he added. Then he vanished with a "Cheerio,"


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

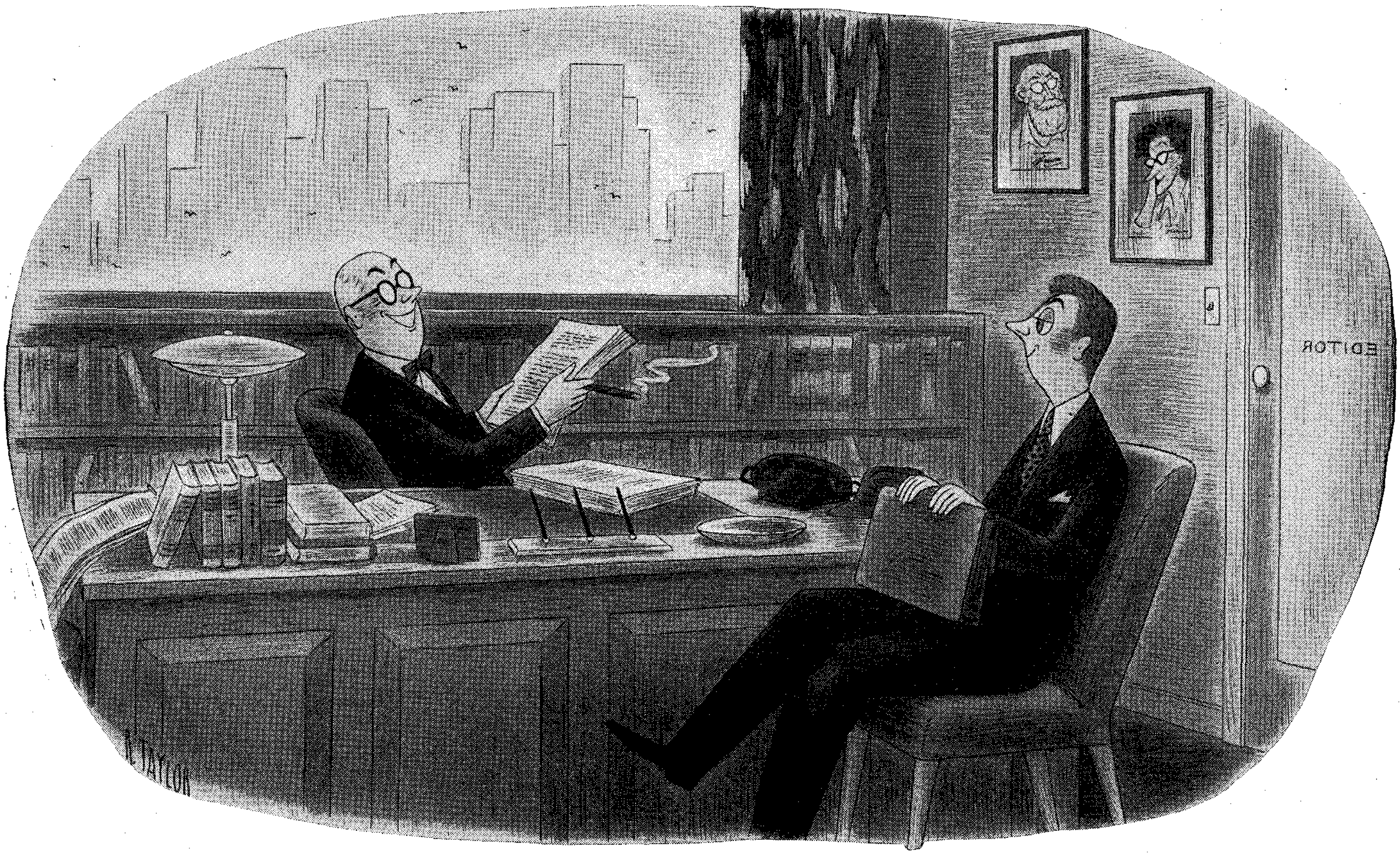
"I wish you'd stop complaining, Elsa. You know perfectly well we can't afford an outside analyst."

and we set about deciphering the scrawls on the stuff he'd inflicted on us. As far as we could make out, this is how his notes read:

"Asked by Pan American to take inaugural flight to Barbados, island off north of South America. Accepted. Went to East Side Airlines Terminal, to be met by Pan Am beater and four journalistic colleagues—one from I.N.S., one from U.P., one from C.B.S., and one from *S.R.* (That last, if you're not hep, means *Saturday Review.*) Obviously, with only five of us about, a fairly exclusive free-loading, especially since an executive big wheel of Pan Am was also on deck. Forgot to say inaugural flight was to get going at midnight. Fog coming in when we got to Idlewild. Pan Am beater plainly disturbed. I.N.S. man, bulky fellow, plainly undisturbed, showed group small pocket roulette wheel with watch in center. 'Call your numbers, gentlemen,' he said, and made gadget spin. Nobody paid any attention. *S.R.* man remarked he'd forgotten film for camera. C.B.S. man said he'd remembered film but forgotten camera. Pan Am man announced that, considering thickening fog, our crowd better take potluck on tourist plane ready to head out, instead of waiting for special first-class plane. Got up, out, and over fog in tourist plane, and I found myself next to lady with baby. Baby caterwauling. I.N.S. man showed baby miniature roulette wheel. Baby screeched. I took sleeping pill and awoke in Puerto Rico. Looked out window and went back to sleep.

"Presently arrived in Barbados. Big deal. Bands playing, Girl Scouts staring, flunkies handing around rum punch. Cameramen all over the place. 'God Save the Queen,' and then local Pan Am hot shots and Barbadian hot shots mounted rostrum and cut loose on wonders of island. Toured island. Very nice. At dinner party, advised by resident colonials that Barbados was settled in 1400, or thereabouts, by Arawak tribes from South America, and first Englishman to land on island was Captain Simon Gordon. Gentlemen all talking like C. Aubrey Smith. 'Your Washington, you know,' one told me, 'was down here on a visit in 1751. Something to do with his brother Lawrence, I believe. The brother was sick and needed to recuperate in our fine, healthful air. I understand that Washington later spoke well of our climate, even after he'd cut his bonds with England.' Another gentleman informed me rum of Barbados is extraordinarily good, and island is capital of British sugar empire, with exports to homeland of about sixty million dollars, and added, 'We're quite good with soap, lard, bay rum, and biscuits.'

"Day after party, went to department store in Bridgetown, main settlement of Barbados. Was offered no soap, lard, bay rum, or biscuits. Was of-



"I think this is extremely promising. You tell your story well, your characters develop convincingly, and you have a very dirty mind."

• •

fered, instead, textiles, clothing, bone china, leather goods, liquors, and perfumes from everywhere but Barbados. Asked for something native. Was confronted with fake-silk scarf advertising 'Barbados Holliday.' Label, of course, read, 'Made in Japan.' Weather now overcast. Pan Am man rallied group, glanced apprehensively at sky, and suggested we proceed to Trinidad, down the line. Another dinner party at Trinidad. Conversation here also C. Aubrey Smith style, about mangoes, chutney, and dill. Ancient resident named fifteen varieties of mango and said he would wager that about covered field, whereupon white-clad Indian waiter leaned over him to say, 'Excuse me, sir, you've forgotten the starch mangoes, the sugar mangoes (red and yellow, sir), the Eastern mango, and the butter mango.' Conversation veered to take up dill and how it affects pickles. 'I must say, Alfred,' said one gentleman, after listening to compatriot expatiate on subject for about forty minutes, 'you're never dull about dill.' 'You're extremely kind, Harry,' said dill man. Problem of bottling chutney then arose, and everyone agreed native Trinidad chutney might compare very favorably with Major Grey's. 'We might think of bottling it,' said dill expert, 'but after Major Grey's who could improve upon it?' 'Might have a go at adding a bit of ginger, to distinguish ours from Major Grey's,' someone said. All hands shuddered at thought. Left dinner party for night club. There met by worried proprietor. 'I know just what you'd like as entertainment,' he said. 'But, to tell you the truth, our calypso situation is terrible. Every time we get a good group of natives together, they go to the United States. Still, I'll try.' In about one hour, he assembled calypso band of sorts. Adequate. Headed for home after stopover at Caribe Hilton, in San Juan, Puerto Rico. No calypso there."

•

INDIGNANT statement made by blonde to brunette, in Herald Square: "It cost me a fortune to pose for him, and then it turned out his family never lived in Tuckahoe at all." •

Lady Philanthropist

WE'VE just had a talk with Mrs. Mary Lasker, who gave the city all those tulips and daffodils that came up this spring in the middle of Park Avenue between Fiftieth and Seventy-second Streets. The daffodils and the tulips have died, but Mrs. Lasker, whom we visited in a beautiful beige office she occupies in the Chrysler Building, is flourishing. "I'm an avid lover of flowers and greenery," she said, "and so was my mother before me. I was born in Watertown, Wisconsin, where the Watertown goose comes from—no connection, you understand—and where Mother helped found two of the town's three parks. Mother was Mrs. Sara J. Woodard. Just before I married my late husband, Albert D. Lasker, in 1940, he gave his Lake Forest estate to the University of Chicago; its chrysanthemum gardens—ten acres—were developed by the University, and I arranged for seeds from there to be grown in Parks Department greenhouses and nurseries here, and for plantings to be made, in memory of my mother, in Central Park at a Hundred and Second Street, as well as in four other park areas in New York. The city has renewed them ever since. In the fall of 1955, I persuaded the Parks Department to let me contribute tulip bulbs for planting in front of the Public Library and the Metropolitan Museum, and on four blocks of Park Avenue—Fiftieth to Fifty-second, and Seventieth to Seventy-second—and in the Grand

Army Plaza, at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. The Department was afraid they wouldn't thrive, what with gas fumes from cars, but they did, the following spring. So last fall I added daffodils and a lot more tulips on Park Avenue—about a hundred and fifty thousand, all told, with each kind of flower grown on alternate blocks. An early heat spell killed the daffodils, but I think they did as well on Park Avenue as in Dutchess County, where I have a country place and grow tulips, roses, and lilacs. The Park Avenue tulips were fine. I think there should be a three-season festival of flowers in New York, with tulips and daffodils in the spring, begonias and salvia in the summer, and chrysanthemums in the fall. My three stepchildren and I gave three hundred Japanese cherry trees to the United Nations, in memory of my husband, and I wish someone would give ten thousand lilac trees to Central Park. New York should be full of flowers and flowering trees, our buildings should be lighted at night, and all the fountains in town should *play*. Washington Square and the borders of the West Side Highway should be alive with flowers. This sort of thing makes a city gay and pleasant, and is good commercially. We should make joy and pleasure for ourselves, and attract new business to New York."

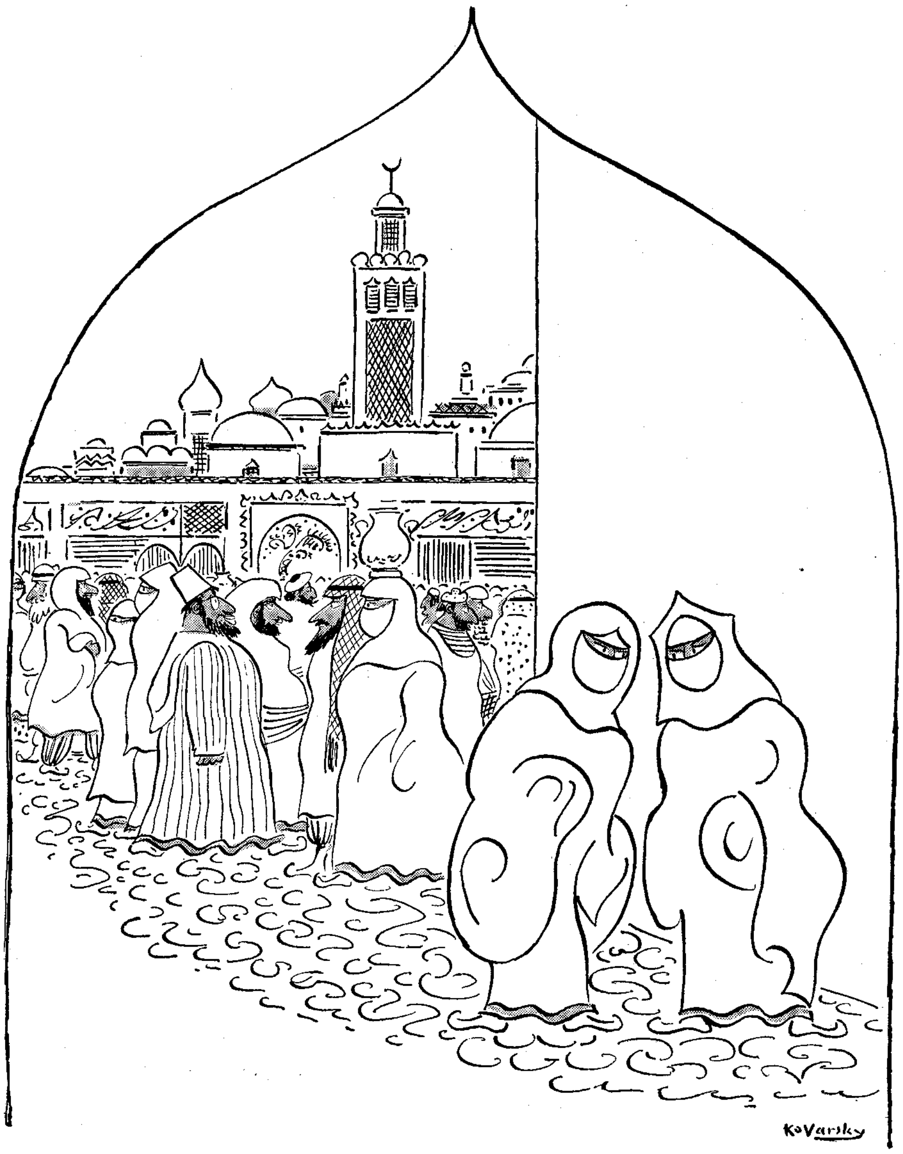
Mrs. Lasker, a very pretty lady philanthropist who was wearing a flowering hat—little pink lilacs—handed us a fan letter from Mr. Nathan Spindel, of 2813 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 35 ("I am a New York City taxicab driver and . . . I was struck with the beauty of the thousands and thousands of daffodils and tulips which are blooming [on Park Avenue]. . . . It is with a great sense of pride that I point out this mile of beauty to so many of my out-of-town passengers who are always telling me how unfriendly and mercenary New York is"), and said that was one of many responsive letters she had received. "The flowers are a side issue with me," she said. "I just hope that I am sparkplugging a movement that the city will carry on. What I'm most interested in is the expansion of medical research. Syphilis is now completely curable. Cancer, tuberculosis, heart disease—the major diseases *can* be conquered."

Mrs. Lasker is helping expand medical research through the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, which she and her husband, an advertising man who was part owner of the Chicago Cubs, established in 1942. She has run it since his death, five years ago; it gives annual awards to physicians and scientists for medical research and to writers who have done outstanding work in medical journalism. "Successful medical research has resulted in a thirty-four-per-cent decline in the number of t.b. patient days in municipal hospitals here between 1953 and 1955," she said. "Between 1944 and 1955, antibiotics and other new drugs brought about a ninety-per-cent decline in the national influenza death rate, a seventy-four-per-cent decline in the appendicitis death rate, and a seventy-seven-per-cent decline in mortality from acute rheumatic fever. Hypertension, as a killer, is on the wane. What did the major voluntary health agencies allocate for cancer research in 1955? Under eight million dollars. What did the American people spend for chewing gum that year? $282,360,000. For shampoos? $122,650,000. For ball-point pens? $111,090,000. For lipsticks? $64,770,000. For powder compacts? $47,930,000."

Mrs. Lasker gave us some medical-research literature, and as we left, we remarked that we admired her view of the East River. "I used to be able to see those U.N. cherry trees from here," she said, "but someone has put up a building that cuts me off."

Frugal

AT the Biltmore Hotel the other day, we heard an advertising man defending his profession against the charge that the pitchmen play fast and loose with their expense accounts. "Do you realize," he proclaimed to a companion, "that when the four top men in my outfit come to lunch at the Biltmore, they check their hats in a dime locker in Grand Central Station, and they take turns paying for the thing?" His companion looked properly impressed.



"Don't bother with Chris Herter. Get the information directly to Foster. Got that, Jim? Good luck."

ENCOUNTER IN ILLINOIS

As soon as the men—boys, really; none of them appeared to be much over eighteen—came into the café, Jerry Benedict knew, somehow, that there was going to be trouble. The café itself was a small, rather dingy roadside place, and it hadn't looked especially promising; low-roofed, conventionally clapboarded and neon-lighted, set down in a sea of gravel, it stood on the very outskirts of a town called Hazelton, in southern Illinois, and the only reason Jerry and Fran had stopped there at all was that it *was* on the outskirts, and so a sort of last chance for them. They had already driven through the rest of the town, and had passed no doubt better eating places near its center. But by then it was getting late, and with that mile-by-mile consciousness the day-long motorist develops, they had no thought of turning back for even a short distance—and at the same time they knew that the next town on the map, a place called Newkirk, was a good forty miles away.

So, anyway, they stopped, heading in among the half-dozen cars parked haphazardly around the entrance, climbed out stiffly, and—Jerry remembered afterward, gratefully—debated about locking the car and decided against it. "We wouldn't lock it if we were near home, would we?" he argued. "I bet people are just as honest out here as they are around Yorktown."

It was a favorite thesis of his, and one that he'd voiced many times at dinner tables in the past: that one's confidence in the other man's honesty was somehow localized—a product of neighborliness, really—and diminished the farther one got away from his own home grounds. But now he realized, even as he spoke, that this was no time to elaborate on it. Fran was already walking away. "O.K., honey, do as you want," she said. "There's not much to steal anyway." So he just slammed the car door shut, and followed.

As Jerry had expected, the place turned out to be more bar than restaurant, with the bar—at the rear, in the Midwestern fashion—well filled and noisy, and a cramped double row of booths, cheaply made of walnut-stained plywood and all unoccupied until Fran and he went in, leading up to it. The waitress, short and stocky, and offhand, though cheerful, looked as if she could handle anything. But the food was all right—they had Martinis and a passable steak sandwich—and the place was clean and well lighted, and a rest from the endless trembling tension of motion. It was good, in a way, to be just sitting still for a while, and they were starting on a second cup of coffee when they heard an exhaust-roar outside and a skittering of gravel, another burst from an engine, and then silence, as if the ignition had been cut. "Is that the way they always arrive around here—in a shower of gravel?" Jerry asked. "But then," he added, "this is the hot-rod region, isn't it?"

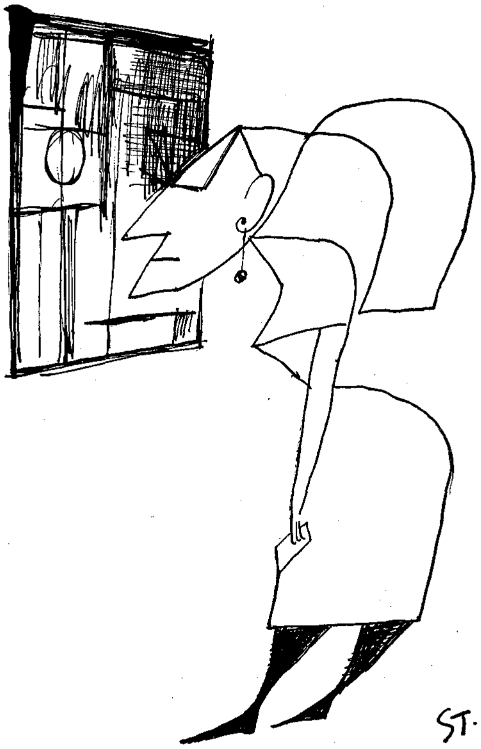
He was still looking at Fran, and smiling, even as the boys came in, and he scarcely noticed them, as persons, until—just as they passed his and Fran's table, walking down toward the bar—they stopped.

"Hey, a dish!" he heard one of them say.

"Aw, come on, Ote!" said another, and Jerry looked up to see the boys—there were three of them—in a kind of sudden jumble in the aisle just past his table. One was blond to the point, almost, of being towheaded; short and solidly built, pale-blue-eyed, pale-skinned, he had a broad, flat-featured face that looked vaguely Scandinavian, and he was obviously the one who had spoken first, for he was looking directly at Fran and Jerry—but more, Jerry noted a little uneasily, at Fran than at him—and grinning broadly. He had a crew cut, but the other two, one tall, one short, wore their dark hair fantastically long. All wore Levis and massively riveted leather jackets, and it was the tall one, Jerry realized, who had also spoken. He had a long, thin-featured, rather saturnine face and a long, lanky body, and he was looking at his friend the blond boy in a way that was at once complaisant and expectant. What's he up to now?, he seemed to be thinking, with relish as much as with anything (he hadn't yet even glanced at the Benedicts), but when he spoke it was, in a careless way, placatively. "Come on, Ote," he said again, and he gave the other's arm a tug. "Let's get up to the bar and have a quick one. We got things to do tonight." It came over Jerry, suddenly, that the blond boy might be more than a little drunk.

But he turned out to be—for the moment, anyway—amenable. "Oh, sure, sure," he said, and, still staring at Fran, he nodded with an air of ancient wisdom. "Only not at the bar. Back here," he said. "I like this, Eddie." And with that he planted himself suddenly in the booth opposite the Benedicts'. "A beer, Eddie. A beer," he said.

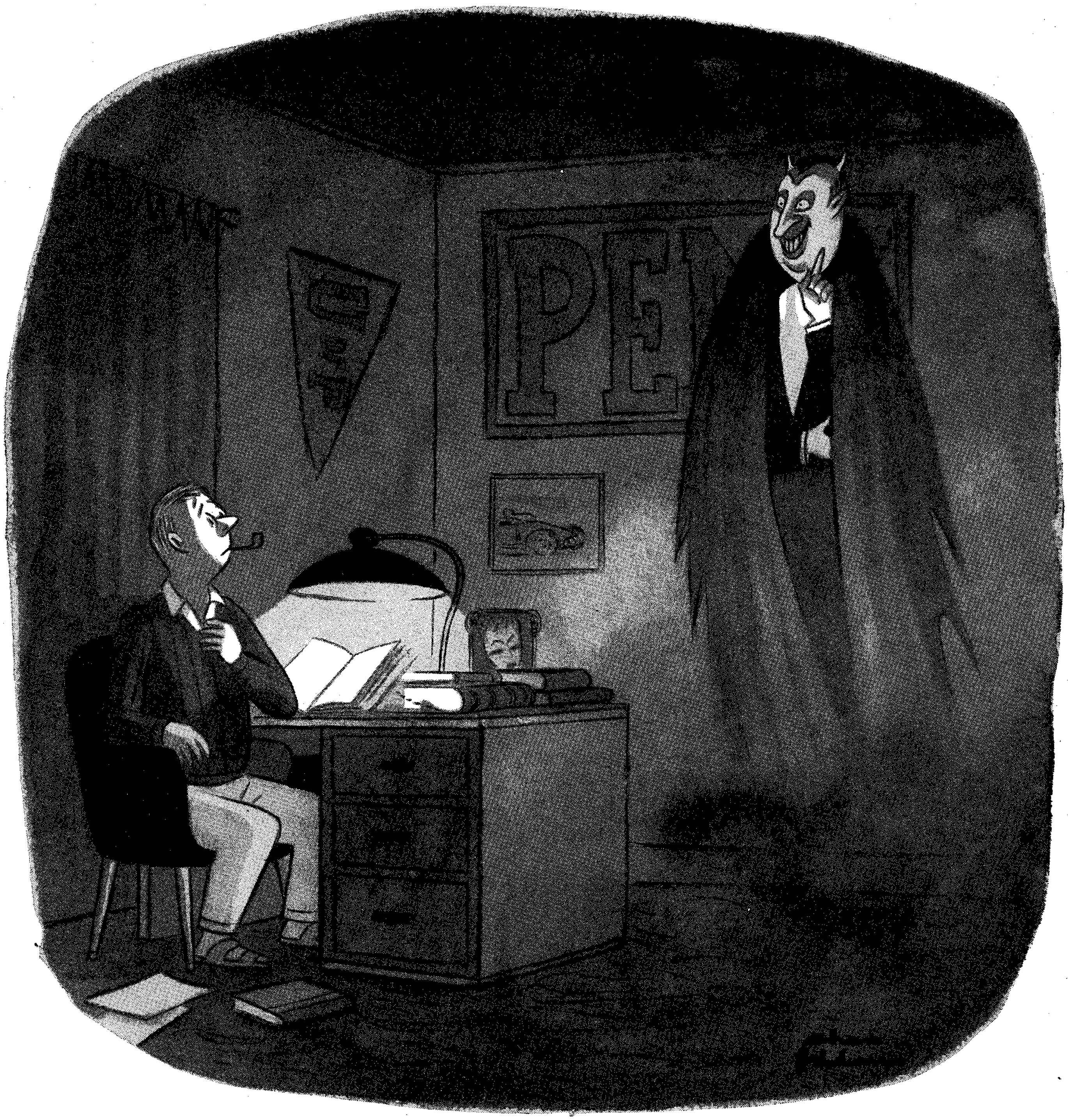
"Ah, Christ, Ote!" said the one called Eddie. But he said it, again, with an air almost of delight, and for the first time he took a quick glance at Fran and Jerry. It was a look that was flat, hard, and curiously impersonal. "Come on, Hack," he said to the third boy, and together they went up to the bar. A moment later, they were back, Eddie carrying one beer and the smaller boy two, and they both squeezed onto the seat opposite the blond boy.



The blond boy was still staring at Fran, and Fran's face, Jerry noticed, was getting that slightly flushed, set look it always got when she was annoyed. Jerry was puzzled, mostly, and amused—after all, the whole thing was so damned silly, really—but also troubled. He hated scenes, and he had a feeling that a scene might be developing. Fran apparently felt so, too, for she gave him the clear, direct look she frequently used as a signal between them. "Well, darling," she said, "don't you think it's time we were going?" and began picking up her purse and gloves.

Jerry, though, was stubborn. "No hurry," he told her. "Let's finish our coffee, at least." But, catching the waitress's eye as she stood near the bar, he did signal to her for the check.

There was silence all round



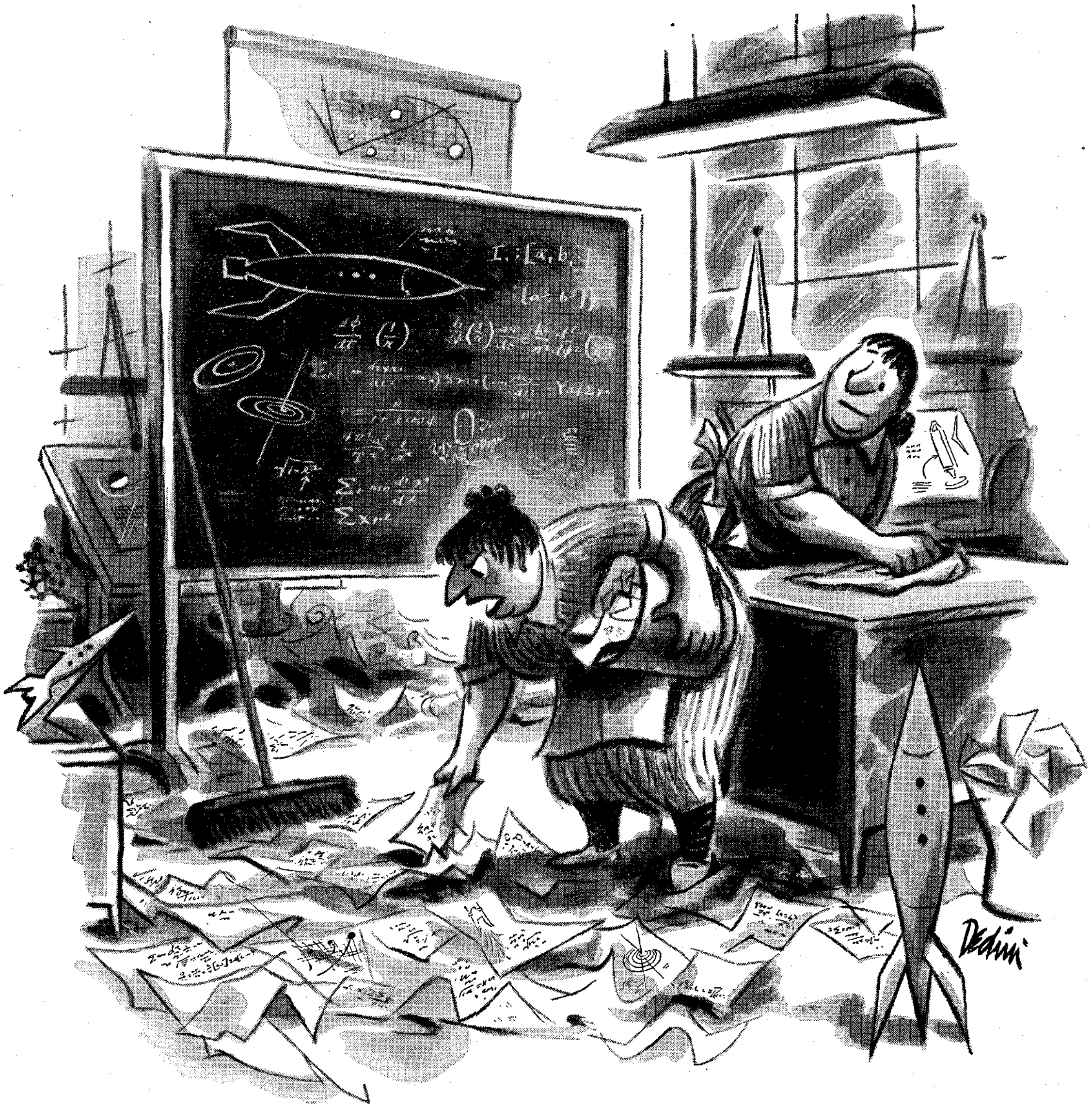
“Well, young man, it’s all set. You will graduate magna cum laude this Wednesday, and next Monday you start as copy chief at B.B.D. & O.”

• •

while he paid. But when the waitress had gone, and the boys—all three now—still stared, Jerry felt a surge of real anger. It was time, after all, to call a halt to this, and he turned to face the group directly. “Do you have some idea that you know us, or something?” he demanded. In a way, he was still puzzled by their behavior. “Or you want to?” he went on, leaning a little toward them.

The blond boy paid no attention, but the dark one, Eddie, met his eye. He was holding his beer glass in both hands, upraised like a chalice, in an oddly graceful gesture, but his glance was so strange that Jerry, in spite of himself, was taken aback. Jerry Benedict was a normally personable, cheerful, friendly man, and he was accustomed to being liked. Certainly he was unused to encountering active hatred, and yet the glance he met from the fellow opposite was one of such sudden unyielding enmity—and from such a youth, too—that he was, for the moment, disconcerted. What the devil are they up to, anyway, he wondered. Is it just that we’re Easterners? Are they practicing being tough guys? But he kept his air of brisk amusement. “In any case, didn’t anyone ever tell you it’s impolite to stare?” he said.

“Whyn’t you ditch him and come with us?” said the blond boy suddenly, speaking to Fran, and still with his blaz-



"Personally, I'll be happy when the whole damn bunch take off for the moon!"

ing grin. "We'll give you a good time."

"What!" Jerry cried, and he found himself starting from his seat.

Fran was already in the aisle. "Jerry! Jerry! Come *on!*" she was saying, and after a moment to—well, catch his breath, really; compose himself—Jerry rose to follow her.

"Of course, darling," he said. "They're just kids, after all!" But he took the time to let his eye travel over them, one by one: the blond boy, grinning still, or with his teeth bared, anyway; the tall, dark one with his jaws tight, his eyes sparkling with resentment; the third one simply staring. "Sometime, though," Jerry couldn't help saying as he reached the door, "someone ought to teach them good manners."

And then Fran and Jerry were out in the cool prairie night, dark except for the spill of light from the café's neons and empty everywhere. Fran was in the car and Jerry was just going round to the driver's seat; he was saying "Well, my Lord! Wasn't *that* the damnedest thing!" when the door of the café opened and (Who else? Jerry was beginning to feel fatalistic about the whole venture) the three boys, obviously looking for trouble, came out.

Jerry didn't feel fear, exactly, and he didn't exactly hurry. He insisted to himself, even as he watched the boys, that he mustn't panic. But he was acutely conscious of the darkness and his and Fran's own isolation—not a light, *not a house; nothing* anywhere but the silent prairie—and he was glad, very glad, when he heard the engine churn once and then take hold, and realized that Fran had reached over and touched the starter. Except for one encounter with a drunk in a hotel bar, which had ended almost as soon as it began, Jerry hadn't had a fight with anyone since he and Wade Berry, his sophomore-year roommate at college, squared off against each other after an argument over some broken phonograph records, and when he saw the boys heading toward *him*, he did the only thing he could think of to do. "Maybe *you* need a lesson, Mister," one of them was saying, but Jerry didn't give him a chance to finish. They were coming bunched together, and with a lunge he leaped forward and shoved, simply shoved, the nearest one back on the others. One—Jerry had the impression it was the blond one—fell, and, falling, grabbed at the others, who stumbled, until they were all in a tangle. They were on their feet again in a second or two, of course, swearing, and plunging toward Jerry, but by that time he was in the car and away.

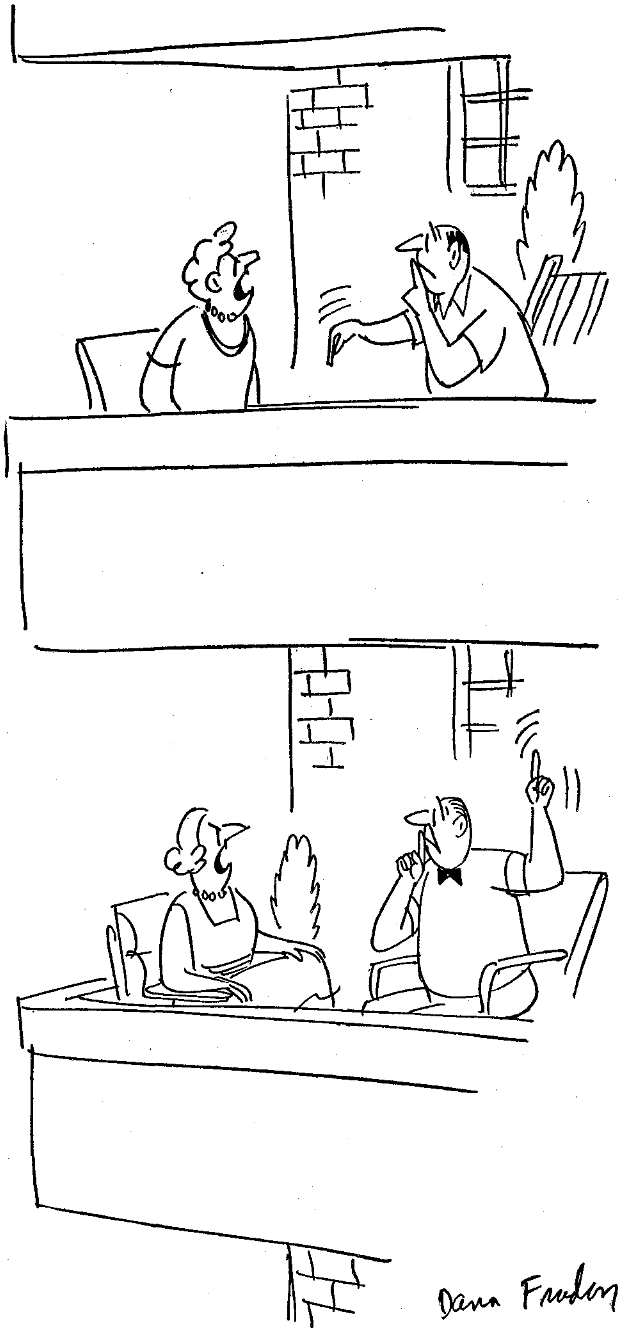
It was Fran who, a mile or so on down the road, noticed headlights approaching from behind.

"I know," Jerry said when she called his attention to them. "But I swear I don't think it's they. I watched the place for quite a while in the rear-view mirror, and I didn't see anything start out."

And there wasn't a house, not a house—or none lighted—anywhere. And what good would it have done if there had been, either? Could they whirl into some strangers' driveway, dash in upon them, and say they were being followed by a bunch of crazy youngsters, when there was a chance, still, that the car behind contained only a travelling salesman, or some farmer and his family heading home after a day's marketing?

"What the devil was the name of that restaurant, anyway?" Jerry asked a moment later. Fran said nothing, and he answered for her. "Paul's Paradise, wasn't it? Some paradise!" And he went on, since she still said nothing, "And there we were, just before, talking"—as they had been, earlier, driving doggedly through the flat sameness of the region—"about these kids that they have out here, and the wild things they do, and the reasons for it." He glanced at Fran, and saw that she had her hands clasped tight between her knees and her head bent down. She was shaking.

"Well, whoever it is, I'm not going to race them," he muttered. He'd been going at about fifty all along, and he was still going fifty when the car came slowly—in the sense that an extra five miles an hour is slow, no matter what the speed is—easily alongside. It was they, of course. Despite what he had said to Fran, he somehow had known it must be. It was an old black coupé the boys were in—a Pontiac or an Olds, he couldn't quite tell, for it had been cut down and altered in one way or another, and, anyway, he took only a quick look at it. The three boys were sitting crowded into the one seat—the blond boy, Ote, at the wheel, Eddie on the outside, nearest the Benedicts, and the smaller one in the middle. The odd—in a way, the almost eerie—thing was that none of the boys even looked at them. There they were, riding fender to fender with him, headlights bright on the road ahead, and Jerry, glancing over, could see the three youthful figures, lit ghostlily by their dash lights; indeed, if the cars' windows had been down, he could almost have reached out and touched them. The dark boy, Eddie, had his back nearly turned to Jerry, revealing the soft, almost feminine look that the heavy growth of hair—a duck-tail, he remembered they called it—gave to the back of his neck. But he never moved or turned. The blond boy, driving, looked straight ahead, and so did the other; it was as if they were in another world, and though both Jerry and Fran knew that two panes of glass, in addition to the sounds of the road, separated them from the boys, they spoke to each other in whispers.



"Let them pass, Jerry. Let them pass. It's dangerous this way," Fran said, and Jerry, glancing at her, saw that she was still trembling. He could feel his own hands clenching and unclenching in helpless rage on the wheel.

But he felt stubborn, somehow. "Why?" he asked. "They can pass, if they want to pass me. They seem to have plenty of power." And (how long was it later—a half mile, a mile, of this sullen careering?) when Fran said "*Please!*" so urgently that he did slack, he realized almost instantly that he had been right in the first place.

For, as he slowed, the black car, inching ahead of him, started to edge in toward him, too. Already its front fender was nosing in front of his, and, in a sudden bright whirl of mixed knowledge, horror, and—this time—real fear, Jerry trod down heavily on the accelerator and forged determinedly ahead. If he let them go farther, even a little farther, they could cut him off—run him right off the road or block him—and then what would happen to him, against the three of them? What would happen to Fran? There was a thin scream of metal as the fenders touched, and Jerry felt his own car rock. Then the black car swung off and dropped back out of sight behind them; a few seconds later, its exhaust really blasting now, it shot past at full speed and dimmed away down the road. As it passed, the dark boy, Eddie, twisted about in his seat and thumbed his nose.

It was so silly, so inappropriate—above all, so youthful—a gesture that it made Jerry feel giddy, momentarily, in the letdown. It was what a kid did, from a distance, to a man who had reprimanded him, or to another boy after a row over marbles, not after a deliberate near-collision, and he felt his chest shake in a gust of almost manic merriment. Then anger took hold of him, and he found himself pounding the wheel again. They were kids, sure enough, but they could wreck them all—they could kill him and Fran, too—with their infantile lack of responsibility. They might have killed them right then and there, he thought, if he'd held his course. And then, as something still too faint for thought stirred in his mind, he remembered Fran and turned to look at her. "I had to do it," he said. "I had to drive right at them."

"Oh, I know. I know," Fran said wanly. She still had her hands clenched between her knees and her head bent down. She was still shivering.

"They could have driven us right off the road if I hadn't," Jerry went on. "They could have had us right where they wanted us." Then, suddenly, he stopped talking. They *still* could have us, he thought—if they really wanted to. And meantime the night flowed by, dark as ever and empty as ever—wide, immense, impersonal. Abruptly, Jerry found himself thinking beyond the night and the flat, dreary plain, and the small, identical towns it contained, to the life it fostered. Here the car was the one release, and it must be treasured. It would be

A MAP OF EUROPE: SOME PAINTINGS BY VERMEER

It is the girl I notice first of all,
And then the lady with the lute who plays
A tune whose words are lost amid the sun
That falls in through the window on her gaze,
The Dutch light, her dress yellow as pollen,
A map of Europe hung upon the wall.

The map's a sort of backdrop for the scene,
Part of the room's essential furniture,
As if Vermeer had thought, This room's a world,
And so this emblem of the world is here,
Another window—though it can be furled—
Hanging in shadow, posted there, half-seen.

You might put history in such a place,
Collect its cobwebs, and restore the hours
The girl sat dreaming while a man would talk,
Drowned in the breath of Holland and its flowers,
Of all those things that through the centuries stalk
And cannot change and never fall from grace.

It is a peaceful room; you have to work
Harder than usual to compose the rest—
Lost love, the plagues, the wounds of God and war,
Which time has varnished, and which man has dressed
In legends rich enough to cloak his fear.
The light dispels, her look destroys the murk.

I watch the light, the brass studs on the chair,
And then the map, seemingly permanent
Within the room, on the museum wall,
Far from that Europe of which she had dreamt,
Far as, in those days, Spain or Portugal,
Far from the girl and him who posed her there.

I see the map of Europe as it hangs:
The shores still bounded by a similar sea,
The land crossed yet with murder and with arms
That let its blood and bloody Hungary.
She seems to play so calmly, knowing her charms
Lack power in any time when men grow fangs.

A violent time, yet thus are all times blessed.
I would not ask the painter that he fix
More than the canvas and the paint so well
A life is rendered, cancelling politics.
I can but beg to dally in its spell.
I know the map will hang there, unimpressed.

—Anthony Bailey

• •

worked on, too, as these boys' car obviously had been: the valves ground and the timing adjusted, the cylinders rebored and the body painted—and all done carefully, lovingly.

They must spend months working on their cars, he thought. And then to take them out on the road and risk wrecking them—against a stranger's, too. It didn't make sense, and Jerry was still puzzling over the craziness of it when he saw the boys' car coming up the road, heading toward him. He knew it now, or he was fairly sure he did. The beam from one head lamp was tilted a little, as he'd noticed it was before when he'd seen it in the rear-view mirror, and the car was holding the center of the road in a way that seemed slightly ominous.

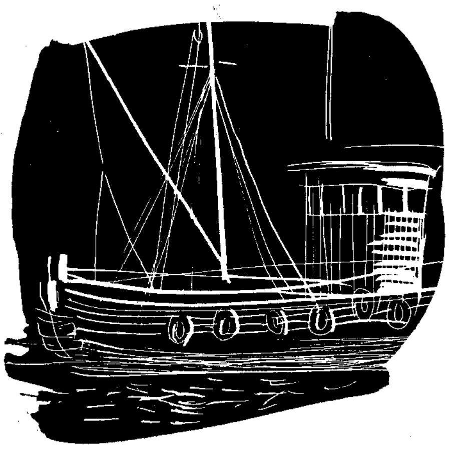
It held so, even as it neared, and it was then that Jerry made his decision that there would have to be a showdown. If anyone was going to give way, the boys would have to do it. And he was somehow sure they would. "Get down, Fran," he told her. "Get as low as you can."

"No."

"Get down," he repeated, and this time she slid almost to the floor.

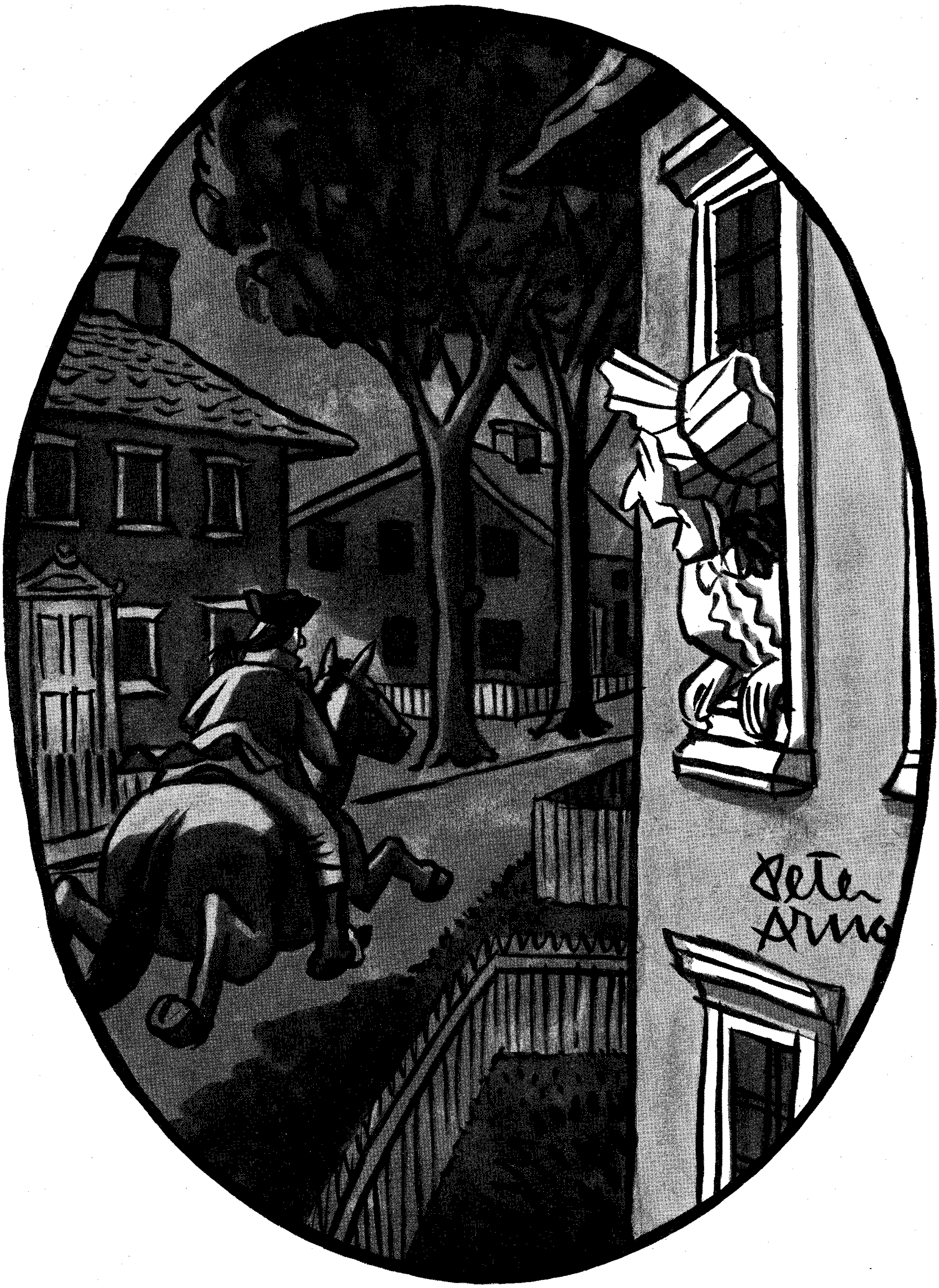
He wasn't going fast, perhaps about forty, and the other car, he judged, was making about the same speed. He slowed, but even so their combined speeds must be sixty or seventy, and he was wondering what the impact would be when the time came for him to stop thinking (leaving them the time and the distance to make their own decisions). Then, shoving down as far as he could in the seat, he swung the wheel to head directly at them.

The next few instants were the emptiest Jerry had ever known. He saw the loom of the other car as it passed, and he heard a kind of skittering crash behind and to the left of him, and felt his own car lurch onto gravel. Even while he was hauling himself up in the seat, he yanked the car onto the pavement again; then he stopped it and looked back. The other car was in the ditch, all right, at a slant that made the headlights shine off crazily, and there was a flutter of dust settling slowly around it. But beyond that it was clearly undamaged. It was just a car that had run off the road, that was all, and after a short while he saw first one boy and then the other two climb out of it.



They looked curiously spindly and doll-like, silhouetted against the glow of the headlights, and as far as he could make out, they never glanced even once in his direction. Jerry sat for a while watching them; he knew Fran was watching, too. "Well, there they are. The hot-rods," he said. "And right where they belong, I guess." He waited a moment. "I just figured," he went on, "I just figured that if they wouldn't ram me the first time, they wouldn't do it the second, either." But his head felt light, and the rest of him, even to his hands on the steering wheel, heavy. Just the effort of talking tired him, and after watching a few seconds more (they were all crouching in a bunch now, inspecting the car's rear end) he put his own car in gear and started slowly away toward (what was the town, anyway?) Newkirk. "I'll stop later and let us both catch our breath," he told Fran. "But first let's get out of here."

—Robert M. Coates



"Thanks, but what about those silver candlesticks I ordered?"

THE CIRCUS OF M. DEBREAUX

I LIVED in France once, for nine months, as a young child, and now, whenever cocktail conversation gets around to the irritating muddle of French politics or the attempts of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs to maintain the façade of empire, though I find myself contributing as many and as broad generalizations as the next guest, I am conscious of contradictory images flickering away like a silent film on some screen that was installed in the back of my head when I was seven years old. It is as if the France that I find myself criticizing so glibly were a paper country conjured up by headlines, while the real France is the one that existed for me from the early autumn of 1927 through the late spring of 1928. It is, for instance, inconceivable to me that the railway conductors of France—those stern, rapid-spoken men who never lost track of a single sou—should welsh on their personal taxes. Or that the dromedary trainer of the carnival perpetually in session near Napoleon's Tomb—a man very gentle with children—should have anything but compassion for the unhappy citizens of Algeria. Most inconceivable of all is that the country that produced M. Paul Debreaux and his one-man circus could ever really lack tenacity, or could regard its destiny with the Existentialist shrug said to be the attitude of so many men, women, and growing children in France today.

My parents, my brother, and I happened upon M. Debreaux's circus on the evening of the day we left Juan-les-Pins, that spring, and set out by rented touring car and chauffeur for a final six weeks in Paris before sailing home. I don't recall the name of the town where we found the circus, but it must have been much less than a full day's drive from the Mediterranean coast. I remember that we stopped for a picnic lunch near a lemon grove, and that when we got back into the car—an enormous, rectangular black box, with railings on its roof such as one sees nowadays on cabin cruisers, and a metal chest nearly as large as a steamer trunk attached to its rear end—a hissing, accompanied by a settling to the right, made it obvious that we had, as the French say, burst a tire. Georges, our chauffeur—a tall, silent, thickly built man who always looked both harried and self-righteous—heaved himself out of the car and lumbered around to see what he could do. This turned out to be not much, for it developed that the Antibes auto-hire company that had so proudly provided us with car and bonded, liveried chauffeur had failed to provide a jack.

My mother wanted my father to "get to" a telephone (she didn't say how) and demand that the auto-hire company send another car, but the idea that, to everyone's surprise and admiration, my brother came up with seemed more practical; this was that someone should unstrap his bicycle from the roof rack, ride it to the next town, and borrow a jack. There had, for the previous several weeks, been considerable discussion about whether my brother's bicycle—his first—should be taken along or left behind when we sailed, and I could see that he hoped its usefulness in this emergency might gain it the status of an invaluable family possession. Certainly we all felt, as we watched Georges pump the valiant little thing up and over the next hill toward our presumed salvation, that a bicycle was a remarkable invention.

However, my mother felt this truth progressively less during the hour and three-quarters it took Georges to return. The next town, according to our road map, was exactly two kilometres away. "I knew you should have gone yourself," she said to my father accusingly.

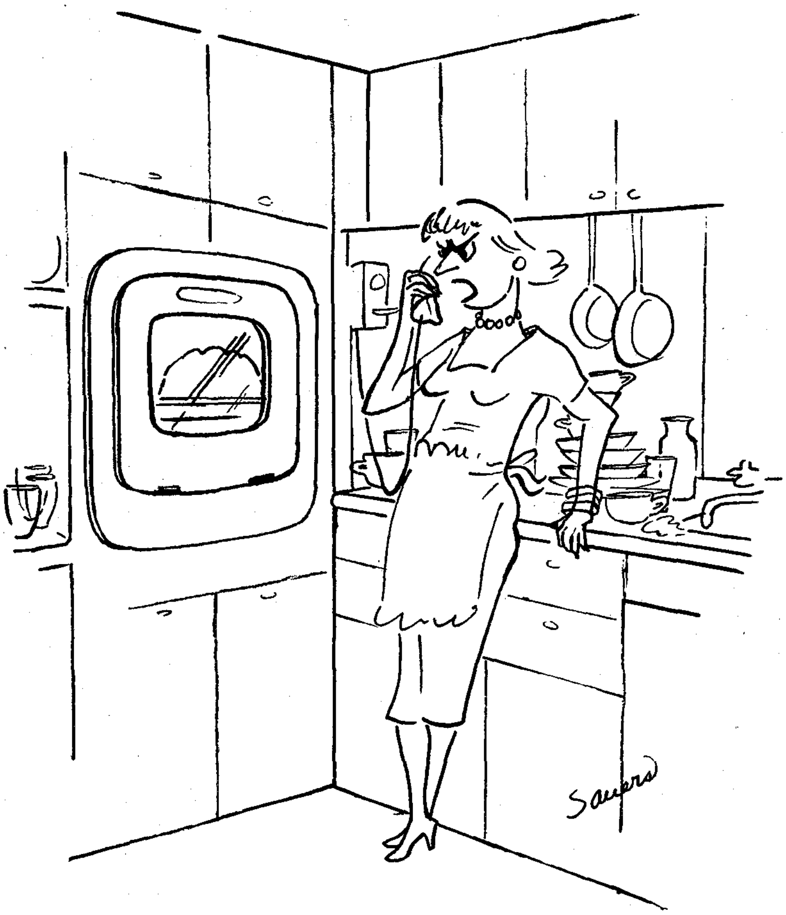
"Pity you didn't say so earlier," he replied.

"I *knew* it earlier, and so should you have," she said. "He's probably sitting in a café right this minute, buying wine with the extra money he plans to charge us for having to take a little exercise."

I half expected her, when Georges returned—still silent, still harried and self-righteous—to go up to him and sniff his breath. But the jack was in the handle-bar basket, and perhaps she felt that for the moment nothing else mattered.

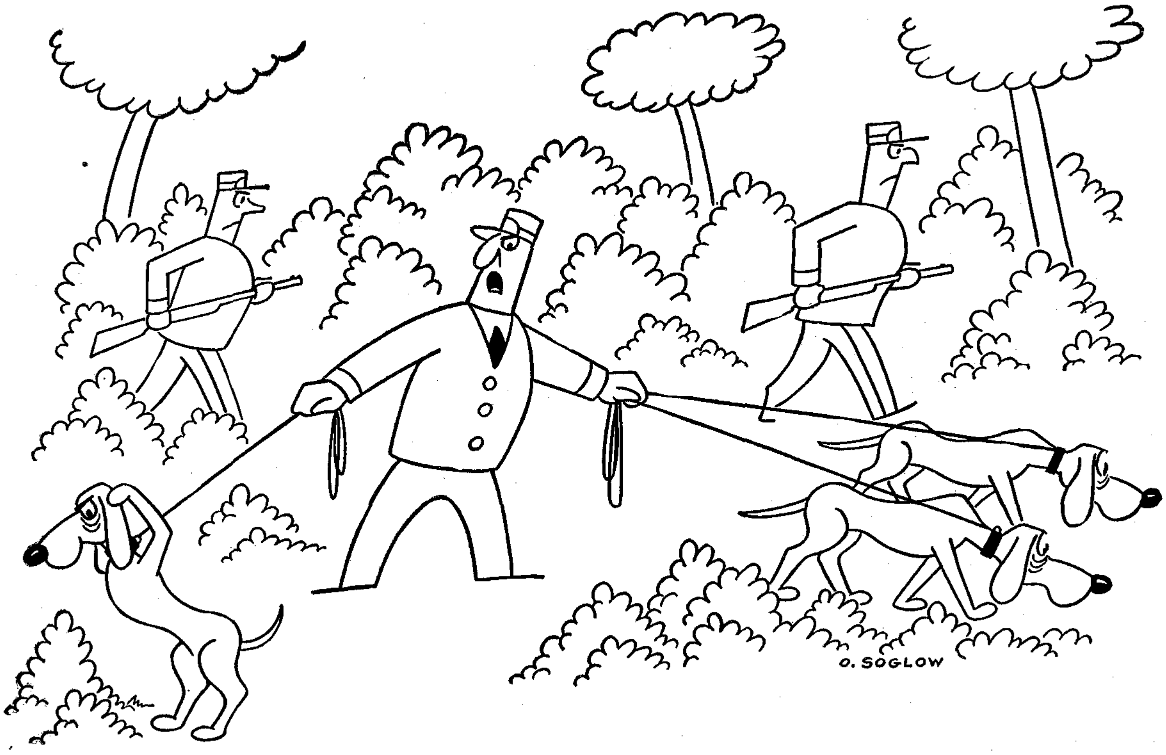
Between them, Georges and my father had us moving again within twenty minutes, but it was already getting toward sundown. We had an objective much farther along the way to Paris, but now there was nothing for it but to spend the night in the town that had vouchsafed us the jack. And it was as we sat parked there, waiting while Georges returned the jack to its owner, that my brother and I saw a wagon with a cracked canvas sign dangling from its tailgate, which read, "LE CIRQUE DE M. PAUL DEBREAUX."

THE quality of the town, the look and feel of the hotel where we took rooms that night, the business of registering, unpacking, eating supper—all these



"I'm not watching Ed Sullivan or Steve Allen. I'm watching my Baked Alaska."

details have left me, along with the town's name. In my mind's eye, I picture our hotel and the *mairie* as facing each other across a square, with a fountain in its center and streets leading off from its corners—narrow streets, with narrow shops on the ground level and balconies above them—but this may be a recollection of any of a number of small towns we stopped in during our nine months, or a simplified composite of them all. The only building I specifically remember is a high-windowed red brick grammar school, just off the square, and it was next to this, in a gravel playground, that M. Debreaux was destined to perform.



"Come on, come on! Stop playing detective and sniff like the rest."

• •

I use the word "destined" because, from the beginning of the performance to just before the end, when we couldn't bear to watch him any longer, there was about M. Debreaux a trancelike quality, as if he were acting not of his own free will but under the spell of some lifelong hypnosis. When my brother and I arrived at the playground (it was dusk, and yet our parents allowed us to go by ourselves, which makes me think the school must have been visible from our hotel), the audience consisted entirely of children. M. Debreaux, standing a dozen feet from his wagon and speaking in an old man's monotone, just too loud for ordinary conversation, had already begun reciting the long list of his past achievements. He had been a featured vaudeville performer in Paris in 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, and 1909. In 1903, he had had the inestimable honor of being summoned to the court of the King of Spain for a performance on the occasion of . . . He had played before the noble guests at the wedding of the Princess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, in the year of Our Lord . . . In 1913, the mayor of Lyon had awarded him a medal. He had entertained a convention of international business leaders at The Hague, celebrating the twentieth anniversary of . . .

It was hard to concentrate on what he was saying, for he droned, and his gaze was fixed a foot or so above our heads, as if he were addressing an audience of adults standing immediately behind us. He was a small man—no taller than some of the older children who stood listening, restlessly but politely, just outside the feeble circle of light made by the acetylene lantern that hung sputtering from a pole on his wagon. His head was completely bald, and his shoulders, under a gray sweatshirt, sloped down from his short neck the way a gorilla's do. He had a paunch—not a large one, but you could guess that he was ashamed of it by the awkward way he kept clasping his hands in front of him, as if he wanted to hide it. His legs, covered by gray gym trousers tied at the ankles, were bowed, and he stood with his feet, shod in sneakers, planted far apart, in the stance of a Japanese wrestler. The very inexpressiveness of his face—or, rather, the fact that what expression it had was derived entirely from creases and wrinkles and bone structure, and not from any play of feeling—gave him an ascetic quality that contrasted with his routine boasting.

Toward the end of his speech, two or three clusters of adults—men of the town, all carrying musical instruments—paused beyond the half circle of children to listen, and though M. Debreaux neither turned toward them nor altered the look on his face, he at once repeated the list of some of his earlier achievements. "*Mille neuf cent six*, *mille neuf cent sept*, *mille neuf cent huit*, *mille neuf cent neuf*," he intoned. But the men soon left and went into the school building, and when, after a minute, lights went on inside and the first tentative brassy sounds of a band tuning up came through the open windows, M. Debreaux finished his oration as if he had planned all along to end it there—as if these random notes had always been his cue.

He bowed briefly, acknowledging imaginary applause, then waddled back to his wagon and returned with his arms full of wooden milk bottles of the sort one tries to knock down for prizes at country fairs. Sleepily, he began juggling three of these. He made no attempt to impress us with his speed; on the contrary, he never varied his slow pace but, with inexorable regularity, added one bottle after another until there was a great arch of spinning wood over him and it seemed that if he added one more bottle they must all knock against one another in midair. And, as a matter of fact, when the last one was tossed, they did just that; with a single loud report, they banged together, and M. Debreaux gathered the lot of them into his arms as they fell, with the air of a bored cardsharp executing a fancy shuffle.

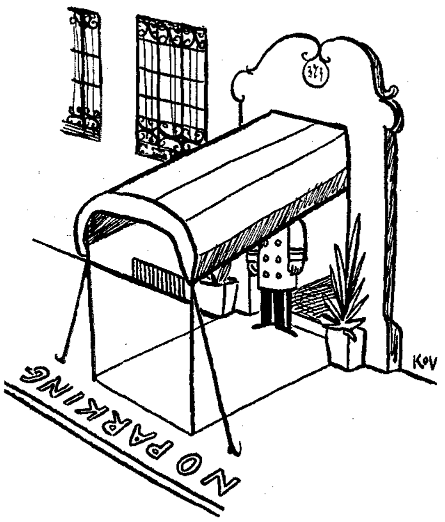
He bowed again—this time to real, if childish, hand clapping and soprano shouts of approval. He kept his head lowered for a long time after the applause had ended—so long that it occurred to me he must be expecting coins to be tossed at his feet. I had none, and neither had my brother. Finally, one boy, better dressed than most of the others, walked over and dropped a ten-centime piece directly on the spot where M. Debreaux's eyes seemed to be fastened. As if a catch in his neck had been released, M. Debreaux snapped his head upright, and then he carried his milk bottles back to the wagon, and returned with a unicycle and a small seesaw.

The band was going full tilt now, practicing some march or other, and M. Debreaux rode his unicycle around the seesaw, zigzagging this way and that in the gravel, trying his best to be performing in time with the music. When the music stopped, he pedalled up the seesaw, balanced for a moment at the fulcrum—arms extended, head erect, and eyes closed—then, without opening his eyes, jumped to the ground, leaving the unicycle and seesaw as they had been, in perfect balance. The band started up again, and he lifted the unicycle down and repeated the act, this time pedalling with his hands, his legs sticking straight up.

For each of these feats, we children clapped as loudly as we could, and after each M. Debreaux bowed, keeping his head lowered until one of us dropped some object on the gravel. Apparently there were few coins in the gathering, and one boy offered a slingshot, another a licorice twist. Each time, M. Debreaux immediately indicated his acceptance by lifting his head and going on with his performance. It didn't seem to matter to him what was offered. He never picked any of the things up and he never smiled or looked at us. He had not, since his introductory speech, uttered a single word. Presently, he went through a tumbling routine—back flips, cartwheels, somersaults in midair—while the band played a maddeningly slow march, in a rhythm he could not possibly follow. At last, he stopped and bowed, breathing heavily and blinking from the sweat that now ran down his bald head and collected on his lashes.

I was carrying a souvenir French flag, and I decided to add it to the collection at his feet, though I doubted whether he would perform any more. Now that he had begun to seem wearied, he looked old to me—much older than my grandfather—and I thought that he must surely be through for the night. Before I could take him the flag, however, he lifted his head and, with a barely discernible smile on his lips, gazed at the phantom adult audience behind us. He rocked forward onto the balls of his feet and took a deep breath, filling his lungs so that his chunky torso seemed to inflate like a soccer ball, then let the air out, slowly, and rocked back onto his heels. *"Et maintenant—"* he said, with a ring of real showmanship in his voice. *"Et maintenant!"*

WITH that puzzling announcement, M. Debreaux went back and, this time, all the way into his wagon. I didn't even try to make out what he was doing there, for just then two things happened: my parents appeared—at the end of an after-dinner stroll about the town, I suppose—and the band took a break in its practice session. The lights of the school building dimmed, and the men walked out onto the sidewalk, stretched, glanced up at the sky, lighted their pipes, and looked with amusement at our little group on the gravel lot. Some of the musicians—six or eight—came over and joined us. I noticed, too, that a few other grownups were coming to join the crowd—couples from the hotel, perhaps, or townspeople finished with their supper chores and out to cool off in the evening air. My father asked my brother and me how the vaudeville show was going, and we answered, in whispers, that it was not a vaudeville, it was a one-man circus.



"Whatever he calls it, it's pathetic," my mother said. "At his age!"

The light from the lantern now seemed to have grown twice as bright as it had been, for full dark had fallen, and when M. Debreaux emerged from his wagon, he, too, was transformed. He had taken off his sweatshirt and gym trousers and was wearing a costume that resembled, more than anything else, an old-fashioned bathing suit—the kind with heavy black cotton trunks coming to below the kneecap, and a black-and-white striped top with sleeves halfway down to the elbow. In the way of many retired athletes, he looked both stiff and supple, both flabby and strong. For a while, he waddled about on the gravel, setting up a pyramid of six tables—not card tables, exactly, but not much larger than that—with three on the bottom, then two, and one on top. Then he went back to his wagon and returned with an ordinary bicycle.

M. Debreaux climbed to the topmost table, pulling the bicycle up after him. I suppose he wasn't more than ten or twelve feet above the ground, but to me it looked like thirty. He stood beside his bicycle for a moment, in profile to the audience and facing the windows of the school, as if he were posing for a statue. Then, casually, he put his left foot on the left pedal, swung his right leg over, and sat down as if to ride. He stayed that way for some seconds, controlling the slight wiggle of the front wheel, establishing his

---

ACADEMIC PROCESSION

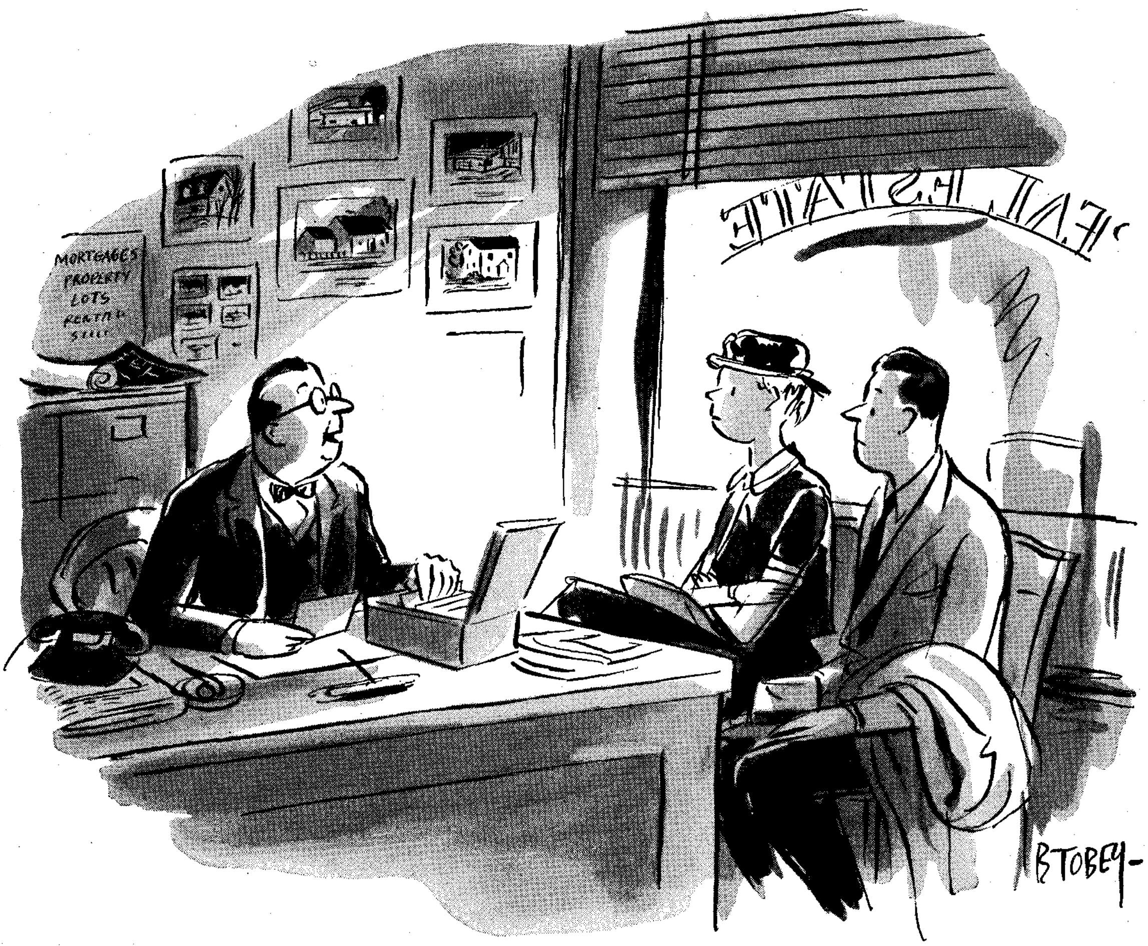
(Faculty Battalion)

Again along the sacred paths arboreal
Strut the bright bluejays of philosophy,
The yellow birds of science—cuckoo, oriole—
The grackles, purple by a law degree,
Gay tanagers (strange color for divinity),
And, hoodless but as dignified as owls,
The half-baked blackbirds, straggling to infinity,
Newcomers to the Parliament of Fowls.

Withhold your sharp Aristophanic arrows!
This pageant fades; these orioles and tanagers,
Their plumage plucked, and seedier than sparrows,
Will soon return to hatching hotel managers
On Monday, Wednesday, Friday at eleven,
In circumstances more remote from heaven.

—W. W. Watt

• •



"Just one more question. Can you give me a rough idea of how much you're prepared to spend over what you're prepared to spend?"

• •

balance. When he had got the bicycle absolutely still, he lifted his feet gradually from the pedals and placed them, one behind the other, on the frame tube—the bar between saddle and handle bars—in front of him. Then he eased himself forward till he was crouching on this bar, lowering his head as he did so and keeping hold of the handle bars. When his forehead was almost touching the center of the handle bars, he straightened a leg—the left one—backward off the bar, and in a moment, without seeming to give himself any upward thrust at all, lifted both feet straight into the air and hoisted his head and shoulders from the handle bars.

There was a gasp from the crowd, but no one dared to clap. I looked at my brother. He was staring not at M. Debreaux but at the bicycle, as if he were wondering whether he might not, with a little practice, make his own behave with the same uncanny obedience. Then we both looked at M. Debreaux, for he was lowering his body now, first dropping his torso to the handle bars, then doubling himself into an inverted crouch, then placing his feet in their single file on the bar. This done, he lifted his head and shifted his weight back onto his haunches.

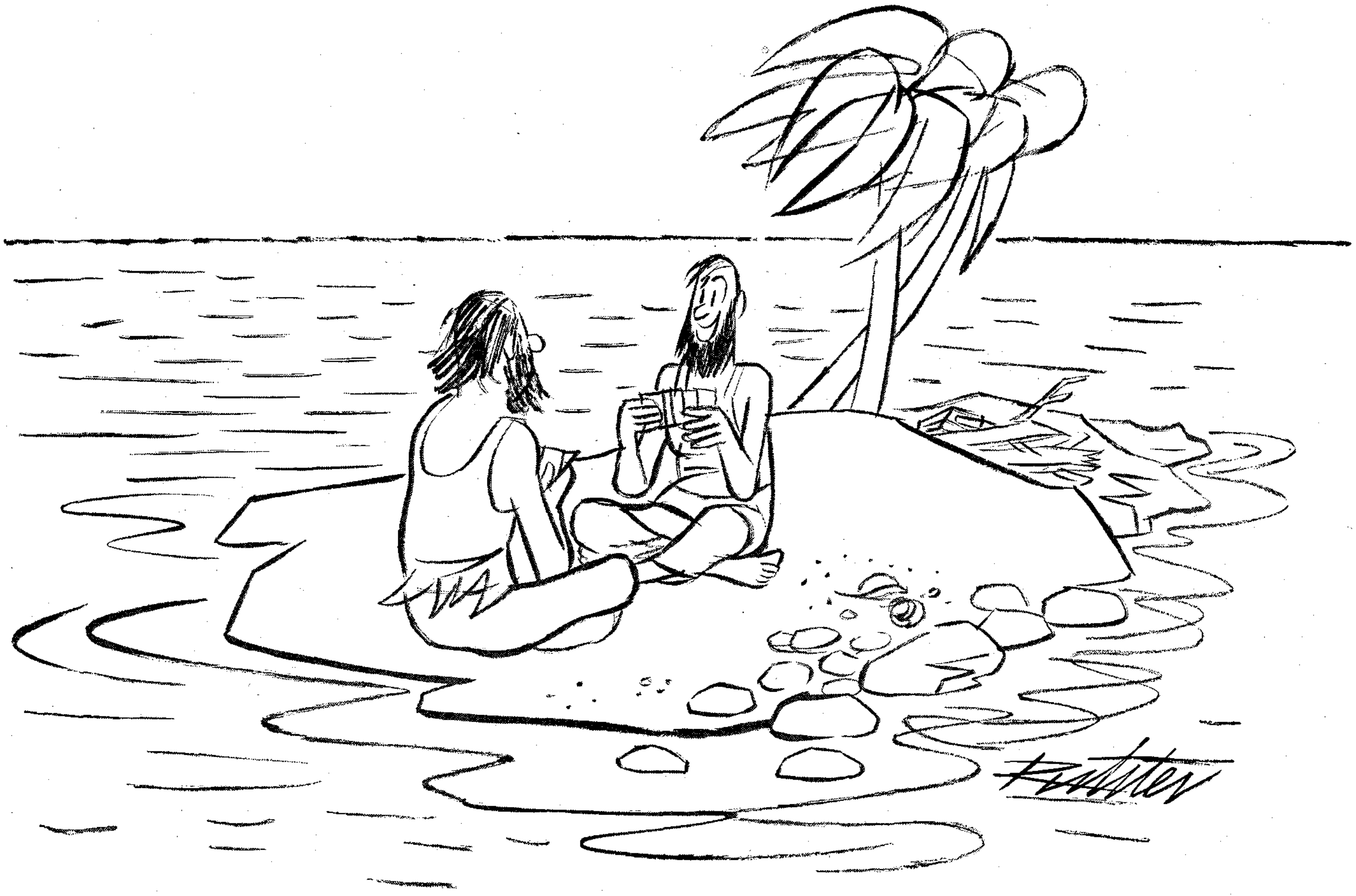
He remained in this upright crouch on the bar for what seemed a long time—I would guess, now, more than a minute—panting, his face flushed. The bicycle's front wheel wiggled once, but he steadied it without even looking down. Gradually his breathing became calmer and his face less red. He raised his right hand from the handle bar and wiped the sweat from his right eye, then put that hand back and wiped the other eye with his left. He did not return his left hand to the handle bar, though; instead, he reached down and gripped the upright between the front wheel and the handle bars. At first, no one seemed to know what he had in mind, but as he began to lower one of his legs from the bar, a murmur rose from the spectators, who now realized with a shock that he was planning to thread himself through the V of the balanced bicycle and come up on the other side.

The crowd was much larger now, for all the members of the band and quite a few passersby had joined it, but it was so silent you could hear the sputtering of the lantern, the men sucking on their pipes, and the occasional grunts of M. Debreaux. Suddenly, when he had backed and twisted himself halfway through the V, a loud bell began to toll the hour. M. Debreaux froze where he was, his hands gripping the bar and his feet together in the bottom of the V. When the bell had struck eight times and the last vibration had died in the air, he went on, working his way so slowly that he seemed hardly to be moving at all.

The bicycle was no longer upright. As M. Debreaux inched backward through the V, he had to tilt the bicycle farther and farther in the opposite direction to maintain balance. By the time he got his head through, the bicycle was at a crazily precarious angle, but there he was—he was through the V. You could tell from the way the crowd breathed that they knew the danger was about over. All he had to do now was to right the bicycle as he straightened his body, then swing himself onto the seat.

It was while he was doing this—levelling the bicycle—that he lost control. In my mind's eye, I can still see the look of disbelief that came over his face as he felt the bicycle begin to ease away from him. By bending his knees and letting his arms out full, he held it steady for perhaps five seconds, but he must have realized almost immediately that the angle was too great for him to manage. With consummate skill—indeed, this was as expert, in its way, as anything he had done—he doubled up into a tight crouch and then sprang free of the bicycle, catapulting himself backward.

The crowd watched him do this as intently as if it were an integral part of the performance. It was only when he fell with a thump onto the gravel, and the bicycle and the tables came crashing down, that the spectators reacted with the tidal movement that seems to grip all crowds when they see an accident—first the falling back with a terrified



"I call your abalone shell, and raise you two mussels and a pebble."

• •

gasp, and then the closing in around the victim.

Two of the musicians helped M. Debreaux to his feet, and he stood between them, leaning on their arms, gazing at the circle of gabbling faces about him as if he didn't quite know why everyone was so excited. Then he seemed to understand, for the first time, that he was being supported. He shook himself free of the musicians and muttered something about his bicycle. A man brought it to him, and he examined it thoroughly—the seat, the pedals, the chain, the spokes, the various bars, and, particularly, the alignment of the front wheel. He stroked the front fender, then set the bicycle down and took his hands away from it. The bicycle stood by itself. Everyone was talking at once, but M. Debreaux appeared not to hear anything. As he walked around the balanced bicycle, examining (it seemed) its very soul, I could see that his right shoulder was badly scraped and torn, and that the gravel had made a bloody shred of the back of his shirt.

"*Eh bien!*" M. Debreaux shouted, cupping his hands about his mouth and addressing the crowd. "*Eh bien, mesdames et messieurs! Nous allons recommencer!*"

With that, he turned, leaving his bicycle still in balance, and began to set up the tables again.

"He can't!" my mother said—first to my father, then, louder, to the people standing close to us. "Stop him!" she said. "Why in heaven's name doesn't somebody *stop* him!" And, without waiting for a response, she began elbowing her way through the crowd and presently burst into the circle of light shed by M. Debreaux's lantern.

At first, it was impossible, because of the commotion that arose in her wake, to hear what she was saying to him, but her intent was clear enough from her gestures. She kept shaking her head and pointing to his shoulder, talking fast, while he only smiled sadly and waited for her to stop. Finally, she did stop, and, without even answering her, he went back to setting up his tables. My mother looked helpless for a moment. Then she plunged her hand into her pocketbook and pulled out a hundred-franc note—worth, in those days, about five dollars. She slapped it down on one of the tables and began once more to talk to M. Debreaux, who again interrupted his work to listen courteously to her.

Eventually she paused for breath, and he spoke to her patiently, as if he were explaining something to a slow child. "*Parce que c'est nécessaire, Madame,*" he said. "Eet ees *nécessaire.*"

He picked up her hundred-franc note and held it out to her. She shook her head and turned away. He shrugged. "*Merci mille fois, Madame;*" he said, and dropped the money onto the gravel, where it lay with the slingshot, the licorice twist, the ten-centime piece, and the other offerings.

Mother made her way back to us. M. Debreaux quietly went ahead setting up his pyramid of tables. The crowd clapped and cheered him, but Mother could not bear to watch, and, looking at his bleeding shoulder, even I was glad when we started back to the hotel. The last I saw of M. Debreaux, he had climbed back onto the topmost table and was braced there, reaching down impatiently, while two of the musicians lifted his bicycle up to him.

—George R. Clay

•

Milwaukee (AP)—Judges at the 36th annual Wisconsin Designer-Craftsman Show had to admit the coat woven by Mrs. Belle Schultz of Milwaukee was nothing unusual, but the woof! The woof was the combings from her pet project. The warp was her pet Scotch collie.—*Washington (D.C.) Star.*

We just *heard* a woof.

A REPORTER IN AFRICA

THE BIRDS AND THE BEASTS WERE THERE—III

IN the extreme southwestern corner of Kenya, there is an area of about six thousand square miles that for a long time has been a kind of island in the center of Africa. It embraces some of the finest terrain on the whole continent, with a network of forested rivers amid great open plains that slope gently down to the eastern shore of Lake Victoria, but because of the prevalence of the tsetse fly nobody, as far as is known, has ever lived there for long, and consequently there are no roads. Wild animals are not affected by the fly, so they have been left to roam the country pretty much undisturbed except by occasional hunting parties from Nairobi and gangs of African poachers who operate along the border of the lake.

When the Mau Mau emergency boiled up four and a half years ago, this region became doubly remote; some of the Kikuyu tribesmen went into hiding there, and the British authorities issued orders forbidding anyone to go near the place. Within the past few months, however, things have quieted down considerably, and when my wife and I returned to Nairobi after an automobile trip that had taken us to the vast government game preserves in Uganda and the Belgian Congo, I found a message at my hotel from a friend of mine—a white hunter and professional safari leader named Donald Ker—saying that he had just been given permission to visit the forbidden area. A few of the Mau Mau were still hanging about in the forests, Ker said in his note, but they were known to be without ammunition, and in any case the authorities had arranged for a couple of native policemen to go along with him. He proposed to take perhaps a dozen of his own boys and wander through this virgin territory for two or three weeks before moving northward toward the Abyssinian border, and would we like to come with him?

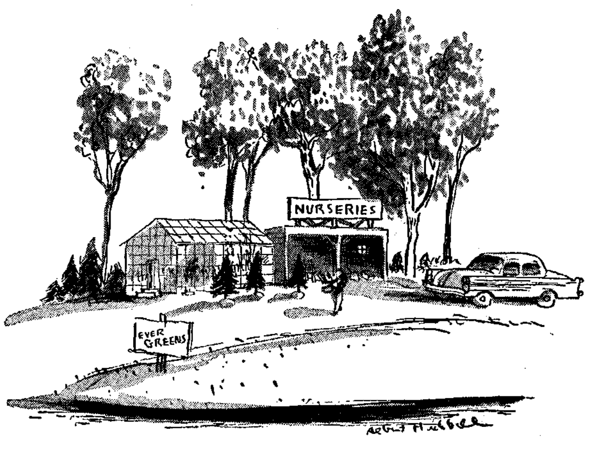
Something of the splendor of this invitation can be conveyed by a word about Ker himself. A small, compact man of fifty, he has spent most of the last half-century in the East African bush. At sixteen, he was out on his own, sometimes for months at a time, hunting elephant, and he carried nothing with him but a blanket, a rifle, and ammunition. People who are qualified to judge rate him one of the best shots in East Africa, and in knowledge of the bush they place him second only to his partner, Sidney Downey. Since the war, these two men have built up the largest safari company in East Africa; at one time during this past winter they had no fewer than fourteen hunting or photographic expeditions out in the field—a formidable force involving something like a hundred and fifty men (not counting clients) and enough equipment in the way of tents and vehicles to supply a small army. The unexpected note in all this is that Ker, after a lifetime of hunting, cannot now bear to shoot a wild animal of any description except for food. He will no longer even go out with any client who shoots. (A team of younger white hunters carries on this part of the business.) Downey doesn't feel quite as strongly as this, and will still go out with really serious collectors, but both men have become fanatical preservers of wild game. Ker, indeed, looks forward to the time when clients will come to Africa not to shoot at all but merely to photograph and to enjoy the experience of roaming about for weeks or months on end over country where very few people have ever been before.

The day after receiving Ker's invitation, I went around to see him, and found that he had anticipated our acceptance and had everything ready. Our safari would not, he explained regretfully, be like a safari in the old days. Then everyone in town turned out to see you off. A sort of jester with a musical horn moved up and down the line of porters to keep them happy and lead them in song, and a squad of askaris, or soldiers, brought up the rear. Once under way, the safari would drop off a group of men every three or four days to set up a camp, and in the end these camps might be stretched across several hundred miles of country. Like ants, the porters kept up a constant come and go along the route, bringing trophies back to Nairobi from the shooting party in the wilds and returning with supplies. That was the way President Theodore Roosevelt, one of the greatest of hunters, had done it when he came out to Nairobi in 1909 to collect specimens for the Smithsonian Institution.

Nairobi, a town of a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, has long been the safari capital of Africa—the base where most of the hunters, photographers, and run-of-the-mill sightseers have assembled their equipment before setting off on their journeys. You can travel very simply if you like—driving your own rented car and stopping for the night at country inns along the way—or, at the other extreme, you can put yourself in the hands of a safari company like Ker's, which will see to it that you travel *au grand luxe*, with a whole entourage of specialists and servants. The East Africa Tourist Travel Association recently put out a booklet about these trips, and it contains some revealing passages, such as the following:

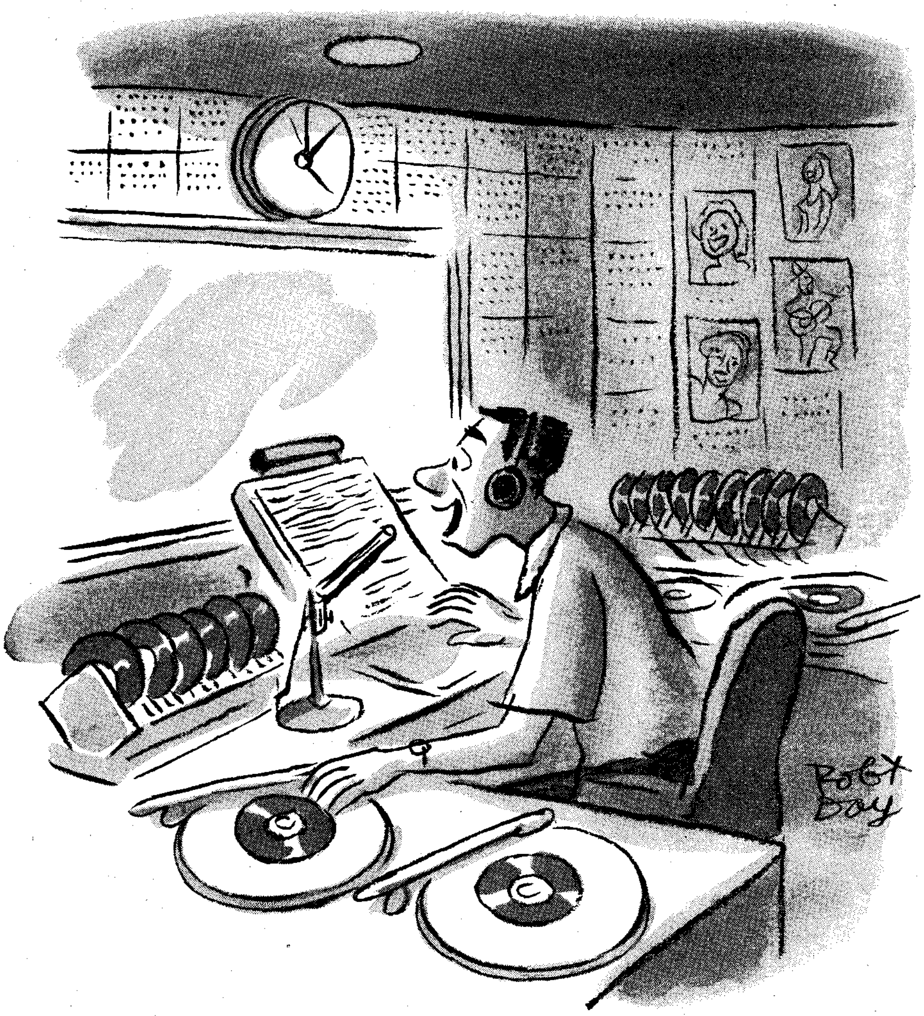
> He [the hunter] can have radios, refrigerators, electric light, air mattresses, and every comfort. Well-cooked five-course meals are served attractively; hunting clothes are laundered each day and soft-footed servants wait on his every need. . . .
>
> In general, it may be said that with every luxury possible, a safari for one person costs approximately seventy-five dollars a day inclusive, except for alcohol and tobacco. As very little extra equipment is needed to handle two persons, the price drops to about sixty dollars a day each.
>
> The normal routine of camp life is to rise about 5:30 A.M., breakfast on fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, and coffee at 6, and leave camp when dawn is breaking, about 6:30 A.M.; this period of the morning is fresh and crisp, the animals are grazing freely in the open, and the light is still soft.
>
> After 10 or 11 A.M., the game disappears for a rest, and the sun is too warm for exercise to be pleasant, so, unless following an elephant or tracking some elusive and rare species, the hunters themselves usually return to camp for a rest and lunch. After which they again go out to be ready to greet their quarry about 4 P.M., at which time the game wakes up and grazes toward the waterholes.

It's quite a sight watching a big safari go by. First come the



hunters, their clients, and their skinners and gunbearers in a hunting car—a kind of heavy-duty station wagon with four-wheel drive. Then follow the trucks, laden with the camping gear and perhaps a dozen native servants, who have to have the tents up, the bath water on the boil, and dinner ready before night falls. A taxidermist may even be included in the group, but he costs extra. So do the camels that are sometimes brought along for particularly rough country.

"Safari tailors" in Nairobi will fit you out with the right clothes on twenty-four hours' notice. (Women are advised to wear khaki trousers, and to stick to neutral colors that won't agitate the game.) If you don't happen to have a rifle, you can rent one for around forty dollars a month. Then comes the matter of a hunting license. In Kenya, a full game license costs a hundred and forty dollars and entitles you to two buffalo, six bushbuck, one bongo, six duiker, six dik-dik, one eland, one Grant's gazelle, two gerenuk, three Coke's hartebeest, one hippopotamus, one Hunter's antelope, four impala, one klipspringer, one lesser kudu, one greater kudu, one lion, one oribi, one beisa oryx, one callotis oryx, two pygmy antelope, four common reedbuck, one serval cat, three steinbok, three topi, nine Thomson's gazelle, one defassa waterbuck, three wildebeest, and four common zebra. Additional licenses must be obtained if you want to go after elephant (two hundred and ten dollars for the first one, two hundred and eighty for the second), rhinoceros (fifty-six dollars), giraffe (forty-two dollars), leopard (twenty-eight dollars), ostrich (five dollars and sixty cents), or the Colobus and the blue monkey (two dollars and eighty cents apiece). It's practically unheard of for anyone to shoot out a full game license (on which he receives no rebates for the animals he doesn't get), but even so a man can be pretty certain of bagging a dozen or more animals of different species in the course of a month, during which he will have covered about fifteen hundred miles and seen a number of remarkable things. A safari, in fact, is very likely the most rewarding adventure you can buy anywhere.



"Hello to Harry, Alice, Flo, Don, Linda and Len, Karen, Mac, Bert, Carl, George, Bill, Frank, Jim, Mark, Al, Mike and Moe, Marge and Mabel, Joe, Bob, Mary, Olaf, Malcolm, Chuck, Andy, Mickey, Alan, Roy, Monty, John and Junior, Irving, Stan, Ed, Paul, Tom, Hale, Otto, Hal, Ken, Art, Ossie, Irene and Ida, Ann, Dick, Alex, Raphael, Sam, Mel, Luke, Dave, Phil, Jerry, Henry, Max, Fred, Leo, Gil, Mert, Gus, Vicky and Vernon, Betty, Owen, Walt, Bud, Pete, Adolph, Daisy, Joan, Helen, Adam, Gail, Earl, Herb, Laurel, Doreen, Stell, Eva, Herman, Ernie, Dean, Kay, Lucille, Jules, Lon, Leila, Ben, Edna, Judy, June and Jane, Seymour, Abe, Lorrie, Tony, Pat, Rita, Dominick, Otis, Reggie, Mitch, Simon, Joyce, Ella, Cliff, Whitey, Matt, Caroline, Sue, Gearhart, Chris, Jeff, Rose, Blackie, Bertha, Dot, Sally, Ruth, Gertie, Sarah, Win, Babs, Rex, Gordon, Jill, Red, Russ, Nan, Clara and Cora, Ollie, Sol, Lucy, Curt, Martha, Grace, Julie, Jay, Blondie, Slim, Rhett, Melanie, Ray, Clark, Louella, Harris, Fats, Minnie, Barney, Frona and Fran, Woody, Van, Nick, Stu, Teddy, and all the rest of the gang!"

THE outfit that Ker had lined up for our trip was, as he had indicated, less impressive than Roosevelt's (even though it was probably better equipped), and no one came to see us off. It consisted of but two vehicles—a hunting car, in which my wife and I rode with Ker and his head boy, Saidi, followed by a five-ton truck loaded with sleeping and dining tents, enough food and fuel to last a month, a good deal of heavy equipment for making repairs and getting across rivers and swamps, and ten boys, some of them crowded into the driver's cab and the rest perched on top of the gear. The sun was shining and morale was high as we set out. It was Ker's plan to follow a roundabout route to our objective—first travelling southward to the Serengeti Plains, which include an immense national park just over the border in Tanganyika, and then moving west toward Lake Victoria. We were to stop short of the lake at a place called Ikoma, on the Grumetti River, and then strike northward into the unmapped and, except for the possible handful of Mau Mau, uninhabited country.

All the first part of the journey was

POUR UN HOMME DE CARON
A CONCENTRATE FOR MEN
CARON
POUR UN HOMME
LES PLUS BELLES LAVANDES
CREATION SPECIALE DE CARON

© Caron, 1956

Cavanagh Hatters

offer a complete selection of business, sports and casual hats, custom-fitted to your face. Most straw styles $10 and $15. Others from $5 to $100.

NEW YORK CITY—CAVANAGH HATS
PARK AVENUE AT 47TH STREET

CHICAGO, ILL.—Marshall Field & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—John Wanamaker
—Morville
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—J. W. Robinson Co.
DETROIT, MICH.—Dickerson & Co.
CLEVELAND, O.—The Halle Bros. Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Wilkinson's
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Goldheim's
—Julius Garfinckel & Co.
BOSTON, MASS.—Scott & Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Bullock & Jones
PITTSBURGH, PA.—Larrimor's
MILWAUKEE, WISC.—MacNeil & Moore
HOUSTON, TEX.—Norton-Ditto Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Keller-Zander, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Hubert W. White, Inc.
—Malmstedt's
CINCINNATI, O.—The H. & S. Pogue Co.
SEATTLE, WASH.—Littler
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Wilkinson's
DALLAS, TEX.—Jas. K. Wilson Co.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—L. Strauss & Co.
DENVER, COLO.—Neusteter's
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Hutchins Bros.
MEMPHIS, TENN.—Beasley-Jones-Ragland
COLUMBUS, O.—Harry J. Rook, Inc.
PORTLAND, ORE.—M. & H. H. Sichel
LOUISVILLE, KY.—Martin's
ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Whillock Bros.
ATLANTA, GA.—John Jarrell, Inc.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Henry Porter, Inc.
ST. PAUL, MINN.—Hubert W. White, Inc.
FORT WORTH, TEX.—John L. Ashe, Inc.
OMAHA, NEBR.—Nebraska Clothing Co.
MIAMI, FLA.—Eddie Stephens, Inc.
PROVIDENCE, R.I.—O'Donnell's
DAYTON, O.—The Metropolitan Co.
RICHMOND, VA.—Miller & Rhoads
SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Winter's of Syracuse
NORFOLK, VA.—Stevens-Shepherd
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Rosenblum's
TULSA, OKLA.—Clarke's
SALT LAKE CITY, U.—Maurice Anderson
NASHVILLE, TENN.—Mallernee's
WICHITA, KAN.—Petrie's
NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Fenn-Feinstein
SPOKANE, WASH.—Davenport Sport Shop
ALBANY, N. Y.—W. E. Walsh & Sons
CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Jack Wood, Ltd.
AUSTIN, TEX.—Reynolds-Penland
EL PASO, TEX.—Al Hoffman
EVANSVILLE, IND.—Drucker's
SHREVEPORT, LA.—Rosenblath's
KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Rich's, Inc.
WILMINGTON, DEL.—Jas. T. Mullin & Sons
AMARILLO, TEX.—Harry Holland
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Bauman's
DULUTH, MINN.—Harry Allenfall
MADISON, WISC.—MacNeil & Moore
HARRISBURG, PA.—Allan Stuart
ROANOKE, VA.—John Norman, Inc.
LUBBOCK, TEX.—Dunlap Co.
WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—Perkins Timberlake
DECATUR, ILL.—Sam Loeb
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Arthur Leonard, Ltd.
LEXINGTON, KY.—Meyers
TYLER, TEX.—Hurwitz Man's Shop
LONGVIEW, TEX.—Hurwitz Man's Shop
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Jerry Rothschild
YORK, PA.—Hoyt C. Mease
SIOUX CITY, IOWA—Mickelson's
WARREN, OHIO—The Gentry Co.
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Haig's Ltd.

through territory that has been pretty well known to travellers in Africa for the past thirty years, and the roads and well-worn tracks convey an impression of familiarity and security. It is a vast space, but a space that has been tamed and civilized. Yet not so tamed and civilized, to be sure, that one does not encounter a full share of the unexpected. On our first night, for instance, when we were camping at the base of Kilimanjaro, I was introduced to an unusual breed of leather-eating hyena. All hyenas, heaven knows, are capable of eating practically anything, and their own flesh is said to be so repulsive that even vultures will reject it if they can find any other food. Hyenas prey upon the young, the weak, and the dying, as well as on carrion, and no carcass is too rotten for their taste. Though there was no shortage of such food around our camp, this particular breed of hyena, according to Ker, had little appetite for such delicacies, preferring good solid tanned boot leather instead. I did not altogether believe this, yet when I went to my tent that night, I tucked my shoes—a thick-soled pair bought just a month before at Selfridges, in London—well under my camp bed. Then, on getting into bed, I forgot about the shoes, for I began to discover that sleeping—or trying to sleep—under canvas while making a safari in the African bush is a special experience until you get used to it. A leopard coughs in the darkness. A faint flicker of rose light from the campfire strikes the canvas above your head. And then you hear, or think you hear, the distant throaty roar of a hunting lion, although of this you cannot be quite sure, because the noise is very similar to the deep voices of the African boys who sit on, hour after hour, around the fire telling endless stories to one another and pausing only, when the leopard comes near, to throw another log on the flames. But at last I fell asleep—to be awakened I don't know how much later by an awareness of a strange presence in the tent. Actually, it was not so much a presence as a smell—a smell so vile, so absolutely sickening, that I thought for an instant it must be an imaginary thing, perhaps a part of a particularly bad dream. As I groped for a flashlight, I became conscious of something an inch or two from my face, and then, abruptly, it was gone. In the morning, I searched everywhere for my shoes (assisted by the boys, who thought it all a great joke) and could find not a trace of them—not even a hobnail or a bit of rubber heel. I had a second pair, fortunately, and after that I took them to bed with me.

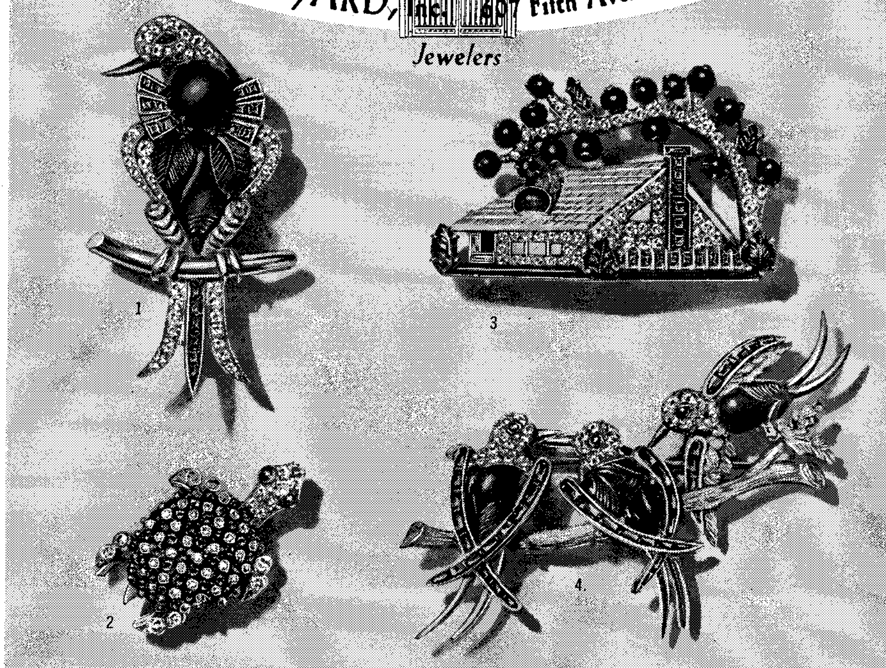
Hyenas have amazing savagery and determination. One alone will drive away a cheetah, the great spotted cat—which, incidentally, is the fastest animal alive, able to accelerate to fifty miles an hour from a standing start in two seconds. (Some years ago in England, cheetahs were raced against greyhounds, with the greyhounds given a head start; the race was hardly on when the cheetahs jumped clean over the greyhounds' backs to get to the front.) Two hyenas will force a leopard to abandon a kill; a dozen of them will turn back a lion. Once, in the hunting car, Ker and I headed off a hyena that was about to pounce on a baby Thomson's gazelle, and we chased it for upward of six miles at twenty miles an hour—around and around in circles on open ground. It was not even breathing hard when at last we stopped. And when it turned its dark muzzle over its shoulder toward us, looking at us without rage or fear but simply accepting the prospect of imminent death, we were a little ashamed.

Part of Ker's aversion to shooting is tied up with this matter of pursuing animals in cars. In earlier days—and not so far back as Roosevelt, either—you sometimes tracked your quarry for scores of miles and for days on end; when you made your kill, you had in a certain sense earned your trophy. Now you drive along in comfort until you find your buffalo or rhinoceros or whatever, and the law requires you to walk only five hundred yards away from your car before you shoot. It is neither hunger nor any great skill in tracking that brings you to the kill, and somewhere in all this the true excitement dies away. I got a glimpse of the true excitement quite unexpectedly a couple of days after we had left Kilimanjaro behind and were moving westward. We were six thousand feet up, and a cold rain was falling. As we approached a group of native huts, a stray gazelle buck came running across the muddy soil, and, on seeing him, a young and practically naked African tribesman who had been working the community farmland started up in pursuit. The man must have known that normally he wouldn't have a ghost of a chance of catching the buck, but perhaps he thought the mud would slow it down, and anyway this meant a month's supply of meat. Man and gazelle went flying across the skyline at tremendous speed, bounding from one tussock to another, and they had cov-

BRUCE BARTON
It's a Cavanagh - of course!
If you name the three top men in any field, two of them most likely wear Cavanagh Hats. Do you?

CAVANAGH HATS, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. • A DIVISION OF HAT CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc. 607 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.
Jewelers



UNUSUAL BROOCHES

1. Bird brooch with sapphires, emeralds and diamonds . . $2,250
2. Turtle brooch with rubies and diamonds . . . 700
3. House brooch with emeralds, rubies and diamonds. . . $2,125
4. Bird brooch with rubies and sapphires. . . 1,600

All prices include Federal Tax

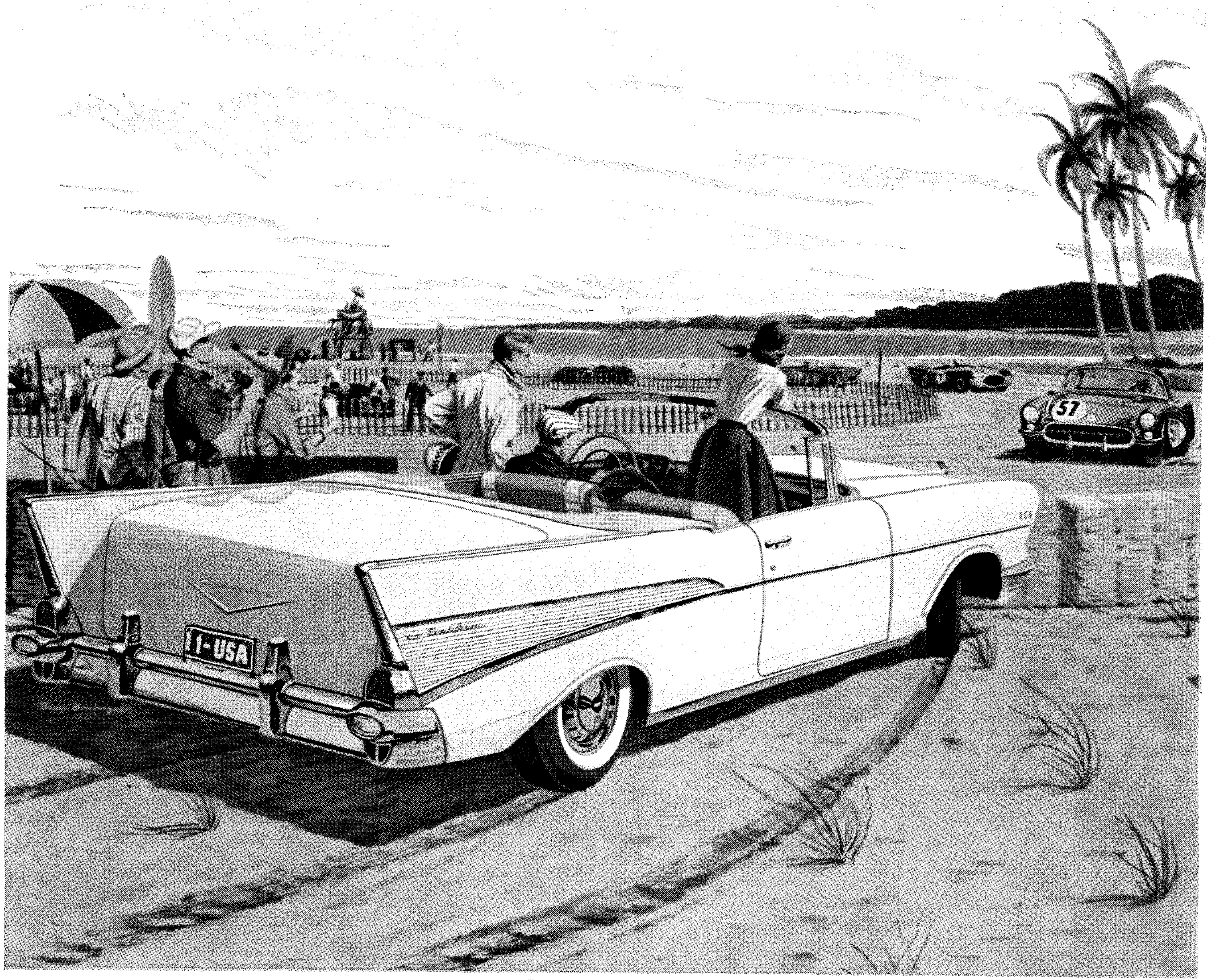
lazy back
THE FINEST NAME IN SOFA PILLOWS

Today you need pillows . . .
lots of pillows

The first noticed accents of your decor are pillows. They reflect your taste and creative talent. See the new Lazyback collection. See the new fabrics, new sizes, new shapes . . . silks from Siam and India, cottons from Mexico. Be confident knowing you have the very best . . . insist on Lazyback, the finest pillows made. At fine stores everywhere. Nettle Creek Industries, Richmond, Indiana.

ered almost a mile when the buck took an unlucky turn back toward the group of huts. A woman came out of one of them carrying a spear, and as the young man rushed past, he grabbed it out of her hand like a runner in a relay race. Finally, the buck disappeared over the crest of a hill, still followed by the man, his back muscles straining and his spear held high, with a barking dog now at his heels. The buck was going well, and I don't think the young man ever caught up. Yet he was a real hunter, almost a figure from a classical frieze, and I wished him luck. I would have liked to see him launch the spear, and the kill would have been a proper kill—the peak of a spell of concentrated excitement.

JUST inside the northern border of Tanganyika is the Serengeti National Park, a fifty-five-hundred-square-mile government preserve that reaches all the way from the eastern shore of Lake Victoria to an extinct volcano called the Ngorongoro Crater, which is almost within sight of Kilimanjaro. I had heard a good deal about the Serengeti in Nairobi. The park, I was told, contained the last really large concentration of wild animals in the world. The importance of this particular stretch of country is that for centuries animals have used it as a migration route; when the wet season ends, they move eastward across it in tens of thousands from Lake Victoria, feeding and breeding as they go, and then, when the rains begin again, they turn back toward the lake. But now increasingly large herds of domestic cattle, owned by the Masai tribe, are creating what has come to be known as the Serengeti Question; some five thousand tribesmen live in the park, and they have with them about a hundred thousand head of cattle and possibly two hundred thousand smaller domestic animals, like sheep and goats. The soil covering much of the park is not deep, water is scarce, and clearly the wild game are fighting a losing battle for survival. There is even a possibility, people told me, that within a short period—ten years, perhaps—the cattle of the Masai will by their grazing reduce the region to a dust bowl, and then the wild and the domestic animals will die of starvation together. So far, all the Tanganyika government has done in an attempt to solve the problem has been to propose a compromise whereby it will keep a section at each end of the park for the continued protection of wildlife and hand over all the central part—more than



The Bel Air Convertible with Body by Fisher (at left). The Chevrolet Corvette (at right).

sweet

(just look!)

smooth

(ah, that Turboglide!)

sassy

(just drive it!)

This is the car that's fresher and friskier from its own special look to its new Ramjet fuel injection!

Those words—sweet, smooth and sassy—seem to fit this new Chevy right down to its tubeless tires. And it *looks* the part. It has a crisp, alert appearance—as trim and functional as an arrow. You can tell that the styling isn't just going along for the ride. It's right in keeping with Chevrolet's own special fresh and frisky ways.

And this is one car that looks as good close up as it does across the street. It's built the way you've come to expect a Chevrolet to be built.

But a Chevy isn't just something that's nice to look at. Far from it. This beauty was meant for *driving*—and it *knows* it! Give a Chevrolet a gentle hint with your toe, and it responds with spunk and spirit and sureness!

You can pick your power from the widest choice of engines in Chevy's field—from the popular Chevy 6 up to V8's with revolutionary Ramjet fuel injection.*

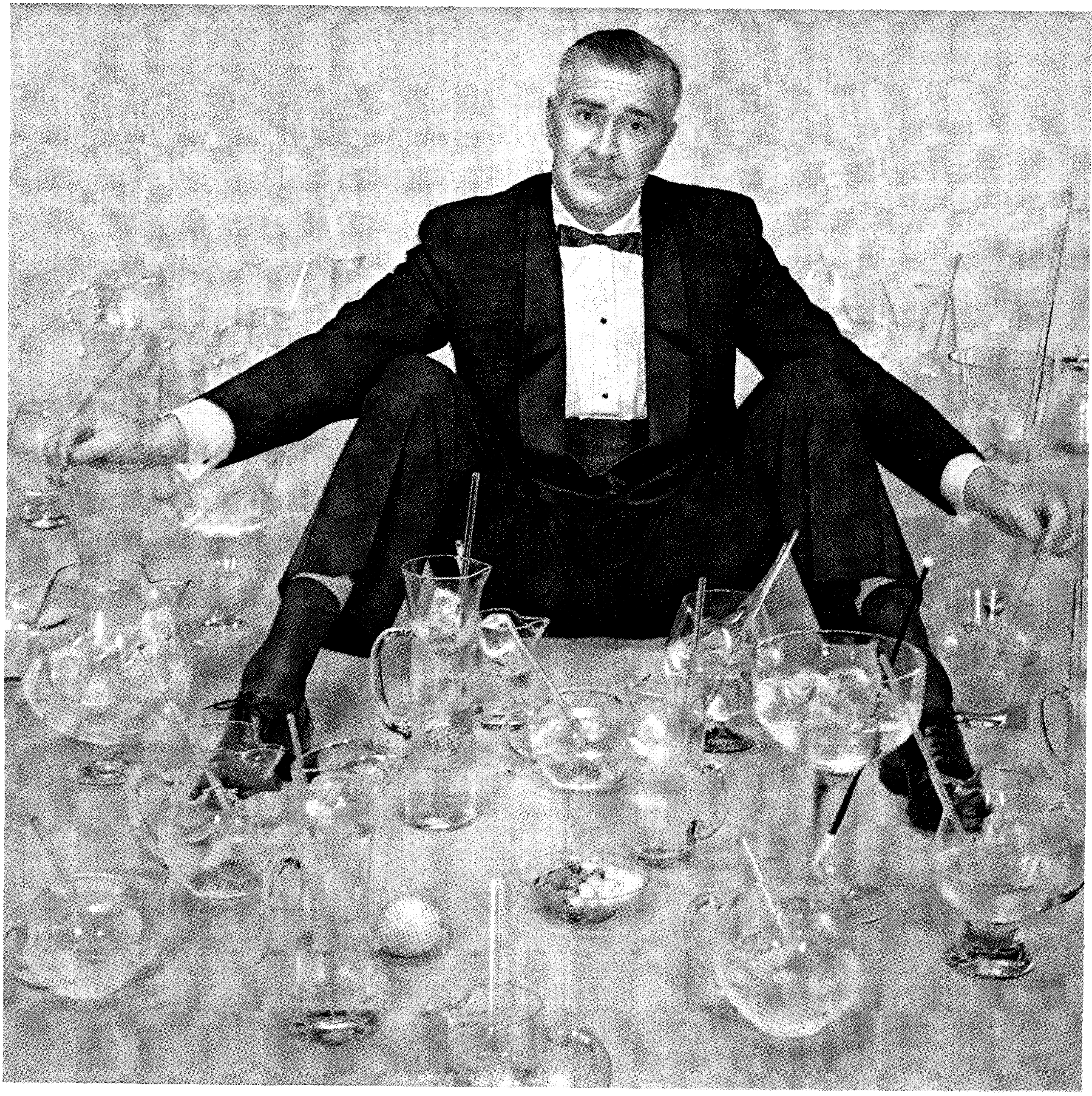
When you put Chevrolet's new Turboglide* drive in the picture, you're really living! This, you know, is the first and only triple-turbine transmission.

Get your hands on the sweetest handling car of them all. It's as close by as your nearest Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost.*

CHEVROLET

1 USA
'57 CHEVROLET



LOOKING FOR THE DRIEST...

Ah, sweet confusion! But search no more . . . 'tis *tequila* martini, forsooth. So remarkably dry that some (who dare flout convention) surreptitiously add a dash of *sweet* vermouth! You needn't. Jose Cuervo begs no special favors . . . just concoct with Cuervo Tequila and vermouth . . . then expect a truly different and distinctive result. There is, in Cuervo, an uncanny capacity to bring out your latent and consummate artistry in Martinismanship. Arch an eyebrow if you must, but discover first what tequila does for a *martini* . . . or *any* favored cocktail. Jose Cuervo, please . . . no other adds such character to a manhattan, fizz or sour. For 150 years a fine liquor of the New World. Try it!

WHITE OR
GOLD LABEL

86 PROOF

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS / YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

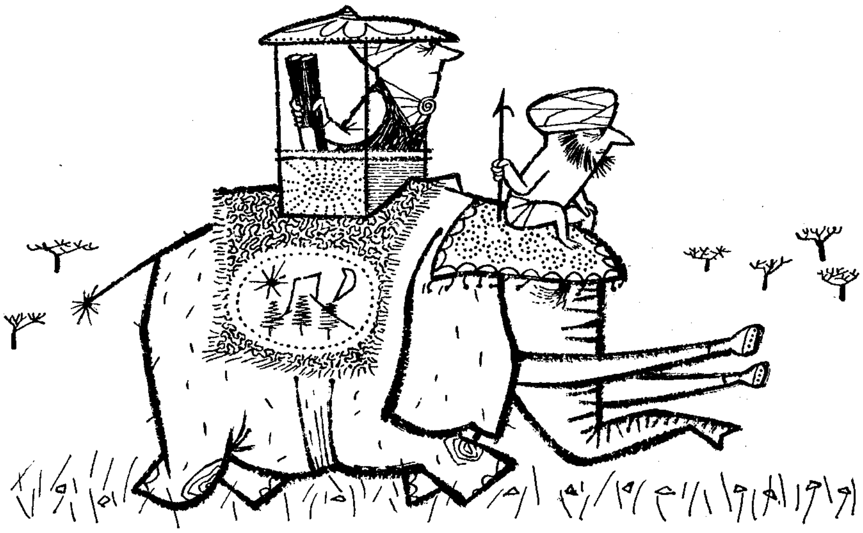
half the entire preserve—to the Masai.

No two people I talked to, I noticed, were in complete agreement on the Serengeti Question. In the course of the arguments, a number of them fairly bitter, that I heard on the subject, it was apparent that something very deep was involved—the ancient conflict between those who believe that man has the inviolable right to provide for his increasing needs at the expense of all other forms of life and those who quite simply disagree. And the issue was still further confused by the fact that the Masai—perhaps because of their very toughness and intransigence—are rather admired by white men in Africa, in the same way that, too late, the Indians came to be admired in the United States.

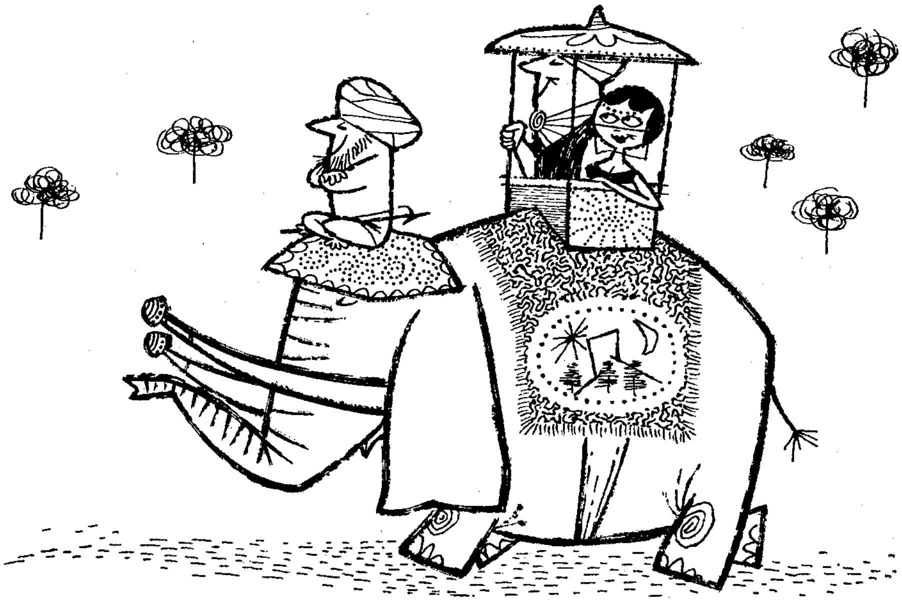
The Masai, who number about a hundred and fifty thousand, are certainly the most spectacular people in all of black Africa, and it may be that in the long run they will play a decisive part in the extermination of African wildlife. You hear constantly about the Masai almost from the moment you arrive in East Africa. People are either for them or against them, and an endless controversy rages over the tribe. Unlike practically all other Africans, the Masai have rejected the twentieth century and the white man's world, and, instead, have remained loyal to their ancient tribal customs. It's quite a startling thing when you first encounter a Masai warrior. He stands six feet tall—a slim, hipless figure with a rust-colored cloak hanging over one shoulder and a broad-bladed spear in his hand. His face is thin, with very high cheekbones, his eyes are two narrow Mongolian slits, and no man on this earth—not even a Red Indian chieftain—can look at you with so much arrogance and fierce pride.

To the pioneers who first penetrated into the Masai country, the tribesmen were a holy terror. Since those days, the Masai have become a good deal less inhospitable to strangers, but in almost all other respects they have remained the same. They never wash. At certain times of the year, they streak their faces with grease and dirt, and braid their hair in such a way as to give it the appearance of a mop. The lobes of their ears are pierced and stretched fantastically by heavy ornaments. They drink deeply of the local beer when they can get it, and some of their tribal ceremonies are said to be wholly barbaric. Nothing in any way disturbs the Masai's absolute conviction that he is an aristocrat—a member of a superior

Whether business is running wild



or pleasure's got you riding high



you'll save more time when you

rent a new car from Hertz

Sure. Anybody in the know can tell you how to go. To save time you go by plane, train or ship. Rent an expertly maintained Hertz car there. That's The Hertz Idea! Your pleasure: a new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car. To be sure of a car at your destination—*anywhere*—use Hertz' world-wide reservation service. Call your courteous local Hertz office. We're listed under "Hertz" in *alphabetical* phone books *everywhere!* (Hertz has International and Domestic reservation offices in New York, Boston, San Francisco, Chicago and Los Angeles.) Hertz Rent A Car, 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.

More people by far... use
HERTZ
Rent a car

"Rent it here, Leave it there" Now, nation-wide at no extra charge! (on rentals of $25.00 or more).

Skating is just part of the FUN story . . . at Sun Valley IDAHO

But a *big* part it is! Nowhere else will you find a summer-winter, outdoor, Olympic-size rink—and, in such a magnificent mountainside setting. You can round out your summer holiday with golf, swimming, fishing, horseback riding, tennis, skeet and trap shooting and perfect, leisurely living. Why not make *your plans now?*

for reservations:

Address Mr. Winston McCrea, Manager, Sun Valley, Idaho (or phone Sun Valley 3311), or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 2400, Omaha 2, Nebraska, or see your local travel agent.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

OWNED AND OPERATED BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE

Three-way stripes . . . our dacron-and-cotton dress by Dan Keller is striped vertically, horizontally, and diagonally on the skirt . . . more than earns its stripes by being so easy to wash. In beige and tangerine or gold and lime, 10 to 16 sizes 27.95

mail orders (please add 55¢ for shipping) to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store

race. He disdains all forms of trade and ordinary labor—even his weapons are made for him by lesser tribes—and he is a mighty man in slow, portentous rhetorical argument as well as in lion killing.

The Masai is a nomad, and he lives by grazing cattle. Cattle are his wealth, his social standing, and his food. Having milked his cows, he punctures a vein in their necks and draws off a quantity of blood to be added to the milk, and this mixture, together with maize, is his staple diet. The Masai tribesmen drive huge herds of cattle across the open plains of Kenya and Tanganyika, and they are constantly adding to their stock. In recent years, the herds in certain areas have greatly increased in size; where once a family might have got along with no more than thirty beasts, it may now possess three hundred. As cattle, they are likely to be poor specimens—and diseased, as well—but this does not matter to the Masai, who use them as currency, even for buying a bride, and it is the number, not the condition, of the animals that counts. As the herds of the Masai grow, their owners wander farther and farther afield in search of adequate pasturage and water, and at this point the interests of the tribe conflict with the interests of people who want to preserve what is left of the wildlife.

THE Ngorongoro Crater is a landmark of the Serengeti Park, and Ker said that it should be seen for the multitude of animals that roam its floor. So we headed for a park guest camp on the rim of the crater, eight thousand feet up. Finally, in the evening light, we reached the topmost ledge and looked down the other side at the bright-green floor of the old volcano, two thousand feet below. At first sight, it did not appear to be very big—it seemed not unlike a circular football field seen from a seat high up in a stadium—and it was difficult to believe that it actually covers an area of two hundred square miles. As far as we could discern, nothing was moving down there; the crater floor was as calm and silent as a mountain lake. The following day, Major Ray Hewlett, one of the Serengeti game wardens, offered to take us down into the crater. He explained that we could not make a direct descent from the resthouse but would have to drive twenty miles around the rim of the crater to a point on the opposite side where there was a rough track leading down. We packed a picnic lunch, and, with a couple of *month after month...*

15½ million* men and women "live by the book"

...and the book is Better Homes and Gardens

4,350,000 COPIES EACH MONTH

BER
CO.
Better Homes and Gardens
Gene Sharp

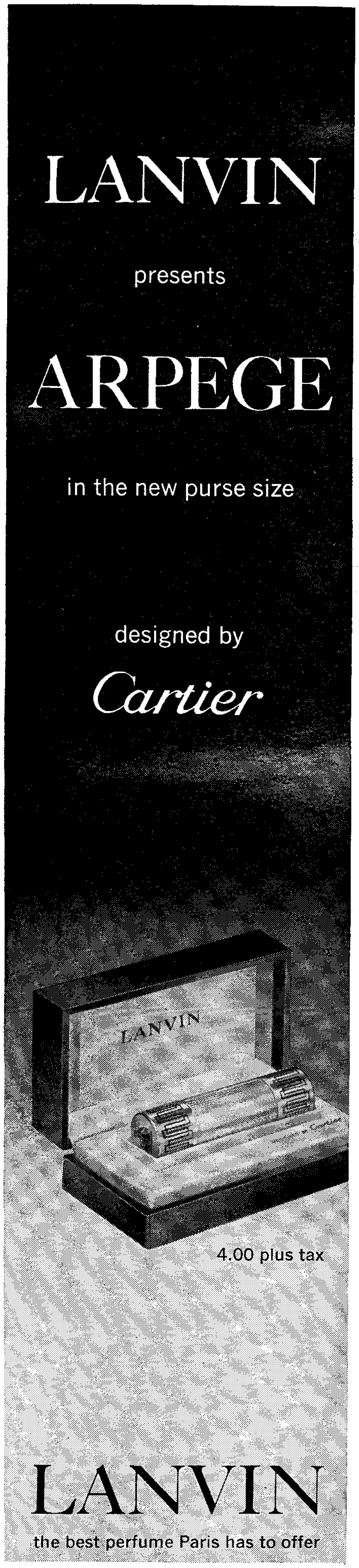
The complete action-influencing value of BH&G only *begins* with its huge current-issue audience. Back-issue readership is tremendous, too. 9,400,000 readers recently referred to ads or articles in an issue of "the book" 4 to 12 months old. 15,500,000 people read an average issue of BH&G. One third of the 123,800,000 people in the U.S. 10 years of age or older read one or more of every twelve issues. That's 44,150,000 readers of Better Homes and Gardens—and over 40% of them are men. Meredith Publishing Company, Des Moines 3, Iowa.

during the year...

1/3 of America

reads **Better Homes & Gardens!**

**A 12 Month's Study of BH&G Readers, Alfred Politz Research, Inc., 1956*



LANVIN

presents

ARPEGE

in the new purse size

designed by

Cartier

4.00 plus tax

LANVIN

the best perfume Paris has to offer

native boys in tow, set off in the first light of the morning.

Driving around the rim of the crater, through a dense forest, we saw nothing in the way of wildlife except an occasional francolin, which is a queer little bird that runs with a rolling nautical gait, like a man with his hands in his trousers pockets. There was no other sign of movement anywhere as we went on for more than an hour, and I was beginning to feel disappointed, but then the car turned down a steep and rocky track, and a few minutes later we abruptly emerged from the forest into sunshine on the floor of the crater. And there, spreading out before us, was a stupendous field of grass on which, at a guess, some ten thousand wild animals were roaming.

Nothing elsewhere in Africa quite prepares you for this apparition. It is as though a curtain had been suddenly lifted on a brightly lit stage; the eye falters for a moment, and you must look again, and then a third time, before you begin to comprehend what you are witnessing. This is a sight no longer to be found in any other place; there in the crater are the ruminating buffaloes, the erratic wildebeests, the openmouthed zebras, the pugnacious rhinoceroses, the wary ostriches, the bounding impalas, and the trotting wart hogs, truly comical. And there, too, in the distance, near a lake on the other side of the crater, you see, through the clear morning air, strange long, dark lines of beasts, like the ranks of an advancing army—the cattle of the Masai. The wild animals don't take much notice either of the cattle or of you. It may be that as you drive quietly over the grass, you will start some wildebeests off on one of their zany gallops, or some baboons will bark at you, or some elephants will fan out their ears suspiciously. But here you are only one in a multitude, and in your car you are as secure as Noah in his ark. The animals are engrossed in their own lives, and if a hyena, happening by at his curious sloping walk, gives you a look of hate, that is probably just because he hates all living things.

Hewlett, who had stopped the car on a small elevation to give us a good look, let in the clutch and drove off across the plain, saying matter-of-factly that we ought to come across a lion or two, since there were about thirty in the crater. We were driving along a watercourse when, indeed, a lion suddenly got up in front of us—a young male, with little mane as yet, but looking very fine as he lifted his head and made the air vibrate with a deep, short, throaty roar. Hewlett stopped the car at once. "Now watch," he said. "He's hunting." Over to the left, some two hundred yards away from the lion but in full view of him, a mingled herd of zebras and wildebeests had been grazing; now the animals were standing very still, with their heads turned toward the point of danger. For the moment, the lion merely sank down onto his haunches and gently sniffed the breeze. Then he stood up, moved a few slow paces in the direction of the herd, and again emitted his awesome, threatening roar. This time, the zebras and the wildebeests bolted, running away full tilt for fifty yards or so. Then they turned uncertainly and faced the lion again.

Hewlett explained what was happening. "Feel the breeze?" he said. "It's blowing past the lion and the herd toward that gully beyond, and somewhere in that gully a lioness is waiting. She's the one that will make the kill. She'll wait until her mate has driven the herd to her hiding place, and then she'll spring out on the nearest zebra or wildebeest."

"But don't these animals know what is happening?" I asked. "Don't they ever learn from experience?"

"No," the warden replied. "They never learn."

Hewlett said it might be a couple of hours or more before the maneuver was completed, so we did not wait for the kill. In any case, he added as we drove off, our chances of seeing the lioness spring were not very good; up to the last moment, one never knew exactly where to look for her, and then it was all over in an instant—one quick bound onto the victim's back, and a terrible cat claw reaching down to its eyes and mouth. Afterward, the lion would probably go loping across the plain to join his mate at the edge of the gully, and, having driven her away, would settle, roaring, on the dying beast. Lions eat first; lionesses, even if they have made the kill, have to wait.

We saw the aftermath of all this when we returned to the scene that afternoon. The victim—it turned out to have been a wildebeest—had not long been dead, and two lionesses were squatting on their haunches side by side, tearing at its flesh. All around us, in the sky as well as on the ground, other animals were grouping in the immemorial pattern of the kill. A ring of jackals had formed around the carcass and the feasting lionesses, and from time to time one of them would dart

"Sherry, Nowhere So Good As Here," *wrote Daniel Defoe about Bristol Milk*

When he visited the city of Bristol in 1726, the author of *Robinson Crusoe* found Bristol Milk Sherry well worth the journey. "Sherry, nowhere so good as here," wrote Defoe.

Today, as you sip this incomparable Harvey's Sherry, you can well understand why its fame is world-wide. A wine of exceptional character and taste, it is neither too heavy nor too light… the "golden mean" of Harvey's Bristol Sherries.

Each of Harvey's Bristol Sherries is a great wine in its own right. One of the handsomest gestures a host can make is to offer his guests a choice of all three.

Bristol Cream
a luxuriously rich, full pale *Oloroso;* available only in limited quantities.

Bristol Dry
a true blond *Fino* — pale, light and dry. The perfect cocktail sherry.

Bristol Milk
earliest of the Bristol Sherries, a medium-rich gold *Oloroso.*

HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL MILK
SHERRY
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL DRY

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II

HARVEY'S
Imported BRISTOL SHERRIES
SINCE 1796

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

WHO
ME FLY!
MY OWN AIRPLANE?

Sure! It's simply good business—just as James A. Reardon (right) of Oxnard, California, discovered. "My Cessna 172 lets me do as much as three days' work in one day," he says. How much does his Cessna 172 cost to operate? Mr. Reardon answers, "I computed costs per passenger mile. Costs as little as a car."

The Cessna 172 "drives" like a car; too. That's because of its Land-O-Matic landing gear. Makes flying as easy as driving in the sky.

You do *drive* a Cessna 172 . . . *drive* it off the runway . . . *drive* it through the air . . . *drive* it down again . . . and *park* it as easy as your car. Why don't you try this "drive-it-yourself" airplane today?

YOUR CESSNA DEALER WILL TEACH YOU TO FLY when you order a 172. Call him now. (See Yellow Pages of phone book.) Price: $8,975, with std. equip., f.a.f. Wichita. (Or write Cessna Aircraft Co., Dept. WY-4, Wichita, Kans.)

Cessna®

Inquire about Cessna lease plans

TRU-BLU
GOLF
CLUBS
INC
PRESIDENT
WABrown

A title on the door... rates a Bigelow on the floor

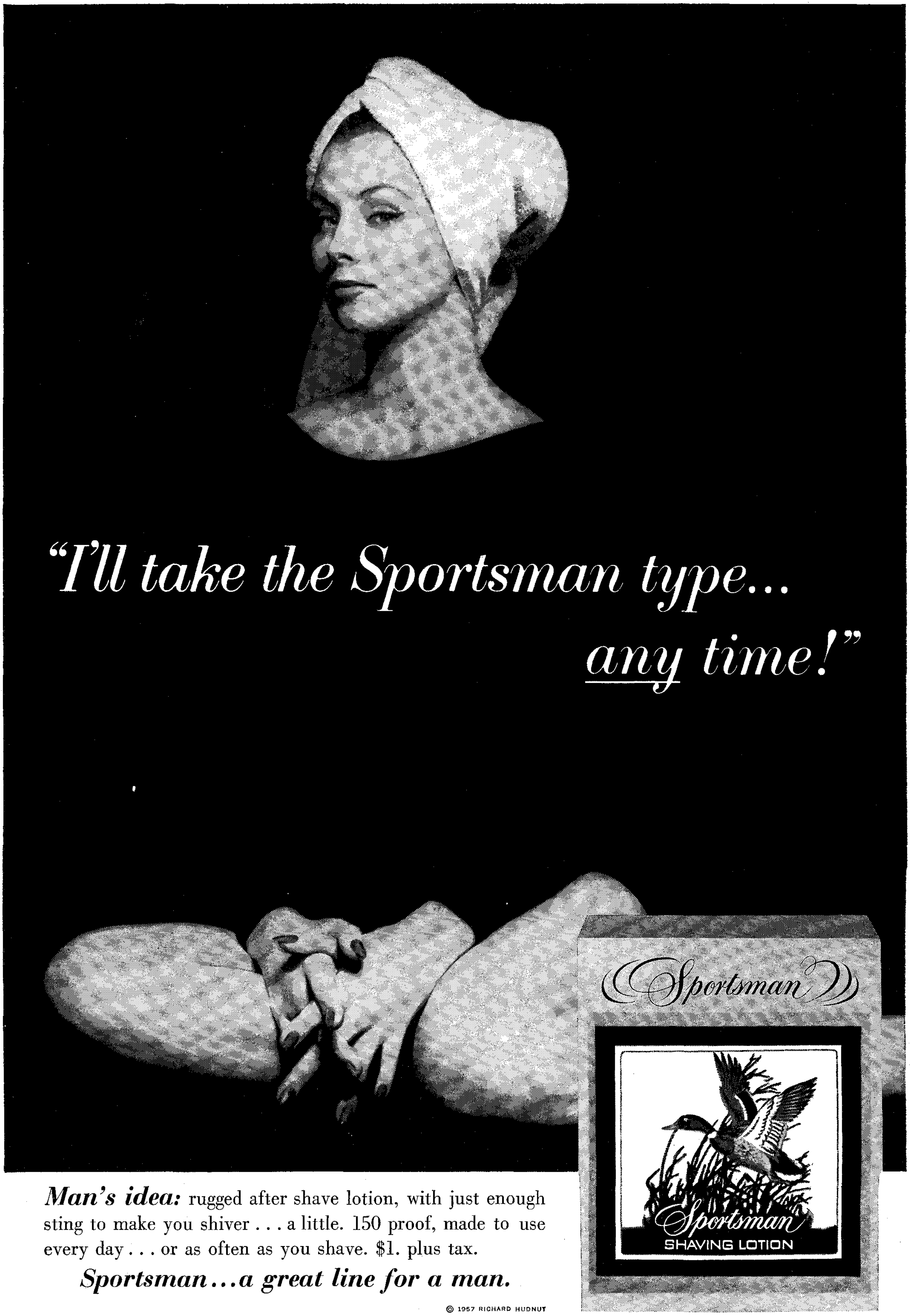
P. S. Everybody around you will appreciate the comfort, quiet and distinction a Bigelow carpet brings to your office. Special designs, colors, and textures available. Call any Bigelow district office or Contract Dept., 140 Madison Ave., New York City. Bigelow, fine rugs and carpets since 1825.

(*Advertisement*)

in and seize a tidbit from under their jaws. (The lionesses did not seem to mind this particularly, except in the case of one jackal, which grew too bold and barely escaped a tremendous swipe aimed at it.) Outside the ring of jackals was a second ring—the hyenas. No matter what liberties the lionesses allowed the jackals to take, Hewlett said, under no circumstances would they permit the hyenas to approach the carcass until they themselves had finished eating. The hyenas, however, contrived to get at least an hors d'oeuvre while waiting by setting upon each jackal as it came away from the kill and chasing it across the plain until it either dropped the morsel in its mouth or succeeded in gulping it down while fleeing. Meanwhile, the vultures were arriving. In open country such as this, it does not take them very long to sight a kill. Each bird, ranging high above the crater, keeps an eye on the flight of its neighbors, and directly one bird dives, the others follow. From miles around, they came down in twos and threes, with their necks thrust forward and a frantic beating of their brown wings as they touched the ground. Then they trotted up and formed a third ring around the feast.

And so, for an hour or more in the bright, peaceful sunshine, the pattern remained the same, until at last the lionesses were gorged and moved a little distance away, where they sat down heavily in the grass and began licking their red chops. Instantly, the hyenas passed through the ring of jackals and set upon what was left of the carcass. Snapping and snarling at one another, they grabbed the biggest hunks they could get, and ran away. It was the turn then of the jackals. The vultures continued to sit and wait; they would wait all night, if necessary. In the end, nothing would be left of the wildebeest except the skin, the hoofs, and the wet bones, and upon these the ants would soon be at work.

From time to time, while the lionesses were still feeding, I turned my attention to the other animals nearby—those that had no interest in the carcass. Once the terrifying act of murder had been committed, the zebras and the wildebeests and some antelopes that had joined them quietly resumed their grazing as though nothing untoward had happened. Now that one of their number had been sacrificed, they apparently knew they were safe for the next two or three days—from these particular lions, at any rate—and all their fear had disappeared. They


"I'll take the Sportsman type...
any time!"
Sportsman
Sportsman
SHAVING LOTION

Man's idea: rugged after shave lotion, with just enough sting to make you shiver . . . a little. 150 proof, made to use every day . . . or as often as you shave. $1. plus tax.

Sportsman . . . a great line for a man.

© 1957 RICHARD HUDNUT

friendly
VISCOUNT service
in European skies

fly BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

BEA is largest airline operating within Europe.
BEA operates Europe's largest Viscount fleet.
BEA first with Viscount 800 service.
BEA flies to over 70 European cities.
BEA carries more passengers than any other airline within Europe.
BEA Viscounts serve every country in Western Europe.
BEA pleases all passengers with its friendly service . . . consistently.

fly BEA—most Americans do

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
General Sales Agents in U.S.A., Canada, Central and S. America: British Overseas Airways Corporation.

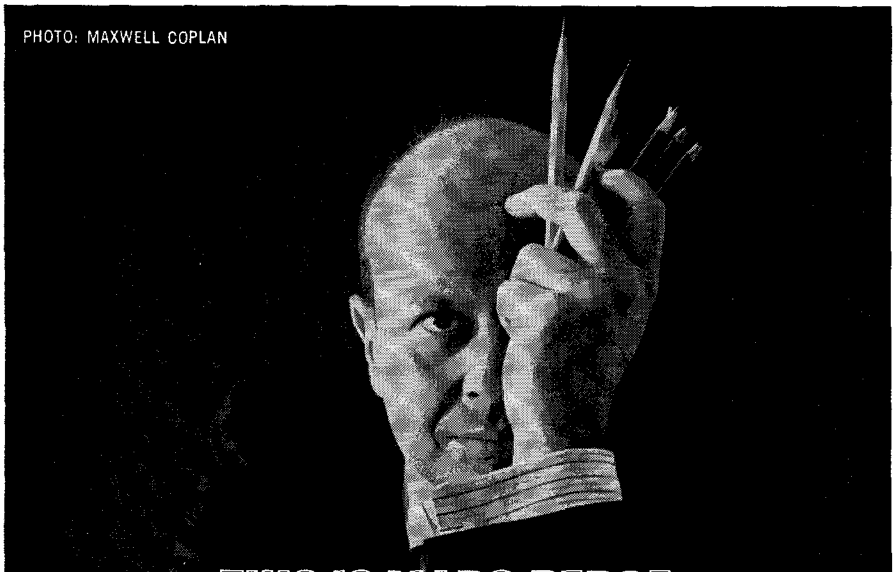


PHOTO: MAXWELL COPLAN

THIS IS MARC BERGE
who conceives, creates and directs the manufacture of all Interplay Contemporary Furniture in America and Europe's finest factories.

Available through interior designers, architects and fine stores

BERGE NORMAN

NATIONAL SALES & CONTRACT DIVISION • ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

SHOWROOMS
NEW YORK • one park avenue
PHILADELPHIA • 2323 chestnut street
CHICAGO • 325 north wells street
PORTLAND, ORE. • 917 southwest 2nd street

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE ON MODULAR STORAGE UNITS, SCALED-TO-THE-INCH UPHOLSTERY AND EXCITING IMPORTS

grazed right around the bloody mess of their dead companion, much as a stream of traffic will approach the scene of an accident, part to make an island of it, and then continue indifferently on its way. There is no real anger in these primitive dramas, and the death of the weak is accepted as part of the natural order of things. It is the special quality of the Ngorongoro Crater that such dramas can be so readily observed as they are enacted there in the sunshine on the close-cropped grass.

THE country in the vicinity of the Ngorongoro Crater, as well as the Serengeti Plains that stretch away to the west, was possibly the scene of the earliest hunting anywhere on earth; in any event, hunters have been active there since prehistoric times. A German anthropologist with the engaging name of Kattwinkel appears to have been the first to discover this. In 1911 or thereabouts, he walked up from Dar-es-Salaam, on the Tanganyika coast, and, making his way out onto the Serengeti Plains, came on the deep watercourse that is now known as the Olduvai Gorge. It was dry at the time, and, looking up from its bottom at the three-hundred-foot cliffs on either side, Kattwinkel found himself confronted by fossils of immense antiquity. There were the remains of the dinotherium, a huge elephant with tusks in the lower jaw and pointing downward, like those of a walrus; the metaschizotherium, a creature with five-toed feet and related to the rhinoceros; the sivatherium, a giraffe with a short neck and antlers that branched out to a width of six feet; the bularchus, a giant ox; and the pelorovis, a sheep the size of a modern buffalo, with a twelve-foot spread of horns. It has been established that all these beasts, which have long since become extinct, were hunted by Stone Age men, whose sharpened stone axeheads can still be picked up in the gorge by the dozen.

Kattwinkel's discovery caused something of a sensation when he returned to his home in Munich, and, with the backing of the German Kaiser, an expedition was sent out to explore the gorge. Further work was cut short by the First World War, when British and German forces were engaged in battles close to Olduvai for the possession of Tanganyika. Then, in the early thirties, Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, Curator of the Coryndon Memorial Museum, in Nairobi, investigated the site, and he has been making excavations there off and on ever since. Leakey, a

KODAK
MEDALLION 8
MOVIE CAMERA f/1.9

Superb traveler: the new Kodak Medallion 8 Movie Camera, *f*/1.9

Now . . . presenting the easiest-to-use home movie camera Kodak ever made! Only $99.50

Palm-size Kodak Medallion 8 Camera weighs just 23 ounces, loads in 3 seconds. Perfect for travel!

The new Kodak Medallion 8 Movie Camera is so trim and light, you hardly know you have it along—until others compliment you on how handsome it is!

And it's the easiest-to-use home movie camera Kodak ever made. You pop in a film magazine, dial the light condition—aim and shoot! No focusing—the fast *f*/1.9 lens is pre-focused, so *everything's* sharp.

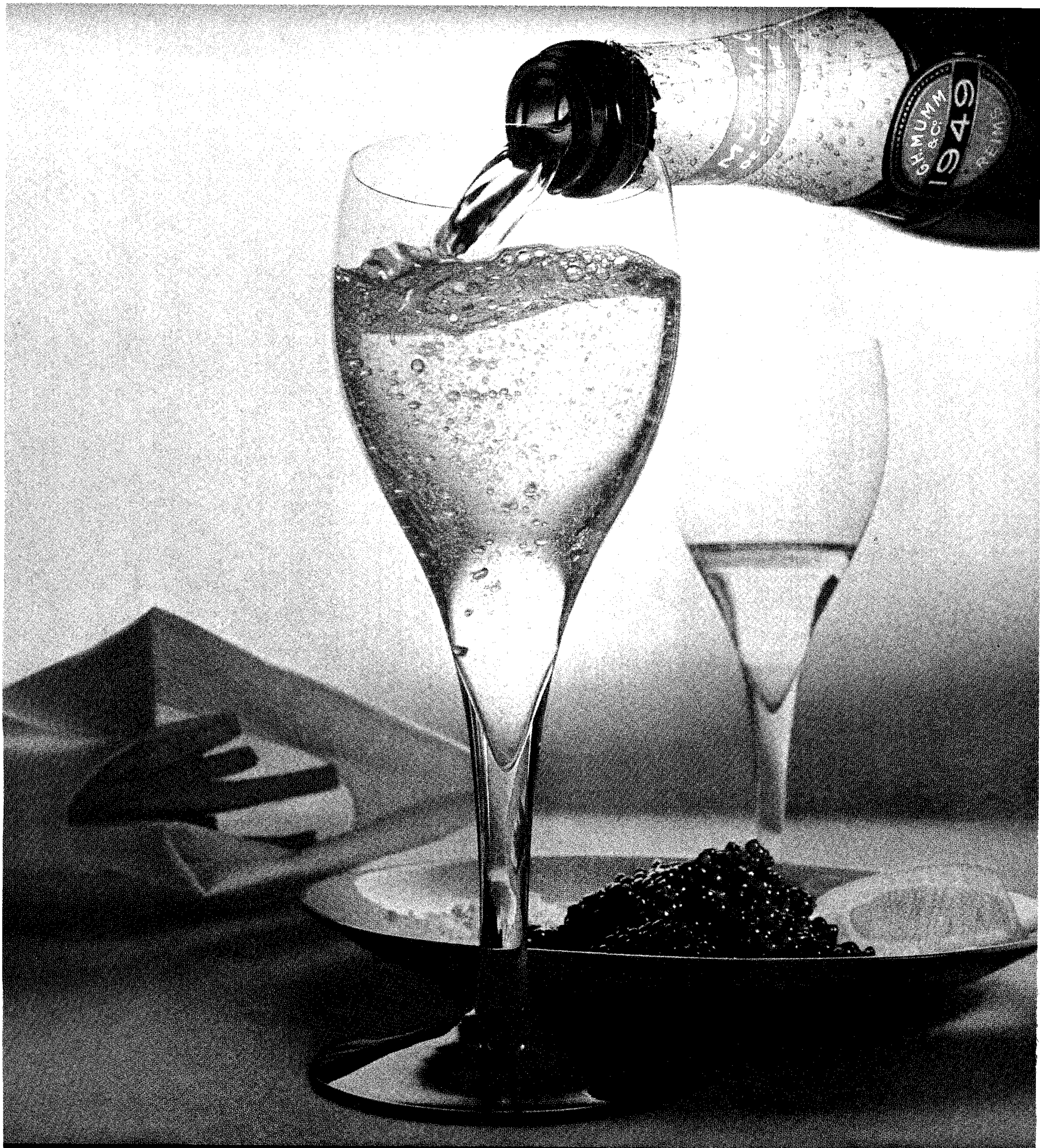
This new Medallion takes slow-motion movies and single-frame exposures, too—with the same ease.

See the new Medallion 8 Camera demonstrated at your photo dealer's. Only $99.50—as little as $9.95 down. It's made by Kodak—so you know it's good.

Get all 3 movie views with a twist ▶ of the turret. New Kodak Medallion 8 Movie Camera, Turret *f*/1.9, takes regular, wide-angle, telephoto movies—is as easy to use as standard model. $149.50 complete—or $14.95 down! (*Prices are list, subject to change without notice, and include Federal Tax.*)

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
TRADE-MARK


G.H. MUMM & Co.
1949
REIMS

MUMM'S

THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

CORDON ROUGE

Cordon Rouge and Extra Dry · The classic champagnes of France

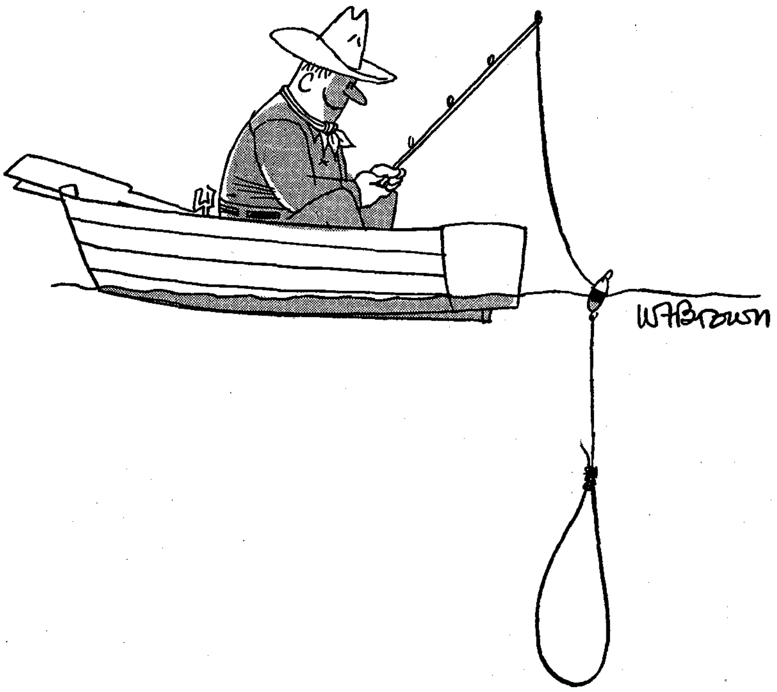
G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. · SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C.

scientist of worldwide repute, has been able to report some startling discoveries, and he firmly believes that at Olduvai or near it will eventually be found traces of man in his very earliest stages. Quite apart from the prehistoric animals, there is evidence that human beings inhabited the region at least two hundred and fifty thousand years ago. These men hunted in packs, like wolves, and made a practice of driving their prey into swamps, where it became bogged in the mud and could be easily killed. Later, the hunters began to depict their exploits in drawings and paintings on the surface of rocks beneath overhangs that would protect them from the weather. We saw many of them when we stopped by the gorge. The drawings, in which hunting is the persistent theme, are not unlike those in the caves at Lascaux, in France, showing the same free outline and spirited movement, and the same warm colors.

The special charm of Olduvai is that, as far as man is concerned, nothing very much has happened there in the last quarter of a million years. As the glaciers of the Ice Age receded and the ground thawed out, the sivatherium and the other monsters died, while the lion, leopard, hyena, wild dog, and serval cat lived on. (Incidentally, these have changed very little in size or shape since prehistoric times.) In northern Africa, the ancient Egyptian civilization came and went, but its effects were not felt here (Leakey attributes the backwardness of native life in East and Central Africa to the isolation of the region caused by the drying up of the Sahara, which once was so fertile that it supported all kinds of wild game), and right up to the start of this century the local tribes had made almost no advance beyond the Stone Age.

FROM Olduvai Gorge our party moved briskly out across the Serengeti Plains. It was extraordinarily wet weather. Every day, black clouds would have piled up by noon, obscuring the sun, and in the afternoon a thunderstorm would burst over us. The animals, I noticed, made no attempt to take cover; even lions sat out on the open grass, gazing placidly through the downpour. Afterward, when the sun reappeared, the vultures on the flat tops of the acacia trees would spread out their wings to dry before launching themselves again on their endless spirals in the sky.

Through mud that made it necessary to put chains on the wheels of our vehicles, we splashed and bumped our way



"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS

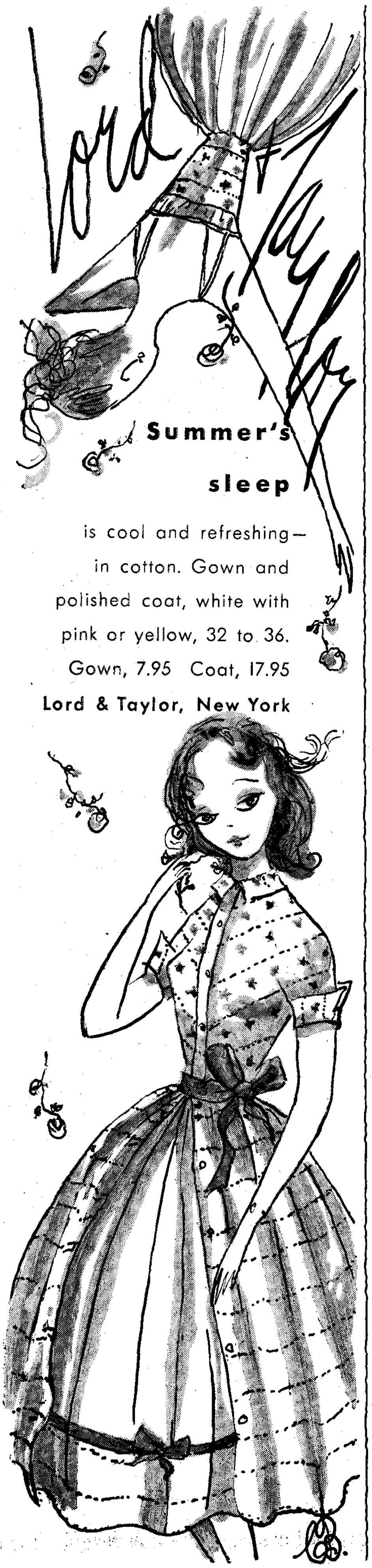
DUX

designed by alf svensson

For aesthetic delight and contour comfort. Adjustable: upright or reclining positions.

Write for complete brochure and the name of a dealer in your community.

DUX incorporated, dept. n-2, 390 ninth street, san francisco 3
available in canada



Summer's sleep

is cool and refreshing—
in cotton. Gown and
polished coat, white with
pink or yellow, 32 to 36.
Gown, 7.95 Coat, 17.95

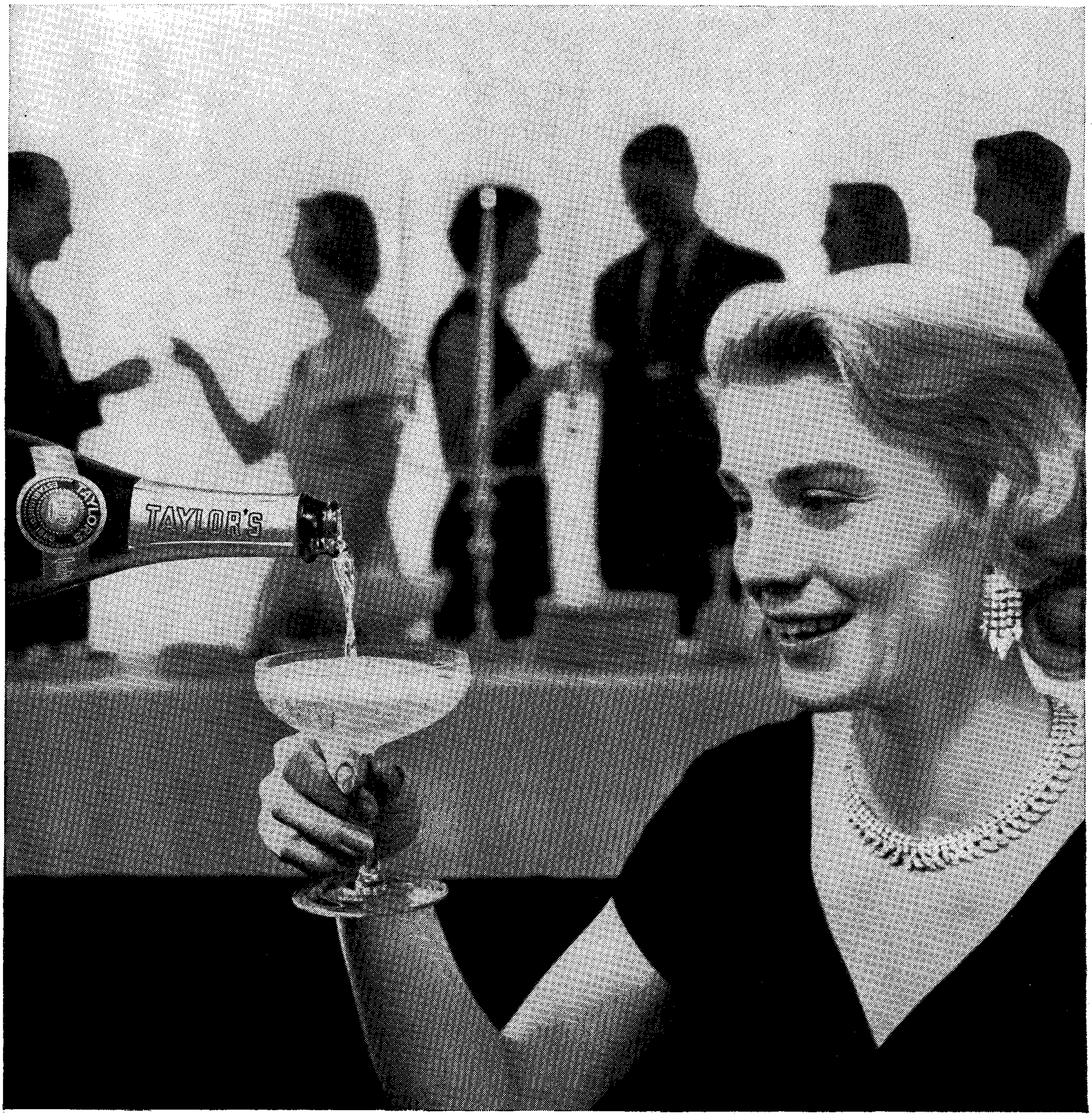
Lord & Taylor, New York

into the village of Loliondo, just below the Kenya border, where we were to collect the two policemen assigned to protect us from the Mau Mau in the wilderness that lay ahead. The police chief, a young Englishman named Michael Leaf, was delighted to see us. The Governor of Tanganyika, it developed, was due to arrive on a tour of inspection the following day, and it so happened that Leaf had in his force two young men of the Masai tribe who were perfectly hopeless on parade; any sort of ceremonial filled them with horror, causing them to tremble violently, and it was always touch and go whether or not they would drop their rifles. These were the two policemen, Leaf said cheerfully, whom he had earmarked as our bodyguard, and presently they came marching up the village street toward us. They were in khaki uniform, with guns over their shoulders and cartridge belts about their waists, and one of them, in particular, was astonishingly handsome. It seemed no wonder that the Masai girls came crowding around him when we were about to leave. Their heads shaven, their ears pierced with rings from which colored beads sprouted like coral, and their breasts painted with red ochre and grease, the girls moved softly up to the handsome policeman and, bending carefully, so as not to touch his immaculate tunic, kissed him on the cheek. I was a good deal moved by this scene—this simple and spontaneous adoration of the young Apollo—until Ker told me brusquely that kissing among the Masai has nothing to do with physical attraction; the girls were the young man's sisters, and they were merely saying goodbye.

Now, finally, with the two policemen perched among the other boys on top of the truck, we left civilization behind. We headed west at first, and then, after passing through Ikoma, turned north across the Kenya border into a roadless, trackless region defined vaguely on the maps as the Engata Pusi Plains.

OUR wanderings during the next fortnight did not by any means come under the heading of exploration, nor was the journey in the least hazardous or uncomfortable; indeed, no matter how violently a thunderstorm might be raging, Joseph, the cook, invariably contrived to come up with eggs and coffee in the morning and a four-course dinner at night. Yet there was a certain exhilaration about each day—the simple and perhaps childish pleasure of knowing that probably no one had passed this way before and no other human eyes had seen these particular animals roaming across the plain, or even, possibly, the plain itself. It was the sort of thing that skiers feel when they break new snow in the mountains, or that sailors feel in a small boat on a remote sea. In uninhabited country, the grass seems fresher and greener, the rocks more ancient, and there is a kind of secrecy about the life that goes on in the glades along the riverbanks. You intrude upon a scene with a slight sense of violation, but it is not unpleasant. Every animal turns its head, the birds start up, a crocodile slithers into a pool, and for the moment you, the trespasser, are the master of it all, with a master's instinct for possession; you yourself have found this place, and therefore it is yours. It would be insufferable, you feel, if anyone else appeared. Even if he merely stood and looked, he would be robbing you of something. I recall one day when Ker stopped the car with a jerk and jumped out; he thought an imprint he had spotted in a patch of bare earth looked like that of a human foot. My wife and I got out, too, and we stared at the mark with hostility and loathing for quite three minutes, until Ker decided that it was nothing more than an ostrich's footprint that had been planted oddly in the dust.

Such emotions must have been felt by everyone who has ever penetrated the interior of Africa, and it may seem a little naïve to record them at this late date. But to escape from civilization is more difficult now than it was in the days of Stanley and Livingstone, or even of Roosevelt, and so the sense of isolation and discovery hits the present-day traveller with intensified force. Not once in the past twenty years, I realized, had I really been apart from the rest of mankind to the extent that I was now (although even in this lonely pocket of Africa we were not spared the sight of an occasional aircraft passing overhead). It was an immense satisfaction to see, across the scrub, a great rounded outcrop of stone, to bump our way over to it, and then to investigate its smooth sides on foot, hoping to come upon a ledge of overhanging boulders, beneath which, untouched and unseen for a millennium or so, there might still be a scrawl of red drawings left by some Stone Age man working with a feather or a pointed bone upon the surface of the rock. The stale cat smell of leopards that often hangs about these outcrops was exciting, too; when



It's Taylor Champagne...your guests will love it!

TAYLOR'S
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Champagne

Shower the hour with glamour and glory—serve Taylor New York State Champagne! Make the party one to remember—with gleaming glasses of Taylor Brut or Dry Champagne, or Sparkling Burgundy! Taylor Champagnes are the pride of New York's Finger Lakes, one of the world's most favored vineyard regions. Your guests will love the delightful bouquet and delicious taste of Taylor—and so will you.

For booklet "Champagne Makes a Party," write Dept. NY-67, The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, N. Y.

PARFUMS
LANCÔME

MAGIE
LANCÔME
FRANCE

She can't resist—
neither can he!
"Magie"
and
"Seul Tresor"

In elegant engraved-stopper flacons
. . . now in gilt-embossed coffrets.

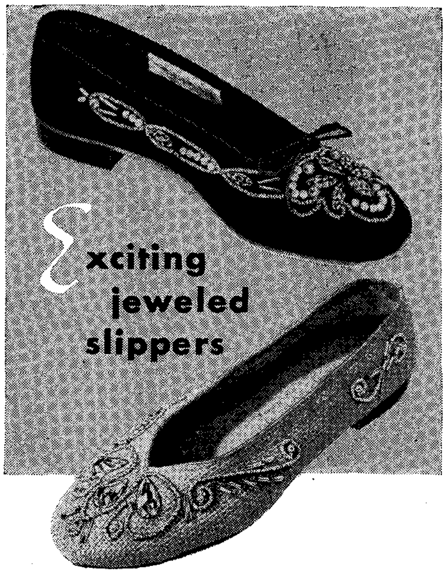
Created, bottled and sealed in France

LANCÔME
29, FAUBOURG ST. HONORE, PARIS
720 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

I strayed from the car (never to any great distance), Ker kept a vigilant eye on the scene, for the leopard leaps from above and scalps you with half the speed of light. The fact that no leopard leaped and that I found no cave paintings didn't matter; I still wanted to explore the next cliff beyond the next valley and, in the evenings, to stroll very quietly down to a riverbank, where, if I parted the reeds carefully enough, I could gaze on a world of reptiles and birds that had not altered much over two hundred and fifty thousand years.

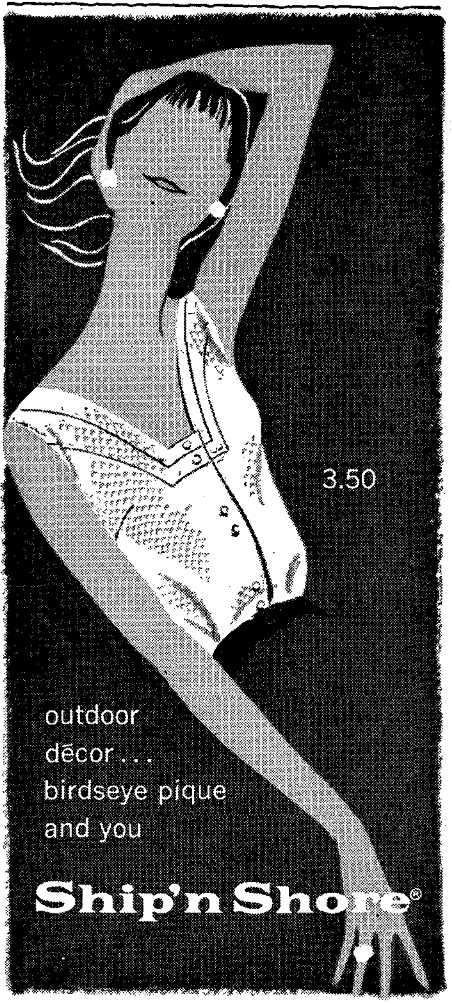
WE did not shoot any game beyond what we needed for food, and the weather was too gray for photography. So we simply looked. Soon after dawn each morning, we would set off in the car and wander about for three or four hours with no particular object. (And that in itself—travelling in a car with no idea of getting anywhere—was a new experience for me.) We would return to our camp for lunch, and then, toward evening—after a sleep through the hot hours of the day—we would set off again. We would be back in time to dine at eight by a log fire, and by half past nine we were in bed. Every three or four days, we moved camp to some different spot, perhaps seventy or eighty miles away. Despite the absence of roads, driving was not difficult, for there is no jungle in this region, most of the countryside in its natural state resembling a spacious park. Clumps of trees are dotted about, a hundred yards or so apart, usually with smooth grass between them, and more trees line the many little streams, known as dongas, that meander here and there, and the whole arrangement gives the impression that some landscape artist has been at work. Only now and then do you come across a thick growth of scrub on a hillside, or a wide, treeless plain that sweeps away to the horizon. In this agreeable environment, you rarely, if ever, see a snake, the insects are not as troublesome as they are reputed to be, and the altitude is so great (usually about four thousand feet above sea level) that, even though you are practically on the equator, you need three blankets on your bed at night.

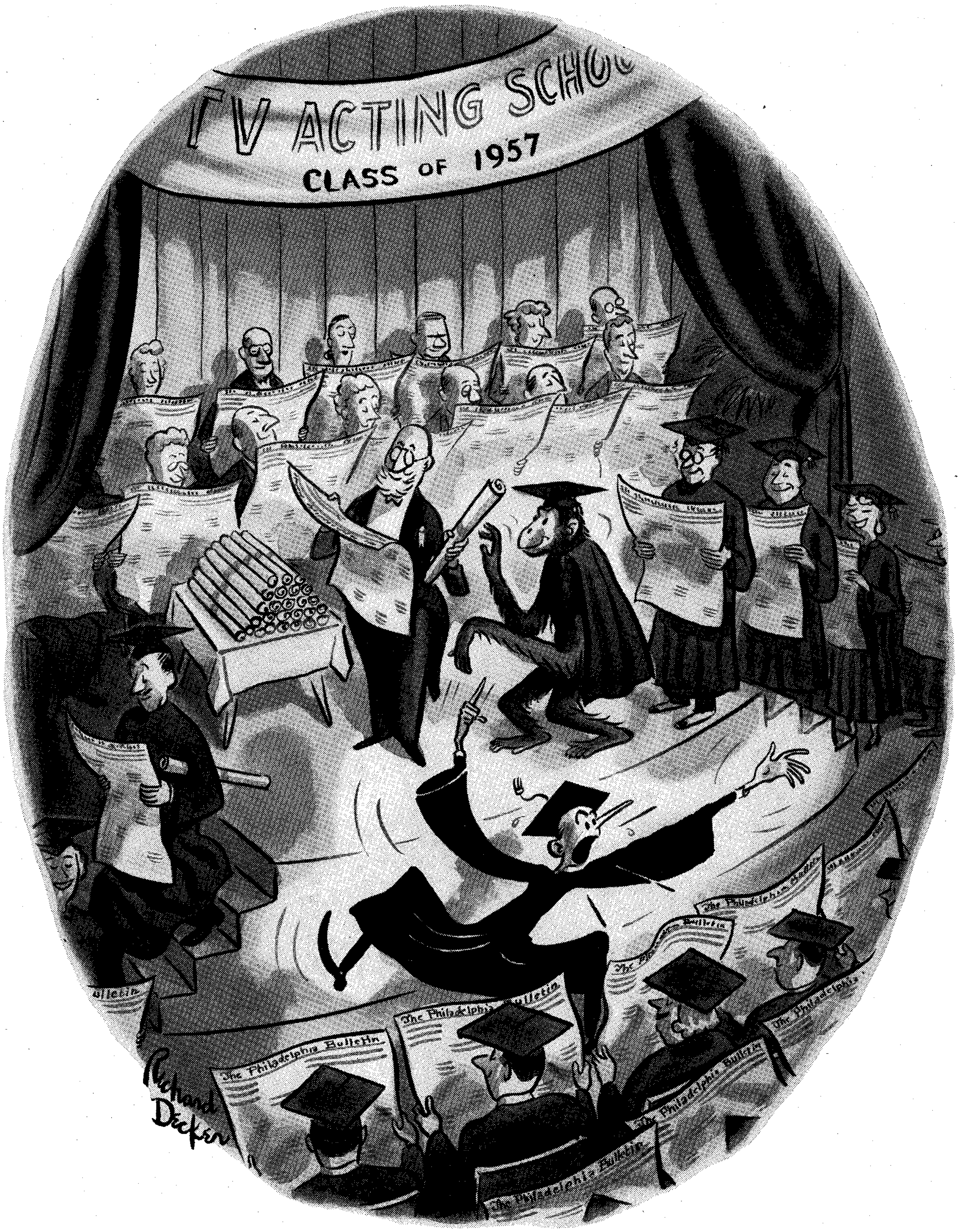
Saidi and some of the other boys had been with Ker for more than twenty years, and it was always a pleasant thing to watch them at work. They could pitch camp with astonishing speed. Within an hour, our two sleeping tents and the dining tent were up, hot water was in the canvas bath, the



. . . hand-embroidered and
jeweled by Maganela. In
black, red or beige felt, $18.95;
in natural burlap, $19.95.
Mail orders. Postage 35¢.
Catalog on request

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.




TV ACTING SCHO
CLASS OF 1957
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia
Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(*Advertisement*)

I always mark my cables "via WESTERN UNION"

Western Union offices in principal cities of the world.

dinner table was laid, and the dinner itself was cooking over the red-hot coals of a long log fire. They had done it all a thousand times before, and no one shouted orders or got excited. One boy washed and ironed the laundry, another cut up meat and hung it by a rope from the tip of a high branch, beyond the reach of leopards, and others inflated rubber mattresses, set out drinks, and refuelled the vehicles for the following day. It was all very grand and, for us, Ker's guests, very relaxing. To have no responsibility was the delightful part of it, and we simply let the days go by, knowing that if the truck got stuck again tomorrow while crossing a river, Saidi and the other boys would get it out, and that Ker was checking on all the strange noises around the camp at night, and that someone was sure to bring us our malaria pills at the right time in the morning. I might add, however, that life on a safari occasionally strikes one as being wildly anachronistic; now and then the feeling came over me that I was a feudal baron who had somehow got himself attached to a travelling circus.

Even on this non-shooting safari, Ker's rifle very much dominated the proceedings. To the boys it was the symbol of the whole expedition. Their employer's prowess as a marksman established their own place in the world, and there was always a noticeable quickening of interest among them on those days when he went out to shoot for meat. During the whole trip, Ker used just eight bullets and made eight kills—a zebra, two kongoni, a topi, three Thomson's gazelle, and a duck. His shooting was almost surgical, and I think I know why he hated it: he could not miss. He would stop the car and survey a herd through a pair of binoculars, and from the instant he picked out the buck he wanted (he would never shoot a female), the animal had only a few minutes to live. His mind made up, he would put aside his binoculars, and then, with no word spoken—none of the customary business about the direction of the wind, the cover, or the light—he and Saidi would get out of the car and walk away toward the herd in single file, the hunter leading his head boy. Saidi was always dressed in immaculate khaki, with a turban on his head, and Ker in green corduroy, and I used to watch these two figures until they were little more than two dabs of color in the distance. The herd would watch, too, and then, suddenly, the green figure would drop to one knee and raise the rifle. After that, it would all

A&F

Silk tweed for summer

Tweed is one of the most favored fabrics of sportsmen. Now, for summer wear, we offer our classic herringbone patterns in a beautiful, lightweight Milano silk woven in Italy . . . a perfect companion to your slacks. With patch pockets, in tan, gray or natural $68.00

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
SUMMER SHOP, HYANNIS, MASS.
CHICAGO—VL&A—9 NO. WABASH

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

NEW 1957
COLLECTION

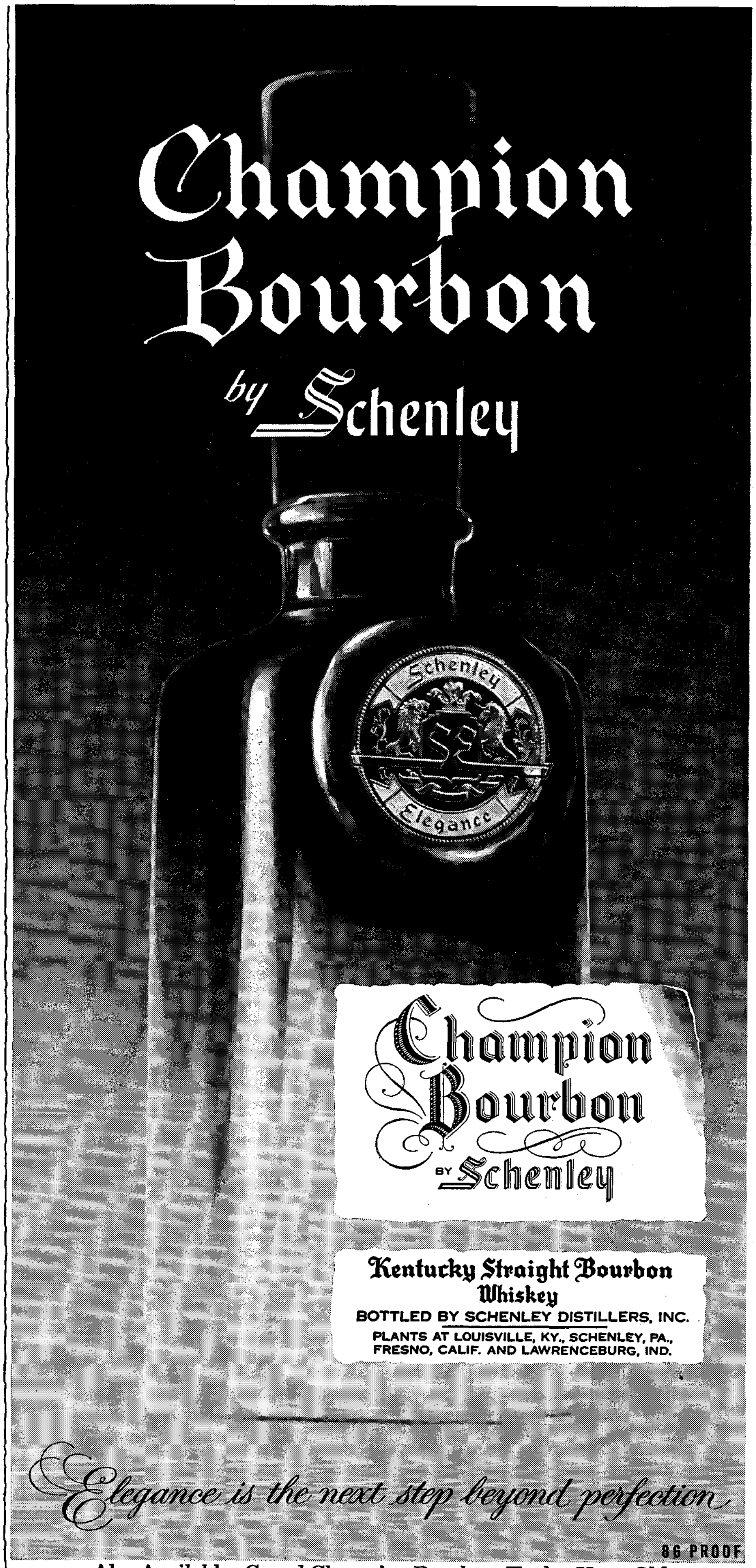
Personal representatives in most important social centers.

HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
Chicago 47, U. S. A.

be over in a matter of seconds—the soft cough of the explosion, the herd bolting, and the one animal staggering for a moment, then falling to the ground. Even before Saidi had finished quartering the carcass, the herd would come grazing back again, and, except for the approaching vultures, the incident might never have happened. It seemed strange that a tragedy could occur with such silence and such dispatch. Killing without passion leaves a gap in the mind, and the very expertise of the affair gave me a feeling of anticlimax.

Ker usually shot at a range of about two hundred yards, and in every case his bullet went straight through the animal's heart. His killing of the duck, however, was a different story and really spectacular. I saw this duck—a knob-bill—on a small lake one evening and remarked that it would be nice to have roast duck for dinner. Ker said that a duck hit in the body by one of the big-game bullets he was using would disintegrate into thin air—feathers and all. Nevertheless, he got up early the next morning and shot the bird—precisely through the neck. From then on, my respect for his rifle almost equalled that of his boys.

THE lions in this region tended to lurk among the trees bordering the dongas, in prides of a dozen or more, but they came out to sun themselves for an hour or two in the morning and again in the evening. I suppose we must have seen about a hundred and fifty of them in all, and since there had been no shooting in that part of the world for over four years, they showed no fear of us whatever. Even when we drove to within five or six yards of them, we elicited nothing more than a casual stare. Sometimes, as we moved slowly along in low gear, the younger lions, out of curiosity, would come loping all around us; we might almost have reached out and stroked their smooth, clean yellow backs. Of course, had we been on foot, things would have been entirely different, and it gave us an odd sensation to realize that if we should open the door and step out, the chances were that we would instantly die. This propinquity was altogether too much for one of our boys, who until now had not ventured far outside Nairobi. Whenever the lions drew very near, he would close his eyes and complain that he felt cold. There were canvas sun blinds on the sides of the car, and he would pull them down to obliterate the awful sight of those staring yellow


Champion Bourbon by Schenley

Champion Bourbon BY Schenley

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED BY SCHENLEY DISTILLERS, INC.
PLANTS AT LOUISVILLE, KY., SCHENLEY, PA., FRESNO, CALIF. AND LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

Elegance is the next step beyond perfection

86 PROOF

Also Available: Grand Champion Bourbon, Twelve Years Old.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Custom Tailors **Chipp** Furnishers

Warm Weather
SUITS

The answer to summer comfort and also minimum care this season in improved pattern effects that come close to resembling tropical worsted:

Pin stripes, Solid deeptones, Poplins (that look like Gabardine), the ever popular Hairlines Chipp Ivy detailed — 3 button coat, natural shoulders, lap seams, flap pockets, straight hanging sides, hook vent, plain front, slender line trousers.

The perfect inexpensive extra suits.

Order No.		
A1	Hairline Cotton Cords (Tan, Grey, or Blue)	$28.75
A2	Dacron*-Cotton Deeptone Hairline, Wash'n Wear (Black-Brown, Oxford Grey, Mid-Grey)	$39.75
A3	Dacron-Cotton Lighttone Hairline, Wash'n Wear (Blue-White, Grey-White, Tan-White)	$39.75
A4	Matching Knee Length Bermuda Shorts Dacron-Cotton Lighttones, Wash'n Wear (Blue-White, Grey-White, Tan-White)	$13.50
A5	Poplin-Dacron, Wash'n Wear (Natural, Bright Olive, Drab Olive, Covert Olive)	$39.75
A6	Matching Knee Length Bermuda Shorts (Natural or Drab Olive)	$13.50
A7	Dacron-Cotton Pincheck, Wash'n Wear (Lovat)	$55.00
A8	Dacron-Cotton Pin Stripe, Wash'n Wear (½ Inch Spaced Stripes, Grey or Lovat)	$55.00
A9	Dacron-Cotton Oxford Grey Solid, Wash'n Wear	$55.00
A10	Dacron-Cotton Mid-Grey Solid, Wash-'n Wear	$55.00

*Registered DuPont Trademark

(Numbers 7, 8, 9, 10, skeleton lined body and sleeves)

Sizes 36-44 Shorts, 36-46 Regular, 37-46 Longs, 38-46 Extra Longs

Trousers Shipped with Unfinished Bottoms
Please State Suit Size on Mail Orders

Mail Orders Filled.
Add 50c for Postage. No C.O.D.'s.

Chipp Travelers are now on the road. Upon request we will be happy to furnish their itinerary.

Chipp
14 East 44th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

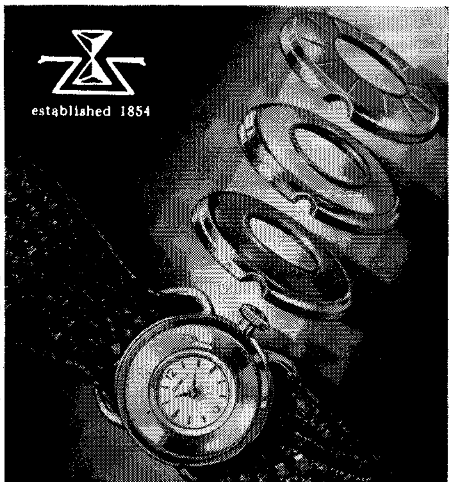
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

eyes. Then, he explained, he would begin to warm up again.

For my part, I found the leopards much more alarming than the lions. They seemed to me to be the most beautiful of all the animals—the most lithe and wild. Those I saw—and no one sees very many—were very pale in color, almost silver, and had a circular band of patches of black fur hanging like a necklace from the base of their round cat heads. There is a hair-trigger ferocity about leopards; each time I lifted my binoculars for a closer view, I would be confronted by two glaring green lamps that burned directly into my eyes. No other animal—not even the lion—has such an implacable gaze. One day, near a donga, we watched an immaculate little female leopard prowl across a stretch of wet grass, and were amazed at the reaction of a herd of topis and Grant's gazelles nearby. They stood and stared at her with wide, straining eyes, and then trotted toward her—that is to say, toward death. The topi is a fairly mad animal anyway—a large, brown, gleaming antelope with gunmetal blazes on its legs and an air of continual stagefright—but these topis outdid themselves. They snorted and sniffled, they stamped their forefeet on the turf, and they kept trotting nearer and nearer to the leopard. Most antelopes prefer to keep a hunting lion or leopard in full view and, to that end, will often approach in this manner, leaving themselves just enough distance to get away in. But with these topis—and, to a lesser extent, the Grant's gazelles—something more was involved. They were clearly in such an extremity of fear that they simply could not bring themselves to run away. It almost seemed that a form of mesmerism was at work upon them—that the dreadful danger had broken down their will, and that something in the nature of a death wish was luring them on toward the leopard not thirty yards away. Then, suddenly, the breeze carried our scent in the direction of the leopard, and the spell was broken. She was up and away like a ballet dancer, and the topis and gazelles wheeled together and went galloping off.

Scenes like this constitute the heavy drama of the dongas. The comic relief may be provided not far off, on the edge of a plain, by a band of baboons. Ker told me that, with the possible exception of the ostrich, which starts its peculiar pacing-horse run while you are still half a mile away, baboons have the sharpest vision of any ground animal in Africa; he credits them with having eyes the

established 1854



THE
GUBELIN
RAINBOW

Watch with the colorful faces! Interchangeable straps and face rings to high-fashion your wrist and beautifully accent your every color ensemble — at a moment's happy whim!

Fine 17 jewelled watch and choice of 3 color sets.
$90.00 *plus tax*

The world's leading watch fashion designers

GÜBELIN
BROS., INC.
673 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
AT 53RD STREET PLAZA 5-0053
LUCERNE ZURICH GENEVA ST. MORITZ

You're in the mood for fun

AT THE . . .

GEM OF THE CARIBBEAN

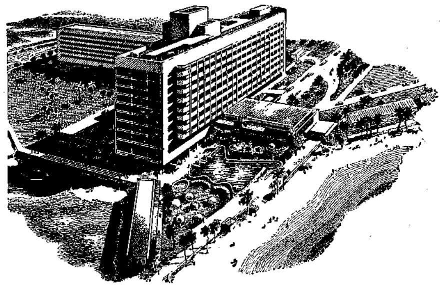
Caribe Hilton

SAN JUAN • PUERTO RICO • U. S. A.

At the glamorous Caribe Hilton every hour is filled with new excitement. You'll have fun swimming in the pool, basking in the sun, sipping cocktails on the terrace and dining and dancing in the gay Club Caribe. The days are gently mild and the nights delightfully cooled by trade winds.

European Plan
Single $13 to $21 • Double $17 to $25

For reservations or information contact Travel Agent, or Hilton Res. Office, 401 7th Ave., New York. Tel. LOngacre 3-6900 or any Hilton Hotel.



MICHAEL REDGRAVE, DISTINGUISHED ACTOR OF STAGE AND SCREEN

Michael Redgrave also plays the perfect host . . . with Heublein Manhattans

A smooth performance is always assured with Heublein Manhattans. You know that every cocktail will be perfect. And your guests know it, too! For Manhattans or Martinis on-the-rocks, simply pour over ice right from the Heublein bottle. Or chill with ice and serve in traditional cocktail glasses. Heublein Cocktails come fresh from the world's largest bar . . . expertly mixed of choicest liquors. Keep a variety on hand. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN.

MANHATTANS, 65 PROOF; DRY MANHATTANS, 70 PROOF; EXTRA DRY MARTINIS, 75 PROOF; VODKA MARTINIS, 70 PROOF AND SIX OTHER POPULAR KINDS

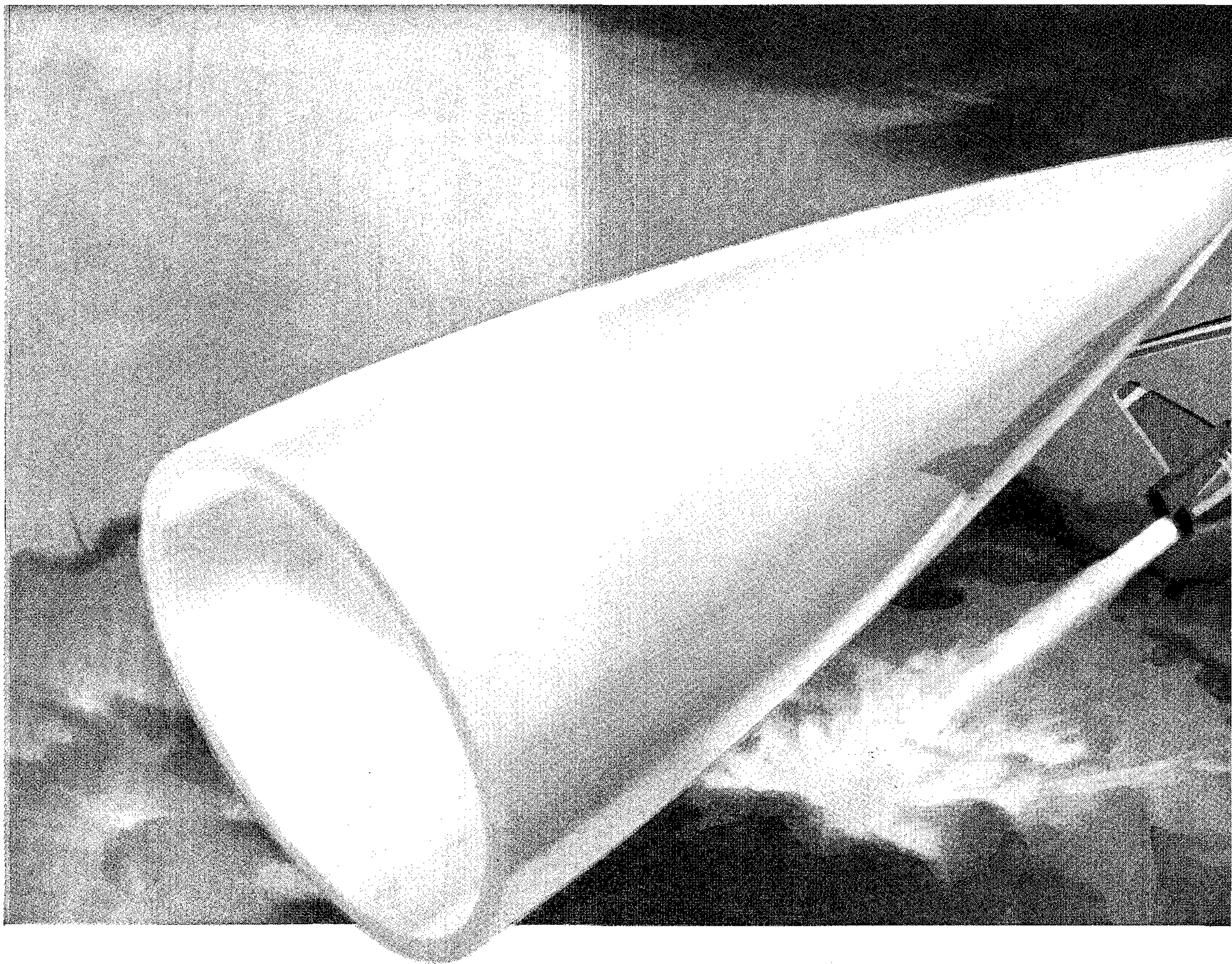
And for after dinner: Heublein full-flavored Cordials. 20 kinds, all at welcome domestic prices.

HEUBLEIN
MANHATTAN

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

FULL-STRENGTH • READY-TO-SERVE

CORNING



A new wide-range basic material

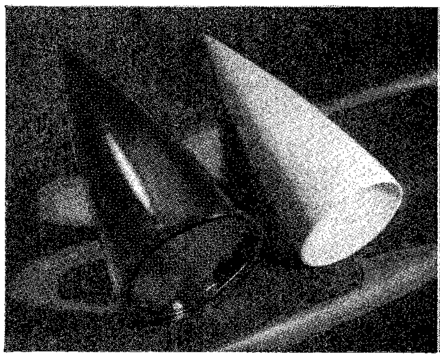
PYROCERAM is an entirely new basic material made from glass. We think it is the most important technological break-through ever made in glass research.

Actually, PYROCERAM is not just one material, but a whole new class of materials that can be mass-produced in any shape glass can be. We've already experimentally melted over 400 different kinds with widely varying properties. And we'll continue to make many more as our development work progresses.

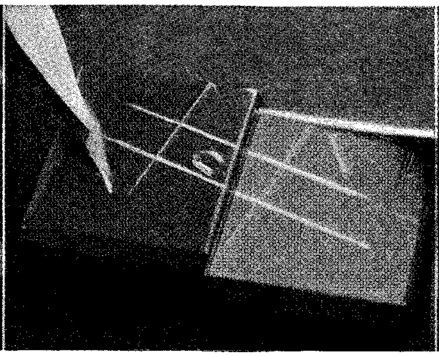
Uses? One we're actively investigating right now is PYROCERAM for the conical noses of guided missiles—called radomes. We've developed a PYROCERAM that will stand up in flight at the unbelievable speeds missiles will soon be traveling. Future uses for PYROCERAM are limited only by the ingenuity of American industry.

PYROCERAM starts out as a glass. But it isn't really a glass at all when we get through heat-treating it by a special technique we've developed. Because of a unique

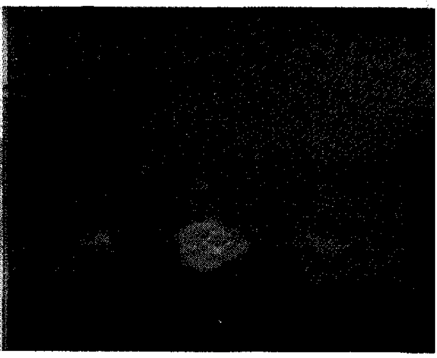
The sky's *not* the limit! Heat-treating changes this PYROCERAM from a glass into a new basic material of unlimited usefulness (below, nose of a guided missile). PYROCERAM can be mass-produced to close tolerances. It can be drawn into sheets, rods or tubing; even blown, cast or pressed.



Harder than steel. Tests show some kinds of PYROCERAM are 27 times more resistant to sandblasting than glass, and are harder than hardened steel (below, PYROCERAM scratches steel and brass). This hardness suggests such uses as special cutting tools, bearings and brake linings.



Still rigid at 2,200°F. This PYROCERAM isn't deformed by heat that warps steel and melts copper. And we can tailor the coefficient of expansion of this material . . . make kinds that expand, shrink or remain the same size when heated. Indicated uses: cooking pans to blades for turbine engines.



. . . can do almost anything

*CORNING'S TRADEMARK FOR ITS CRYSTALLINE MATERIALS MADE FROM GLASS

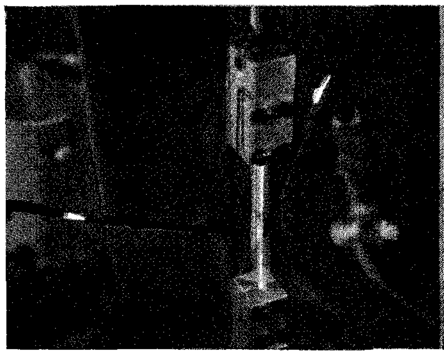
developed by Corning research

combination of ingredients in the original glass formula, heat changes the actual molecular structure of the glass. It becomes PYROCERAM – a material extremely hard, lightweight and non-porous.

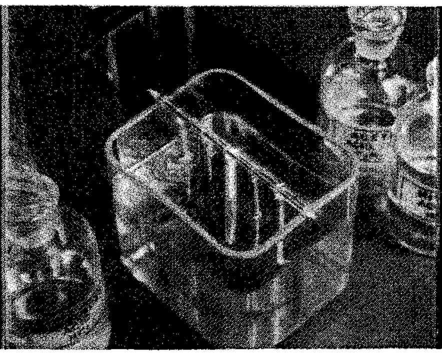
PYROCERAM can be made white and in color. We've even made some kinds that are transparent. Some have superb chemical and electrical properties; some kinds are stronger than bronze; some aren't deformed by temperatures that warp stainless steel.

Right now at Corning our scientists and engineers are looking into dozens of possible uses for PYROCERAM. And we have just dedicated the new Eugene C. Sullivan Research Laboratories, which will enable us to broaden all our activities in PYROCERAM research and glass research in general. For the latest information on PYROCERAM and our thousands of other glass products, write Director of Sales, Corning Glass Works, 4 Houghton Park, Corning, New York.

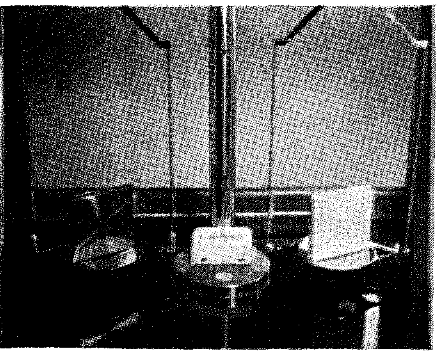
Stronger than bronze. Some kinds of PYROCERAM have greater tensile strength than cast iron, brass and bronze . . . keep this strength under the intense heat of two acetylene torches. This makes it a good bet to see service as pipe for processing equipment, high-temperature heat exchangers.



Stands up to corrosive chemicals. Here's a PYROCERAM that's unharmed by an acid solution that severely attacks steel, aluminum, copper and magnesium. PYROCERAM also has great alkali resistance. And it combines chemical resistance with remarkable strength and heat resistance.



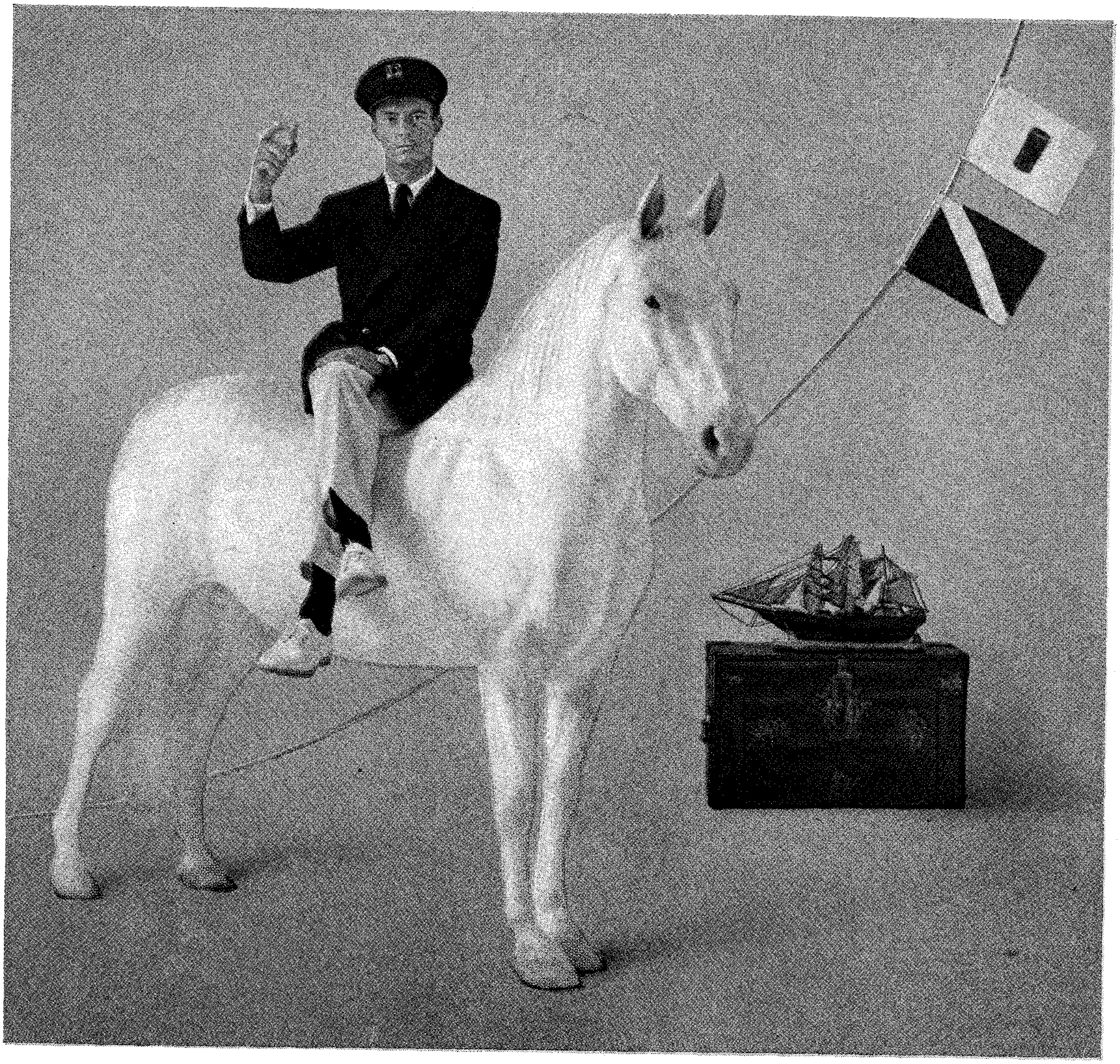
As lightweight as aluminum . . . which means that PYROCERAM may some day be used as the "skin" of supersonic aircraft and other air-borne parts. PYROCERAM is also a beautiful material—smooth as glass, easy to keep clean. It should be ideal for architectural uses and household tableware.



with glass

CORNING GLASS WORKS
CORNING, NEW YORK

CORNING MEANS RESEARCH IN GLASS



Let WHITE HORSE carry you smoothly when you hoist the highball flag

When guests are on board and
cocktails are being served,
some will prefer Scotch—
White Horse, of course.

Nº SA
904235
The White Horse Cellar
Estab. 1742

The Quality Control Code on each label assures you of uniform lightness and flavor.

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributors: Browne Vintners Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

equal of eight-power binoculars, and it is a fact that the baboons we saw were forever scuttling for tree cover long before we could get a close look at them. They ran in packs of fifty or more—the young ones either leaping on their mothers' backs or riding along underneath, clutching the fur of the mothers' bellies—and they ran not so much in fear as in immense, boiling anger. Normally, most animals flee in silence. But not baboons. You feel rather as if you were a policeman breaking up a noisy political meeting; even before the baboons reach the trees, they start looking back over their shoulders, screaming threats and jeering at you. Once they are in the branches, the clamor redoubles, and there is a note of mockery in the cries as you pass beneath. This contemptuous uproar is mildly embarrassing—even a little annoying—since, after all, you have done the baboons no harm. It's much better fun to stand aside and watch when a leopard, the chief object of the baboons' hatred, is the center of the abuse. The leopard walks by with a pained look and an elaborate air of paying no attention, but somehow the act doesn't quite come off. The leopard, however, has better means of redress than an actor being booed from the gallery; he can return at night when the moon is down, and, with one noiseless pounce through the branches, tear some sleeping baboon to pieces.

Compared to these hecklers, the smaller animals are quiet and timid in their ways. The tortoises I picked up—and they were lying around like boulders in some places—emitted nothing more than a low, despairing hiss. Mongooses, running in families of a score or more, sat up on their hind legs in groups like sets of ninepins when we approached. Then, in an undulating, whispering scamper, they ran to their holes, into which they vanished abruptly, posting themselves like letters in a mailbox. And the bat-eared foxes we encountered, in communities of half a dozen or so, made no sound at all that I could hear. Just their heads, with pinched faces and bright eyes, appeared out of their holes when we approached, and their enormous rounded ears turned slowly as they followed our progress, like a revolving radar antenna at an airport.

These and the rest of the smaller animals are, in the main, quite harmless, and one grows very fond of them as the days go by, possibly because they are so retiring and unprepossessing. Most of them were new to me, and in that isolated wilderness we came on

PERFECT FOR PATER

Progeny's pride . . . sterling silver jewelry by Georg Jensen. Oval links, $22. Cubic links, $14. All tie clips, $8.50 each. Not shown: links matching center tie clip, $14. Fed. Tax Inc.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

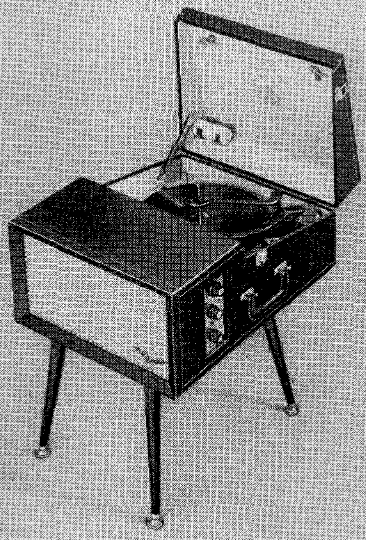
HASPEL
Selfcaire®

The name that symbolizes
the superior virtues of
WASH and WEAR
...in fabric...construction
and performance

THE SIRPERIOR®...$39.75
(75% Dacron, 25% Cotton)

HASPEL BROS., Inc., New Orleans, La. • New York: 200 Fifth Ave.

Where'er
Ye Go...
To putte
behind the
vexations
of toile,
Ye will find
much joye
with
High
Fidelitye
by Pilot



Encore 1015 Twin-Speaker Portable
Phonograph, $169.50.
Optional chairside legs,
$7.95 per set
(slightly higher West of Rockies).
wherever High Fidelity is sold.

Write for free booklet,
"High Fidelity in the Home".

PILOT RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. N Long Island City 1, N. Y.

some that even Ker had not seen in a long time—serval cats, striped hyenas (a much handsomer and gentler breed than their spotted counterparts), and klipspringers, which leap like goats to the top of projecting rocks, where they stand, with their neat feet tucked together and their two tiny, spikelike horns motionless, peering down at you with demure slanting eyes. I was especially taken by some baby Thomson's gazelles—the prettiest runners of all. Their gait is really more a bounce than a run. As soon as they get up a little momentum, they proceed with all four legs quite stiff, bounding along from tussock to tussock as though they were treading on springs—a kind of pogo-stick motion that is faster than it looks.

Standing out in repellent contrast to such charming and defenseless creatures—and even to their dignified and graceful feline killers—are the wild dogs. They look like wolves, but wolves of a thin and mangy kind, and one glimpse of a pack of these beasts will clear a whole valley or plain of all other animal life. Even lions turn aside. A pack of wild dogs on a hunting foray is the most merciless thing in the bush. They will single out one animal from a herd and chase it tirelessly; if the leading dogs get tired or dizzy, others move up and take their places, and when, at last, the quarry is brought to bay, the pack leaps upon the living flesh. I recall one batch of six or seven wild dogs we saw hunting on an open plain. Every other living thing had fled in terror except a herd of wildebeest, and these were so utterly demoralized that they were unable to move. The dogs had just killed and were eating one of their young, and now the rest of the herd were huddled unnaturally close together a hundred yards away, waiting for the next attack. Ker stopped the car, and we got out and walked up to the dogs. They were in a hysteria of nervous agitation—their bat ears twitching, the hair of their hideous blotched coats standing half on end, and their jaws sagging open—and they kept making little prancing steps toward us and then slinking sidewise and backward again. The dogs ran little circles around us, and I believe that, just conceivably, they might have attacked if we had not begun throwing stones at them—a method of defense they found disconcerting, presumably because they had not been up against it before. In the midst of this, the wildebeests seized their chance and in a body bolted for the hills.

I remarked to Ker on one occasion that all the grazing animals around us

CABANA
TEAM

Our handsome new swim trunks and beach jacket, both in quick-drying orlon and cotton—the jacket lined in thirsty terrycloth and gaily polka dotted. In matching blue, brown or gray, they'd make a perfect pair for papa. S, M, L, XL. *The jacket* $30. *Trunks* $12.50
Mail, phone SU *7-4000*

MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

An Exclusive Cottage Colony

Half Moon, situated on a magnificent beach in a private 42 acre park, is an ideal resort with pleasant year-round temperatures.

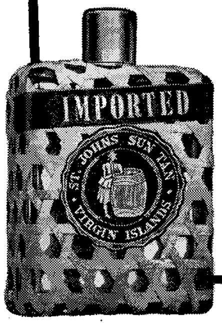
Consult your travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20. Telephone CIrcle 6-9260.

Half Moon
HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

New
under the sun

ST. JOHNS
SUN TAN
LOTION
VIRGIN ISLANDS

M. W. McIntyre, Ltd.
292 Madison Ave.
New York, U. S. Agent



FILTERTAN

The art of fine living
...on ships designed for cruising
...on cruises designed for you

The famous world cruise liner M. S. Kungsholm and the *new* M. S. Gripsholm are completely air-conditioned, even to personal "weather control" in your own cabin . . . all cruise accommodations are outside, with private bath or shower. The yacht-like M. S. Stockholm is delightful, too. Always you'll enjoy Swedish American Line's superb cuisine and service.

Here is your choice of White Viking Cruises . . . short, inexpensive holidays-at-sea and some magnificent voyages to distant lands.

Swedish
AMERICAN
LINE
THE WHITE VIKING FLEET

1957

WEST INDIES CRUISES
From New York

COLUMBUS DAY CRUISE

OCT. 11
12 DAYS
M. S. KUNGSHOLM: St. Thomas, Cap Haitien, Havana. Rates from $300.00

HALLOWEEN CRUISE

OCT. 24
11 DAYS
M. S. KUNGSHOLM: St. Thomas, Ciudad Trujillo, Port-au-Prince. Rates from $275.00

ELECTION CRUISE

NOV. 5
10 DAYS
***M. S. KUNGSHOLM*:** Port-au-Prince, Havana. Rates from $250.00

THANKSGIVING CRUISE

NOV. 16
16 DAYS
***M. S. KUNGSHOLM*:** St. Thomas, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Cristobal, Havana. Rates from $400.00

CHRISTMAS CRUISE

DEC. 21
14 DAYS
M. S. GRIPSHOLM: Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Cristobal, Havana. Rates from $385.00

AND IN 1958—

WEST AFRICA—SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE

from New York JANUARY 6;

M. S. GRIPSHOLM 37 DAYS: including Funchal, Casablanca, Tenerife, Dakar, Conakry, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Barbados, St. Thomas. Rates from $975.00

"The Cruise of a Lifetime"
SOUTH SEA ISLES—FAR EAST CRUISE

from New York JANUARY 17;

***M. S. KUNGSHOLM 98 DAYS*:** 22 fabulous ports including Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, *Bali, Singapore,* Bangkok, *Japan, Hawaii,* Mexico. Rates from $3,100.

"The Cruise of the Year"
AROUND SOUTH AMERICA

from New York FEBRUARY 15;

***M. S. GRIPSHOLM* 55 DAYS:** 15 glamorous ports including Havana, Valparaiso, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro. Rates from $1,575.

Swedish American Line is also planning "The Cruise of a Lifetime" Around the World Jan. 10, 1959 on the famous world cruise liner *M. S. KUNGSHOLM.*

Tourist Class Economy "Viking Cruise" to Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark

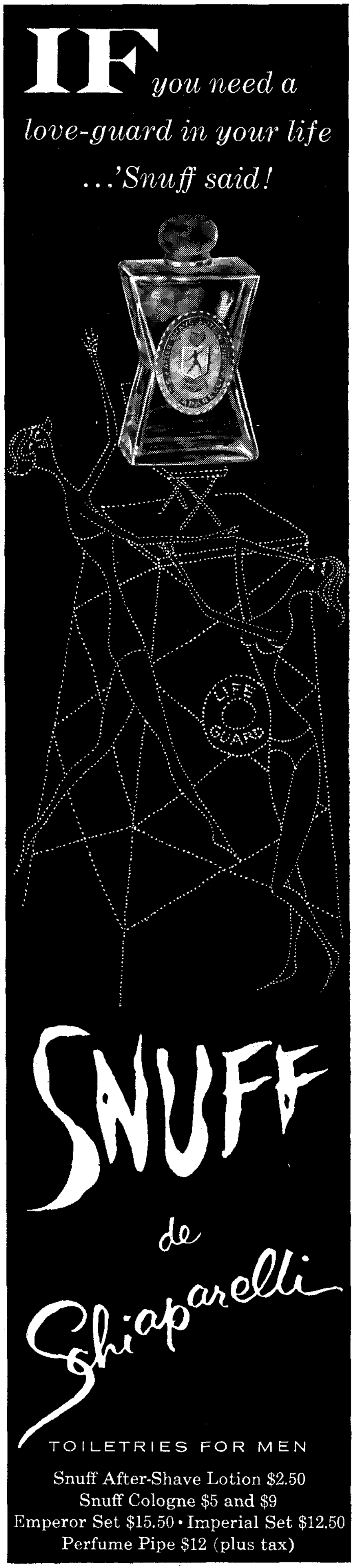
M. S. STOCKHOLM from New York AUG. 20, 1957 — 13 DAYS — RATE $245.00. Cruise ending in Denmark, but passengers may return on the M.S. Stockholm or later vessel at extra cost. *Membership Limited. Shore trips optional.*

TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE — **Visit the friendly, hospitable countries of Scandinavia — Denmark, Finland, Norway, Sweden. The White Viking Fleet maintains frequent service between New York and Gothenburg — Copenhagen, where connections are available to all Europe. Occasional calls at Bremerhaven, Germany.**

For information and reservations SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR write Dept.K: Swedish American Line

SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE, 636 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

Offices or agents in all principal cities


IF you need a love-guard in your life ...'Snuff said!

LIFE GUARD

SNUFF de Schiaparelli

TOILETRIES FOR MEN

Snuff After-Shave Lotion $2.50
Snuff Cologne $5 and $9
Emperor Set $15.50 • Imperial Set $12.50
Perfume Pipe $12 (plus tax)

seemed to be in the pink of condition, and he said it is invariably so. No matter how hard the drought or how scarce the feed in any given season, the appearance of the game never changes, and the zebras in particular, he said, are always as fat as butter. Only age changes the animals, he told me, adding that it is a sad thing to come on a lion who, after perhaps lording it over a valley for a dozen years, is nearing the end of his days. Too old to follow the pride any more, too weak to hunt, the beast lies alone under a bush and manages to keep himself going a while longer by catching some unwary tidbit like a small rodent or a guinea hen. Often, in his extremity, an old lion will feebly pounce on a porcupine and be crippled by a mass of quills in his paws. Now and then, Ker said, he had shot a zebra or a gazelle for an old lion, but that was only postponing things; the hyenas—the same hyenas that the dying monarch had once scattered with a roar—were always waiting, and in the end they would polish him off.

Not unnaturally, in these surroundings one soon loses all normal sense of time. The days are punctuated not by the regular passing of hours but by intervals of storm and sunlight, and by the chance adventures of your wandering. A week as a period of time has no validity at all. One day, for instance, we yanked great whiskered mudfish out of a river (they weren't bad at all after they'd been soaked in salted water), and the next afternoon we sat and watched migrating storks come sailing down ahead of a storm, alighting in such numbers on some acacia trees that the branches looked as though they had burst out in white blossoms—an oddly Japanese effect. These days were not to us Tuesday and Wednesday but the day we caught the mudfish and the day we watched the storks. And there was the day we were visited by a honey bird, which puts on a performance that never seems quite credible until you have seen it with your own eyes. The bird makes a loud twittering over your head until you set aside whatever you are doing and follow it. From tree to tree it leads you on, twittering madly all the while, toward a hive of wild bees it has found, anywhere from a few hundred yards to a couple of miles away. Somehow the bird apparently knows that human beings like honey and will open up the hive, after which it can feast on the wax inside. I followed our honey bird for a quarter of a mile, and then got bored and returned to camp. At once, the bird was back, too, and started shrilling at me all over again—

Sun Kissed for Summer

That much-coveted youthful uplift . . . Purdy's newest origination . . . fashion-wise contour and colors. Featuring Glacial Blue Lenses—a Purdy exclusive for comfortable sun protection.

$12.00 POSTPAID
(Ground to your prescription extra)

6 SMART COLORS
• Black
• White
• Sand
• Light Blue
• Royal Blue
• Tortoise Shell

Creator of Eyewear Styles
PURDY
OPTICIAN
506 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
between 52nd and 53rd Sts., Plaza 5-3880

Vacation bound? take TRAV

Anywhere—in the world—With TRAV, you'll travel fresh, clean and carefree.

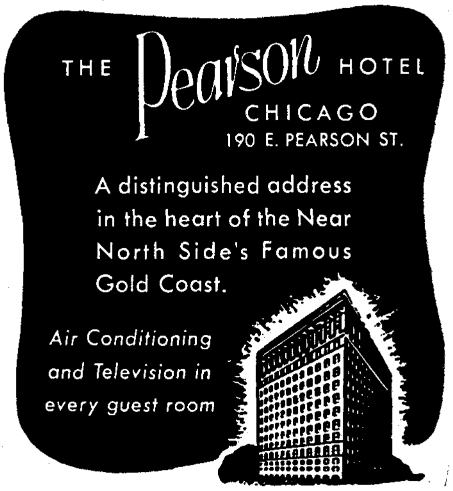
TRAV creates cleansing suds for washbasin laundering even in hard, cold water!

At Fine Stores Everywhere

GIFT BOX 21 packets $1.00
THRIFT BOX 66 packets $2.75

Send for free sample

TRAV CO., 911 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.


THE Pearson HOTEL
CHICAGO
190 E. PEARSON ST.

A distinguished address in the heart of the Near North Side's Famous Gold Coast.

Air Conditioning and Television in every guest room

MOUQUIN

Exquisite

SAY "MO-KAN"

10 YEAR OLD *IMPORTED* BRANDY

84 PROOF

A N C O
EST'D 1855
A Reliable Source of Supply
YEARS 10 OLD
MOUQUIN
4/5 QUART
84 PROOF
IMPORTED
BRANDY
10 YEARS OLD
PRODUCT OF ITALY
IMPORTED & BOTTLED BY
Austin Nichols & Co. INC.
BROOKLYN NEW YORK

Perfect for every Brandy Purpose

About $4.75 a fifth Everywhere*

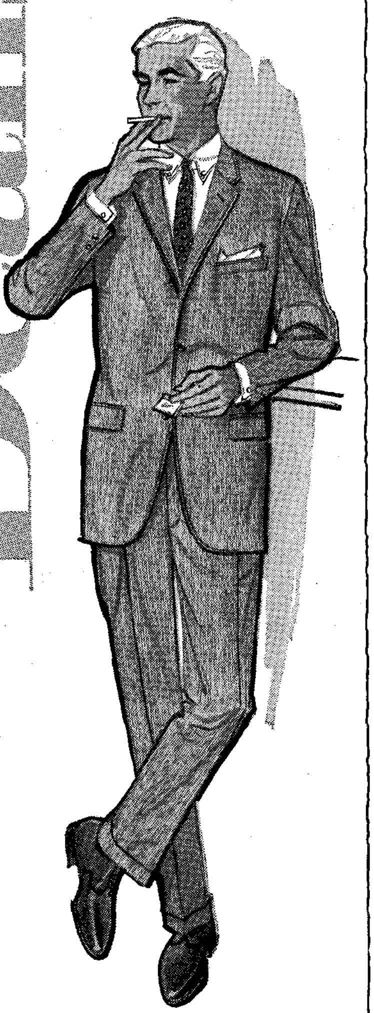
Perfect to sip from a hallowed snifter, or atop the pousse café, in Brandy and soda or a luxurious egg nog—in sour or stinger, any way and every way, MOUQUIN 10 Year Imported Brandy will bring you great satisfaction at a nominal cost.

Austin Nichols
& Co. Inc.
NEW YORK — NEW YORK

***Price varies somewhat according to state tax and freight—Order now for present and future needs.**

Deansgate®

The Suit
That Brought
Fashion to
Wash 'n' Wear!



DEANSGATE has taken the *proven* wash 'n' wear cord of 75% Dacron and 25% cotton and tailored it in the perfect expression of the natural shoulder model. Result: *fashion* in a featherweight suit! About $39.50
(slightly higher West of the Rockies)

*at fine men's shops and department stores.
For name of store nearest you,
please write*

FAMOUS-STERNBERG, INC.
950 Poeyfarre St., New Orleans 5, La.

shrilling so persistently that I finally gave in and followed it a second time. But it was too hot, and after we'd gone perhaps half a mile I quit again, this time for good. Saidi did not approve of this at all. If one started a thing, he thought, one ought to go through with it. He added darkly that there was a legend that if you deceive a honey bird too often, it will grow angry and lead you, when you next follow it, to a black mamba or some equally terrible reptile in the bush.

THANKS to our host's rifle and Joseph's dexterity as a cook, the food was excellent; a couple of evenings after Ker brought down the knob-bill, for example, dinner consisted of soup made from leftover roast duck, fresh mushrooms on toast, fried mudfish, and steaks of Thomson's gazelle. Consequently, like the zebras, we were as fat as butter when we set out on the last stage of our safari. This led us—after three days of fording rivers and extricating the vehicles from bogs—out of our retreat and onto a road, and thence, through country more or less populated by native tribes, three hundred miles north, in the direction of the Abyssinian border, to a point on the bank of the Uaso Nyiro River, where we finally made camp. Here everything was different. Whereas all before had been wet and green, we were now in a dry land that stretched away into semi-deserts and weird bare, rocky mountains—a huge area that reaches across northern Kenya from Italian Somaliland to the border of Uganda. For some reason, the animals in this region are quite different from those in the rest of Africa. Most of them, I soon saw, were smaller than the ones we had come across in the south; indeed, the dik-dik, the smallest antelope of all, had here shrunk to the size of a toy poodle. The male ostriches were quite unlike the somewhat shaggy birds that had recently been pacing away from us; here their feathers were a magnificent blue-black and white, and even the usually bald necks and legs were feathered. The zebras, too, were of a different species, with fine circular lines running around their bodies, and with great rounded ears. But it was the giraffe that presented the greatest difference. Here on these dry plains, and only here, does one find the reticulated giraffe. Unlike its cousins elsewhere, its skin presents not a series of Surrealist blotches but a very definite network of white lines enclosing patches of dark chocolate. Giraffes are gentle creatures,

The BAKU

The lightest straw hat made.
Thin enough to see through
. . . cool as a zephyr breeze
Solid color pugaree band
$12.50 *and* $15
Extra foulard silk pugaree band
(as illustrated) $3.50

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

VACATIONERS

See Your Pictures As Soon As You Come Home!

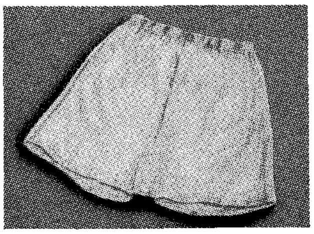
- **No more waiting weeks to show your friends where you were and what you did!**
- **No more carrying bulky, exposed film around!**
- **No more risk of losing film with "precious shots"!**
- **No more ruining exposed film by handling!**

Mail films to World Wide Photo Service while you're still away. We'll have them processed by EASTMAN KODAK or by ANSCO. They can be in your mailbox waiting for you when you come home.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE MAILING KIT.

WORLD WIDE PHOTO SERVICE, INC.
33-H Great Neck Road, Great Neck, New York

TOOTAL®
SHORTS



imported
from
England

Tailored with Tootal skill in fine, lightweight Egyptian cotton. White, blue; sizes 30-52. About $4. At fine stores or write T. B. Lee Company, Inc., 1441 Broadway, New York City. Dept. 3

THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE. All fabrics bearing the registered trademark "TOOTAL" are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect in the fabric, Tootal will replace garment or refund the price.

and there is something virginal and modest about them all, but the members of this particular breed are so slim and pretty as to be the very essence of *jeune fille*. They look at you timidly over the tops of trees, keeping just their heads in sight, like schoolgirls peeping out of a dormitory window. I never got close enough to one to make certain whether they have long, curling eyelashes, but I am told that they do, and it is no wonder that they should.

In the afternoons, I would watch the animals of this region come down to the Uaso Nyiro. This, perhaps, is Africa at its best: to sit very quietly on a riverbank through the last hot hours of the day and watch—as one might watch from a café chair on the Champs-Elysées—the local life go by. For quite a while, nothing happens, except that a crocodile (very pale green along the Uaso Nyiro) may slither off a sandbank and disappear into the river. You know you are being watched from all sides and from the branches up above by many eyes, and it's just a matter of sitting still until the beasts and the birds have become reassured that you are not dangerous. Sitting still is not always an easy thing to do when wayward biting ants are crawling around inside your shirt, but the discomfort pays off as, gradually, you become an accepted part of the river scene and begin to breathe with it—to vibrate, as it were, at its own slow tempo. Then anything can happen.

On one of these afternoons, I was much taken with an old, sick elephant. He was standing there entirely alone, ankle-deep in the muddy water, his trunk curling just an inch or two above the surface, and for a good fifteen minutes he never moved at all. He made no attempt to drink or to wash himself. The river flowed down past him, hornbills and bright kingfishers swooped by, dozens of baboons ran along on either bank, and tall palms and acacia trees swayed overhead. But none of it was of any interest to this elephant. It may have been that he was suffering from toothache or some gargantuan stomach disorder, or simply from the infirmities of old age; whatever the trouble, quite clearly life for him was hell. He stood there ruminating, merely enduring existence, until at last, stirred by some dull hope, he decided he might feel better if he got out of the water, whereupon he painfully pulled himself up through the reeds onto the high ground opposite me and disappeared slowly into the bushes, not even bothering to feed.

Because elephants, unlike lions, usually take care of their ailing and aged, it

LIFE GUARD
MORGAN DENNIS

Doubly Dependable!

The most dependable note in Scotch Whisky is that the quality and character of Black & White never change. That's why it's America's favorite!

Scotch Whisky
BLACK & WHITE
James Buchanan & Co.
Glasgow, Scotland
By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
BLACK & WHITE
Blended Scotch Whisky

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

"When I feel like a promenade... that lower-deck cocktail lounge is a just-right stroll" ...one of the most-voiced reasons for flying the

Monarch

the air's finest all de luxe service, every night, over night, non-stop, Stratocruiser New York to London

fly B·O·A·C

ALL OVER THE WORLD

Reservations: from your travel agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation, 342 Madison Avenue, New York...also offices in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver and Winnipeg.

seemed a little ruthless of the rest of the herd to have abandoned this sad old sack like this, especially since the herd, I knew, was in particularly good condition. There were about forty elephants in all, mostly females and calves, and when *they* came down to the river, it was quite a sporting event. They did not hurry into the water—and now that I come to think of it, I have never seen an African elephant hurry anywhere, except when hunted or molested. Under normal circumstances one of the least bothered of animals, it knows that, all in good time, it will reach the river, and so it pauses near the bank and proceeds in the most maddeningly deliberate way to stuff a few extra hundredweight of grass and leaves into its mouth. The young ones are excessively well behaved. It may have been several days since they had a drink of water or bathed, but they make no effort to chivy their parents on. Instead, they stand beside their mothers, stolidly feeding on smaller helpings of grass and leaves and staring at nothing in particular with a curious inward look that suggests they are savoring every mouthful, morsel by morsel, as it goes down.

At last, half an hour or so later, some elderly bull makes a move. As if impelled by a mere afterthought, he turns and gazes with his brown eyes at the water—ah, yes, the river! And then, with infinite care, he lowers himself down the bank. This is the signal for the others to follow—not hurriedly, of course, and certainly with no unseemly noise or excitement, but just gently and quietly, in groups of two or three. All at once, however, the dignified calm is broken, and then it is difficult for an observer to keep pace with the proceedings. The elderly bull is down on his back in midstream, his legs thrashing in the air, his head submerged, and just his trunk rising like a periscope above the surface. Two young couples have started some sort of game. Whether it is motivated by love or simply by high spirits is impossible to say, but it involves a good deal of splashing about, intertwining of trunks, and loud clanging of colliding tusks; if a senior elephant happens to wade by, the couples step politely aside to let him pass, and then strenuously resume the game. The dowagers of the herd, meanwhile, have found an excellent high muddy bank, and, with immense rumbles of satisfaction, they slowly rub their sides against it—back and forth, back and forth, perhaps fifty times in all. They conclude this massage by rolling in the grass and then slinging mud on themselves. Ele-

Steiff

Pedigreed, but not proud...

Friendly Margarete Steiff Plush Animals are a sheer delight. Pleased as Punch to romp with your child—or simply sit still and lend a fetching air to your home. Never a hint of condescension, even though they're pure Old World blue blood, artist-designed and handmade in Germany. Featured at F. A. O. Schwarz, Fifth Avenue, New York City and at all other better toy and department stores.

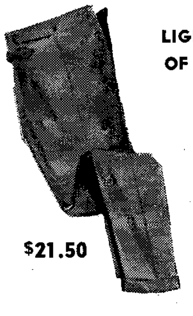
Steiff REALISTIC ANIMAL TOYS

Look for the button in the ear

but, darling, what's a trip without a Traveler?

The Traveler, delightful corsage companion for lass or lady on a liner. Six corsages custom-packaged for easy selection. From $24.00. This is sailing month. Ideal time to get acquainted with us! Other original bon voyage gifts guaranteed to add magic to any trip! Prices are right! Our flowers fabulous. Call or come in. Charge accounts invited.

MAX SCHLING INC.
765 FIFTH AVE. New York 22, N.Y.
Plaza 3-1500



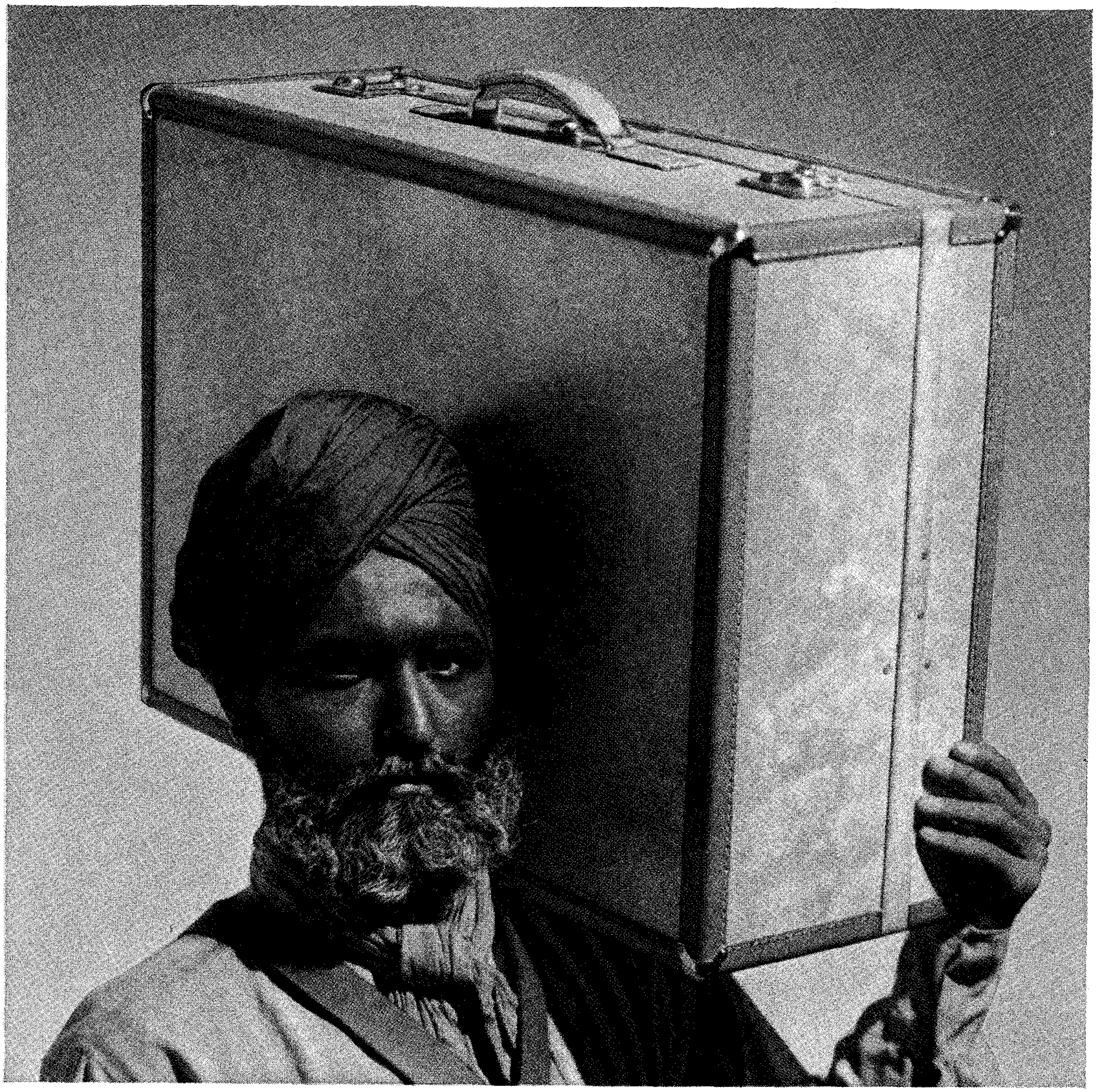
OUR MATCHLESS LIGHTWEIGHT TROUSERS OF DACRON AND WOOL

Tailored with all the style awareness that have appealed to three generations of discriminating gentlemen. Unpleated, with slender legs and backstrap, in a fine summerweight blend of Dacron and wool. Medium grey, dark grey and olive.

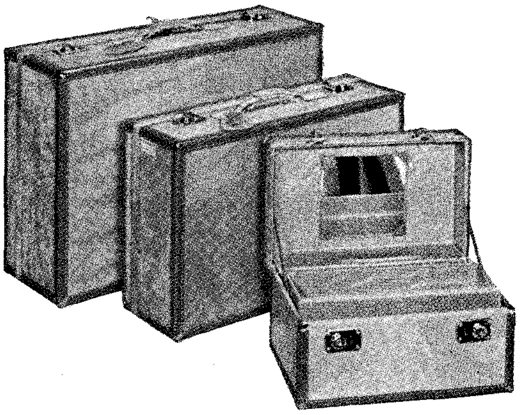
$21.50

Unfinished bottoms
Mail orders: state waist size and color. Add 50¢ mailing cost. No C.O.D.'s please.

Fenn-Feinstein
of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN



. . . . *this* . . . . is the time for HARTMANN !



THE DISTINCTIVE HARTMANN SKYMATES *in luxurious natural rawhide: 2-suiter (top) $150. . 22½″ Weekend $100. . 22½″ Mayfair $145. . Poudre Case $100. Other Hartmann pieces from $29.50 to $750. All prices plus tax.*

ON THAT TRIP OF A LIFETIME you deserve the best. *This* is the time for Hartmann . . . the world's finest luggage.

For even in strange, exotic lands, your Hartmann luggage marks you instantly as one accustomed to gracious living . . . one who sets the trends in luxurious travel and style. The Hartmann Skymate, for instance, is tremendously strong, surprisingly light . . . designed for greatest packing convenience . . . yet so fashion-fresh it looks unlike any other luggage in the world.

Each Hartmann piece is handcrafted in a wide choice of quality fabrics. At only the finest stores. Write for illustrated brochure.

HARTMANN LUGGAGE COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

Hartmann

handcrafted luggage since 1877

HAIG & HAIG
PINCH
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

"Half empty," says the pessimist...
"Half full," says the optimist...
"Time to order more Haig & Haig Pinch,"
says the thoughtful host.

Don't be Vague... say Haig & Haig ☆ BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF ☆ RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

phants dearly like a good coating of mud on their hides to keep the flies at bay, so now these dowagers gather up trunkfuls of the good black fruity mixture from the bottom of the river and squirt it backward over their flanks—first this side, then the other, and then a lateral underhand shot along the belly. One trunk can cover a lot of territory once its owner has developed a regular pendulum motion.

In the midst of all this, the baby elephants hardly know what to do. Have a scratch along the bank? Roll in the grass? Try the old man's stunt of lying underwater and breathing through the trunk? Or play this delightful game of hurling mud about? In the end, they run to and fro, trying first one thing and then another, and it is not until their mothers call to them that they stand still at last and quietly take a final long drink before leaving the river. Eventually, at some sign I never could detect, the herd with one accord wades over to the opposite bank, hauls itself onto dry land, and begins feeding again. One by one, the great gray rumps vanish into the scrub. After the herd has gone, there is no sound at all other than that of the muddy water rippling and folding over on itself in the shallows, until, very softly, the giraffes come questing through the trees to take their turn to drink.

I WATCHED a scene like this for nearly three hours one day, and still it was not enough. That is always the case once you get into the remote parts of Africa. You do not want to change or improve anything. You simply want to watch and see and then go on again—to climb the flat-topped mountain in the distance, to find another river and another herd of elephants. You can never really have enough.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

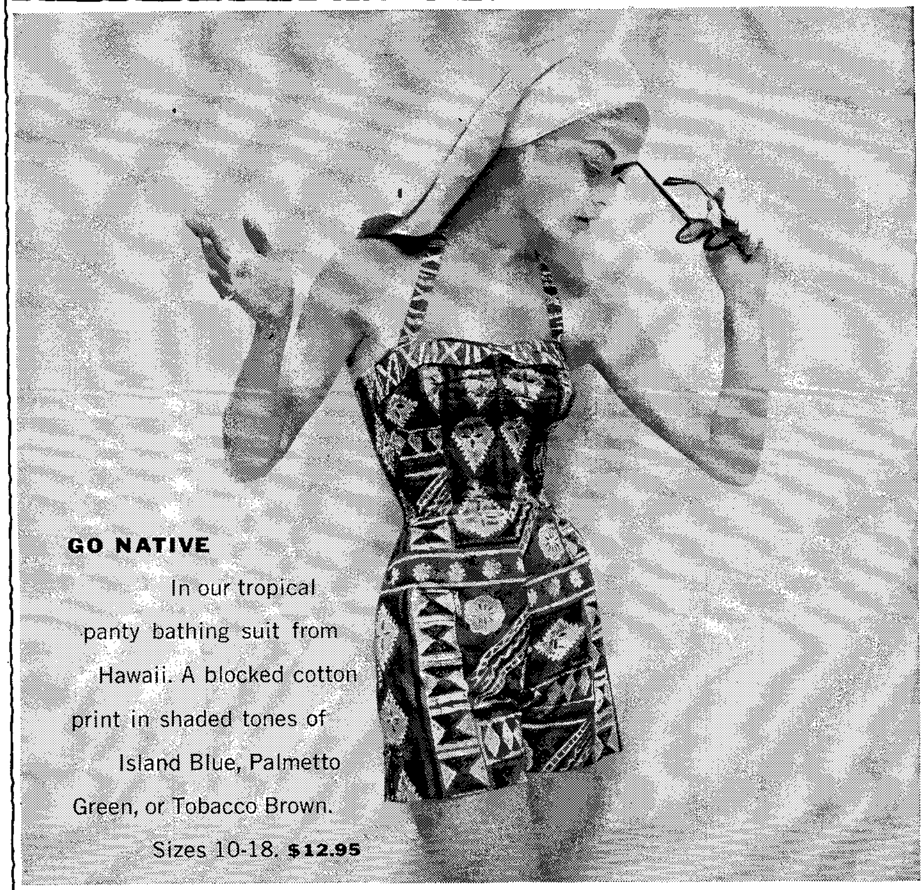
(*This is the last of three articles on the interior of present-day Africa.*)

•

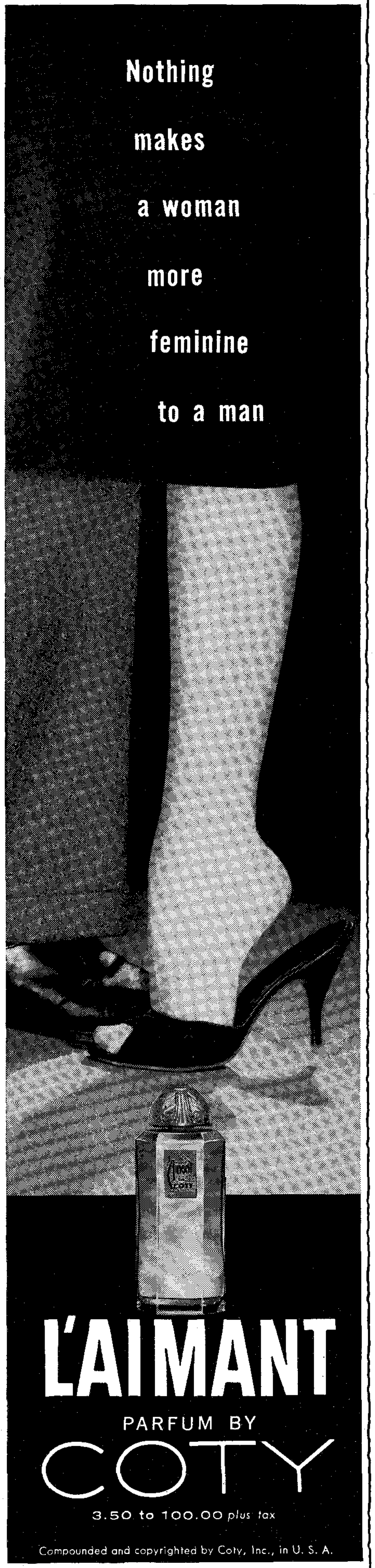
RELIGION
Teaching of Buddha praised in sermon here. Page 22
Adherence to creed stressed at St. Patrick's. Page 22
Delaware Bishop upholds equal rights for all. Page 22
Protestant leader here praises Graham crusade. Page 22
Bishop Donegan consecrates new chapel. Page 22
2 Princetonians dribble soccer ball back to college. Page 23
—*The Times News Summary & Index.*

In time for chapel?

The Sun—
FRIEND OR FOE?
Pour le Soleil—a new sun jelly for a quick suntan. Tube, 2.00
Super-Sol—a subtly scented greaseless cream, for a more gradual tanning. Tube, 2.00
Suntan Oil—to lubricate your skin while tanning. 1.25–3.50
Liqui-Tan—a greaseless film for quick tanning. 1.50–2.50
Germaine Monteil
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22



GO NATIVE
In our tropical panty bathing suit from Hawaii. A blocked cotton print in shaded tones of Island Blue, Palmetto Green, or Tobacco Brown.
Sizes 10-18. **$12.95**
THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD.
545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK



L'AIMANT

PARFUM BY

COTY

3.50 to 100.00 *plus tax*

Compounded and copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U. S. A.

THE RACE TRACK

Changes of Luck

GALLANT MAN, who lost both the Kentucky Derby and the Wood Memorial by inches last month, left no room for argument in the Peter Pan Handicap at Belmont Park on Saturday, and it must have been satisfying to his stable and his many supporters to see him win the way he did. He had power, speed, smoothness, everything, and at no stage did he appear to be in danger of defeat. I must say that his opponents were not the best three-year-olds you could name, but the fact remains that he gave ten pounds to Promised Land, eleven to Nah Hiss, and from twelve to sixteen to the others, and did it easily. Away well, he galloped along behind the leaders for about three-quarters of the mile and a furlong, then swept past them, and, in the stretch, brushed off the challenge of Promised Land. (It was Shoemaker's third victory of the afternoon, by the way. The others were with Hicks Error, who paid $8.30, and Attica, who paid $18. Although Gallant Man paid a mere $2.90, it was still an encouraging day for those who bet on jockeys.) At saddling time, Gallant Man looked bright and fit, but he's such a light-bodied, almost delicate colt that you'd hardly pick him for one of the best. His next time out will be in the Belmont Stakes a week from Saturday. Bold Ruler is sure to be the favorite, because he'll be ridden by Arcaro, because he won the Preakness, and because he's a sleek, showy fellow. It may be optimistic of me to presume that Gallant Man will beat him, but I fancy he will. I grant you that Gallant Man is on the small side and can't stand much training, but I don't think Bold Ruler will like going a mile and a half.

MUCH the best two-year-old I've seen so far this season is Nasco, who won in his third race, at Belmont on Memorial Day. He's a full brother and stablemate of Bold Ruler, and horseplayers will remember him particularly because he broke a harrowing string of eleven consecutive losing favorites. I missed his first two starts—he was second to one Net Ball at Jamaica early last month, and second there again, to something called Whirling Billie, the afternoon Bold Ruler won the Preakness—but I can tell you that he showed the earmarks of a real runner in his third race, and that a number of the eighteen youngsters who finished behind him were highly thought of. It is no secret that Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains him, believes that with luck he may be as good as Bold Ruler. He's already handsomer. To tell the truth, he doesn't resemble his brother a bit, being big and powerfully built, on the order of Nashua; also, his coat is a light bay and Bold Ruler's is a dark bay. If I were to fault him, it would be for his name, which, if you've wondered, is made up of the first three letters of Nasrullah, who is his sire, and the last two of Miss Disco, his dam. I know this combination follows the conventions of thoroughbred nomenclature in giving a clue to the horse's breeding, but if you follow the conventions too rigidly, you'll wind up, as many owners do, with a meaningless jumble of letters that doesn't do at all for a racer. A good horse deserves a good name.

IT didn't seem quite like old times at Belmont without the Toboggan Handicap on opening day (it's been moved up to June 17th), but the next afternoon, Memorial Day, we had the Carter Handicap, which for years was a holiday feature at Aqueduct, and it was a tingling affair, with Portersville, Dedicate, and Jutland heads apart, in that order, at the finish. The stunning surprise of the race was the sorry showing of Boston Doge, the darling of New England racegoers, who had been shipped here from Suffolk Downs for the occasion. Although he is a nimble sprinter on his home grounds, he left the starting gate slowly and was last most of the way. Neither Hartack, who rode him, nor the Andolino brothers, who own and train him, could account for his performance. It spoiled a pretty fancy record, for he had won thirteen of his fifteen starts over three seasons, and had finished second once and third once. To get back to the opening day, easily the most interesting event was the Brighton Beach Purse, a lively number at six furlongs. It was won by Lou Doherty's Traffic Judge, who beat Greentree's Riley by a length. Both horses are worth remembering for the Metropolitan Handicap this weekend.

Everyone was enthusiastic about the new escalators at Belmont, but there was a spate of complaints about the steepness of the stairs to the overpass from the trains, and about the long, long walk to the clubhouse enclosure. What price a moving sidewalk?

ONLY a month ago, a major topic of conversation at the track was Calumet Farm's remarkable run of luck. Then Gen. Duke developed foot trouble and was taken out of training, and Iron Liege went lame and followed him to the sidelines. Last weekend, Barbizon, the stable's forlorn hope for the Belmont Stakes, finished down the course in the Kent Stakes at Delaware Park, and, to cap it all, Bardstown, who had won four of his five starts this year and was rated the best of the older horses, was beaten by Third Brother, Hill Prince's sibling, in the Camden Handicap at Garden State Park. That's how it goes in racing.

From all accounts, Barbizon isn't as good as most horsemen thought he was; he led for a couple of furlongs, then began dropping back, and eventually wound up fifteen lengths or so behind the winner, the Cain Hoy Stable's Lucky Dip. Inswept, a disappointment in the Preakness, was second, and Assemblyman was third. As for Bardstown, maybe he has been away from the races too long (he hadn't been out since he won the Gulfstream Park Handicap last March), or else he just wasn't up to giving Third Brother twelve pounds. Whatever the reason, he couldn't catch him. To the astonishment of practically everyone, Third Brother, who usually is a slow beginner, led most of the way. Incidentally, if you believe that owners always know when their horses are going to win, I can report that Harry Guggenheim, who owns Lucky Dip, and C. T. Chenery, who owns Third Brother, were at Belmont last weekend while their animals were picking off the purses elsewhere. —AUDAX MINOR

•

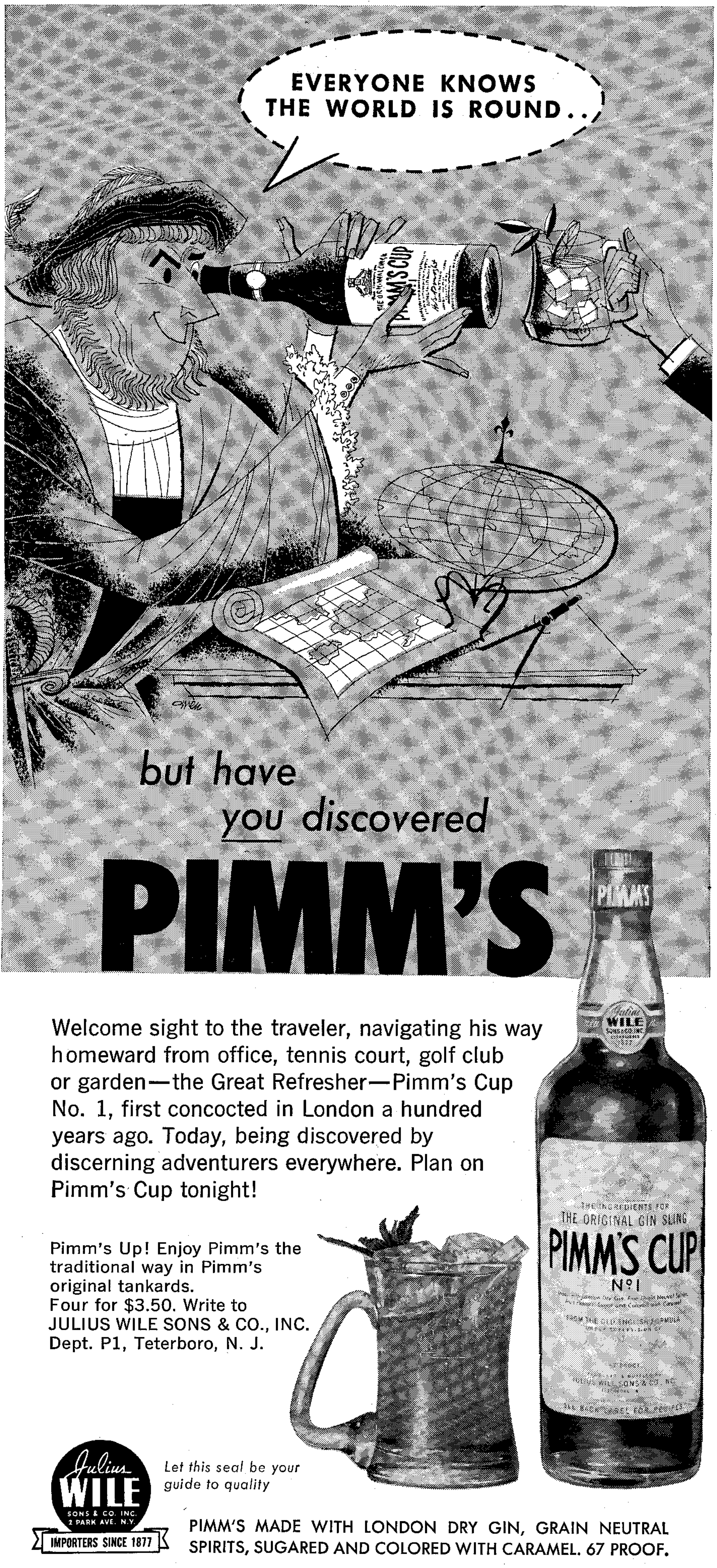
ANN ARBOR, MICH., May 18 (UP)—A 30-year-old wife who put rat poison in her husband's beer for four years to break him of the drinking habit was in jail today. Her husband, completely recovered, said he still loves her and wants her back. —*The News.*

Misses that old-timey flavor, probably.

•

Knight is against a special session and insists the Legislature get down to brass tacks and approve an amendment before the June 12 final adjournment. His office has been after Senators Hammer and Tongs to get them to go along on an amendment.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Tongs is the stubborn one.



Welcome sight to the traveler, navigating his way homeward from office, tennis court, golf club or garden—the Great Refresher—Pimm's Cup No. 1, first concocted in London a hundred years ago. Today, being discovered by discerning adventurers everywhere. Plan on Pimm's Cup tonight!

Pimm's Up! Enjoy Pimm's the traditional way in Pimm's original tankards. Four for $3.50. Write to JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC. Dept. P1, Teterboro, N. J.

Let this seal be your guide to quality

PIMM'S MADE WITH LONDON DRY GIN, GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, SUGARED AND COLORED WITH CARAMEL. 67 PROOF.

Helena Rubinstein's beauty hints for beautiful eyes

HELENA RUBINSTEIN says, "Many a woman is known as a beauty simply because she has beautiful, expressive eyes." Take a tip from this famous beauty authority on how to make the most of *your* eyes.

For velvety lashes use Helena Rubinstein's WATERPROOF MASCARA. If you are caught in a shower, or weep at the movies it will not run, streak or smudge. Four glamour shades, 1.25.

Shape your brows with Helena Rubinstein's EVERPOINT EYE PENCIL, a self-sharpening little gem. And to give your eyes incredible depth and drama, use it to outline your lids. Once you try it you'll never want to be without it. Golden pencil lasts for ages, 1.50. Refills .50.

EYE SHADOW STICK is sure to make your eyes *very* blue, *very* brown, *very* glamorous, whatever color you are blessed with. In 7 fashion colors, all in new easy-to-apply sticks in golden cases. 1.25.

While you're sleeping, let EYE CREAM SPECIAL work to keep your eyes young and beautiful looking. Helena Rubinstein formulates this fine light cream especially for the dry, delicate area around the eyes. Its vitamins and super emollients help to check squint lines and crow's feet. 1.25 to 3.25. *All prices plus tax*

Helena Rubinstein®
655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

More TV Villainy

"A FACE IN THE CROWD," like "The Great Man" before it, rips the coarse hide off a television performer who has a national reputation for wholesome goodheartedness but is actually a terrible heel. The monster being flayed in the present movie, which was written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, is a hillbilly guitar player named Lonesome Rhodes, who rises to the top of the television heap after a brief appearance on a small-town radio show in Arkansas. Offstage he is a drunken, lecherous cynic with his eye fixed on the main chance, but in public he is the soul of folksy affability, and in the person of Andy Griffith, who makes his first movie appearance in the role, he is a plausible character whether he is being mean or charming. Mr. Schulberg and Mr. Kazan keep their picture moving along briskly as they show Lonesome Rhodes clawing his way to electronic eminence, and, in passing, create some broad satire on the methods and morals of the Madison Avenue thought merchants. But they bog down into second-rate melodrama toward the end of their film, as they set about arranging for the destruction of their hero, who by this time not only is playing his guitar and giving out with cracker-barrel philosophy but is also taking a hand in politics by booming a reactionary senator for the Presidency.

Throughout the picture, there is such close concentration on Lonesome Rhodes and his pervasive immorality that Messrs. Schulberg and Kazan never get around to establishing the fact that he and his kind could not become fat and sassy if a lot of lame-brained citizens weren't out to prove Mencken's dictum that nobody ever got poor underestimating the intelligence of the American people. Even if the film ducks around the larger aspects of its theme, though, it is, for the most part, an entertaining piece of work, and Mr. Griffith proves himself to be a man of vast abilities. In his support we have Patricia Neal, who loves him even though he is constantly betraying her with assorted cuties; Paul McGrath, as a big wheel in advertising; Anthony Franciosa, as a crafty agent; Rod Brasfield, as the hero's dim-witted toady; Marshall Neilan, as the senator the hero is out to install in the White House; and Walter Matthau, as an earnest television writer. All these are capable people, but they are completely overshadowed by Mr. Griffith. As usual, Mr. Kazan's photography is sharply realistic, and the various tunes lined out by Mr. Griffith (they were composed by Mr. Schulberg and the folk singer Tom Glazer) sound pretty authentic.

IF it's rootin', tootin', and shootin' you're after, take a look at "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," in which Burt Lancaster, as Wyatt Earp, leads a posse that, in due course, wipes out a passel of outlaws in Tombstone, Arizona. Mr. Lancaster is accompanied on the familiar Western rounds by Kirk Douglas, Rhonda Fleming, John Ireland, and Jo Van Fleet, and at the beginning of the film Frankie Laine sings a cow-country ballad, the lines of which are threaded through the subsequent action. The ballad was presumably designed to make you think that this film is like "High Noon," which also had a ballad. It isn't.

"MONKEY ON MY BACK" is the story of Barney Ross, a prizefighter who became a Marine hero, contracted malaria on Guadalcanal, and became a drug addict as a consequence of the treatment administered to cure him of the disease. After a long struggle, he gave up drugs. There isn't anything very remarkable about this picture, and the best to be said for it is that it certainly emphasizes the fact that there's no fun in drug addiction. Cameron Mitchell plays Barney Ross.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

NEW YORK, May 15—Lord Mayor Robert Briscoe of Dublin, Ireland, after 61 days in the United States, left for home tonight.

The Mayor told me today that he averaged about 12 hours sleep a night since he came to this country. "But I enjoyed every minute of it, although I don't think I'll have the stamina to ever do it again." —*Alfred J. Monahan in the Boston Daily Globe.*

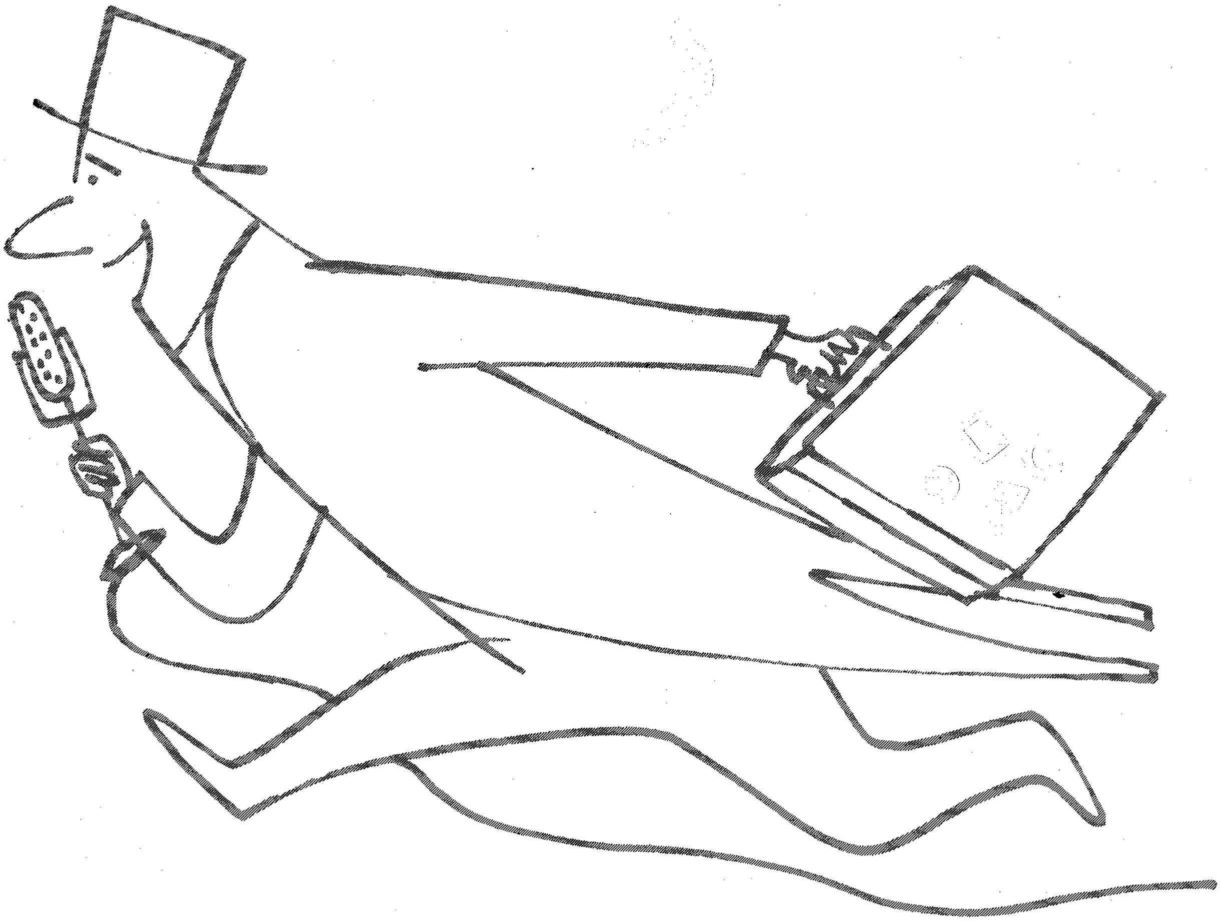
Takes a lot out of a man.

•

The name of Harry Kiep was misspelled as "Harry Kief" in our April 1 issue. Apologies to him and to Class Correspondent Roy Taylor for the typograhpical error.—Ed.—*Cornell Alumni News.*

They're the worst kind.

Another thinly disguised WJR success story



Has tux and does travel!

That's a good description of WJR's Buck Matthews. In one night Buck "visited" a construction worker in the Arctic Circle, a soldier stationed in Georgia, four nurses in New York, a group of students in Montreal, and spent the wee small hours of the morning with truck drivers from all over.

These folks were most appreciative and sent Buck some very fine thank-you letters, which he added to the multitude of letters he's received from folks right here in the Metropolitan Detroit area.

You see, Buck Matthews is the M.C. of WJR's all-night music show and travels all over the United States and Canada via WJR's strong radio signal.

The many letters Buck receives support the findings of a survey made by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. In the WJR primary signal area, where 196 other radio stations can be heard, ALMOST HALF of the listeners prefer WJR.

The survey has many other interesting facts—so, have your ad manager call us or the nearest Henry I. Christal office and find out just how much WJR can do for you and your product.

The Great Voice of the Great Lakes

WJR

50,000 Watts *Detroit*
CBS Radio Network

If you travel by car,
travel carefully.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

A COUPLE of years ago at this season, after exhaustively discussing outdoor furniture in these columns, I resolved that I would have no further word to say on that already greatly overworked topic. There were, I concluded, as many chairs and tables and chaise longues on local terraces and nearby lawns as could well be accommodated, but even if the customers' appetite for such things remained insatiable, certain symptoms in my own solar plexus warned that one more piece of black-iron-and-canvas might well be the death of me. My excuse for bringing up the subject again, as you may have suspected I am about to do, is not that I think the need for such things has grown more pressing than it was a year or so ago but that this season's crop of outdoor chairs and tables is uncommonly handsome and overlooking it would be a mistake. Moreover, this spring's designs provide comfortable reassurance that I was not alone in being sick to death of overdressed lawns, for there has been a new departure in the direction of furniture with simple, sleek lines and no blowzy decoration whatever.

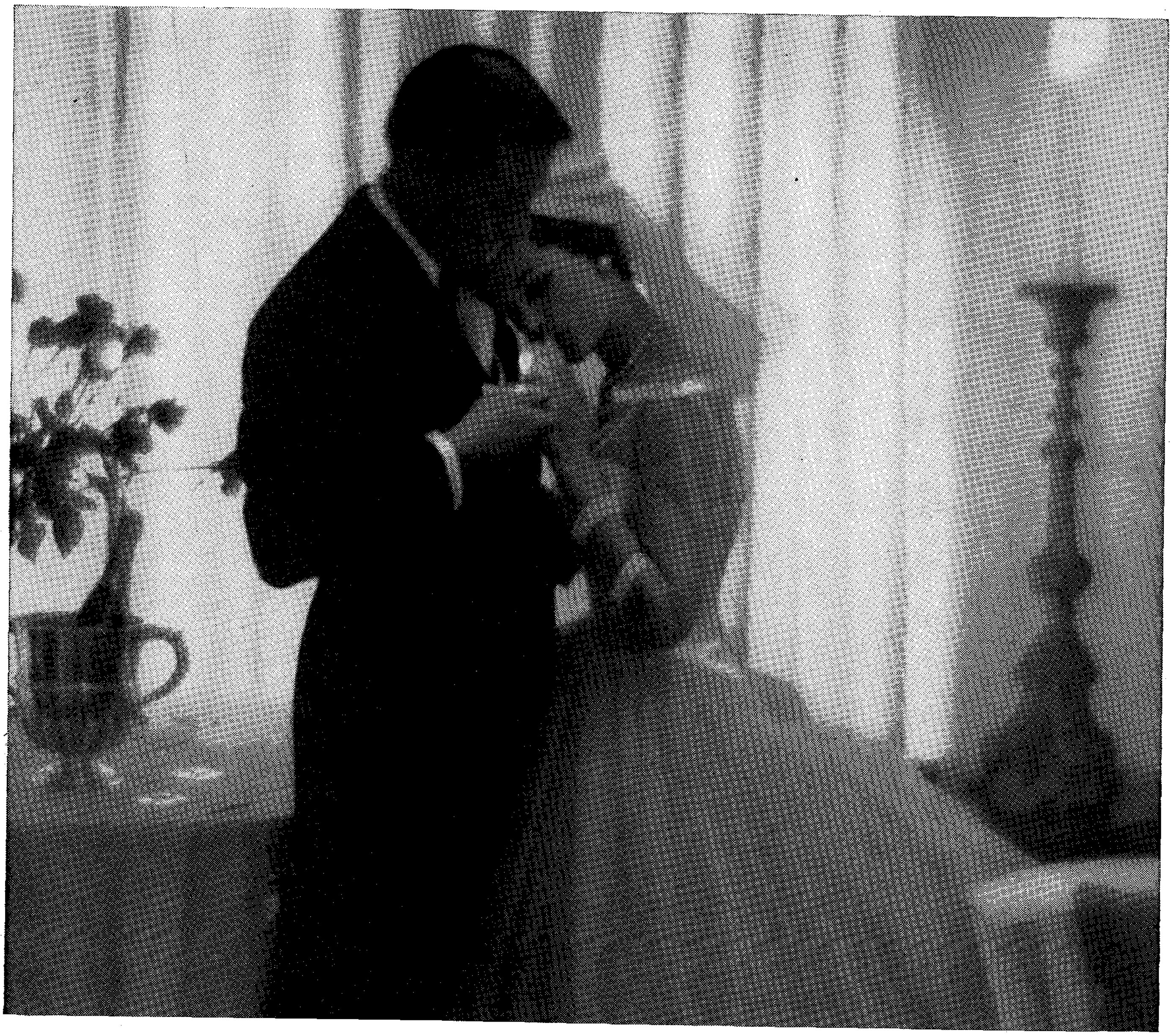
One of the happiest indications of this change in taste is a chair imported from Denmark by George Tanier, 521 Madison Avenue (53rd), which couldn't well be simpler or sleeker—or, by the same token, more unpretentiously decorative. The frame, a lean, angular affair, is rustproof, being made of nickel-plated or copper-plated steel tubing, and the back and seat, which slip into place easily, are of an excellent weatherproof Danish poplin that has much more style than the old rough-and-ready sailcloth usually dedicated to the garden. The poplin comes in black and in several color combinations, such as dark blue on one side and light blue on the other; dark green and light green; brown and beige; and orange and yellow. The chairs are built in two models, one with arms and one without, and there is a matching footstool that, by means of a couple of stout rubber rings, can be attached to either chair to make a comfortable chaise longue, which has the advantage—rare in such pieces—of not looking like an awful lot of chair. And, in addition to their other good points, the chairs can be stacked one on top of the other, and so can the footstools. The armless version costs $30, the armchair costs $39, and the footstool extension costs $19.50, either at Tanier (through decorators) or at Bloomingdale.

Although we entered the Tanier showrooms to inspect outdoor furniture, now that we are here I suggest that if your terrace problem isn't too pressing, you cast a glance at a rocking chair ($90) designed by Hans J. Wegner, which combines a very *gemütlich* charm with, surprisingly enough, the clean lines and soft-finished wood that one has come to associate with modern furniture. The high spindle back gives exactly the right support to the shoulders and neck; the woven-twine seat, which looks like rush, is generously wide; and there is an air of ample ease, and even of leisure, about the whole thing that must be very gratifying to householders who have thought that in giving themselves over to modern design they had renounced rocking forever.

TO get back to the lawn, René Brancusi, 1001 First Avenue (55th), has recently imported from Hong Kong a casual-looking something called an Asian floor rest, which will prove endlessly useful to people who are limber enough to enjoy squatting at almost ground level, and which avoids the deadly decorated look that seems bent on turning the great outdoors into a cozy bit of Central Park South. The contraption consists of nothing more than a stout rattan seat and back, and it can be folded flat, for carrying or for storing in a closet. While it is probably intended for garden or beach, it is quite fetching enough to be used with summer furniture indoors, and would be particularly good in a not too starchy room that has a stylish pseudo-Chinese flavor. It costs $9.95.

WE come now to the Bon Marché, a loft full of inexpensive furniture at 26 East 14th Street, and it would be too bad if you let misgivings about its

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.
Christopher Marlowe



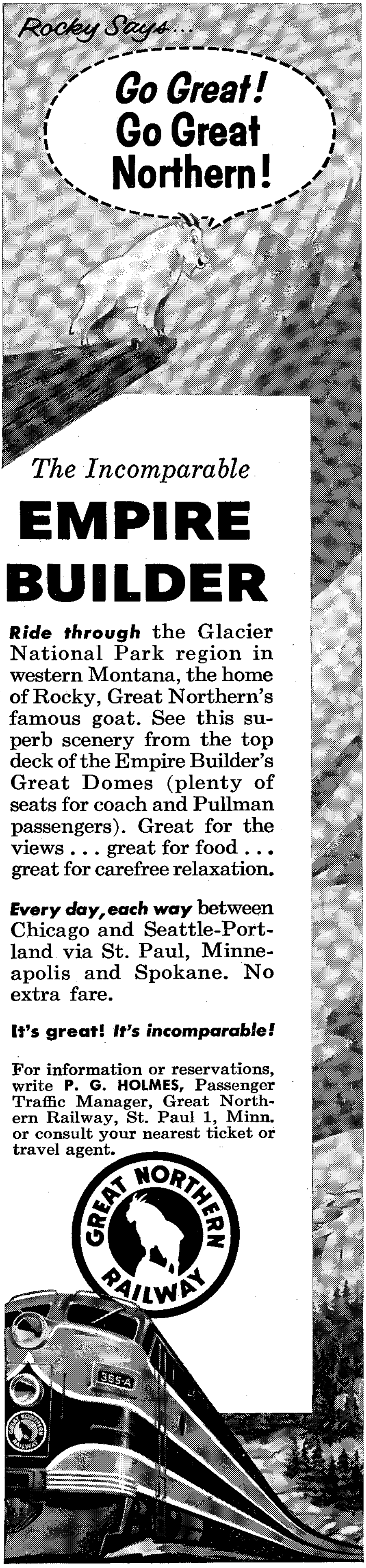
Expect to find in Benson & Hedges certain pleasures no other cigarette offers. Luxurious flavor, classic in taste. Costlier tobaccos, meticulously blended. Cigarette-case box, custom-tailored. Filter mouthpiece, recessed so that only the flavor touches your lips.

BENSON & HEDGES · Regular and King Size

FILTER MOUTHPIECE
Benson & Hedges
CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges

dubious location or skepticism about its low prices put you off. Actually, its presence in this more or less dishevelled neighborhood is one reason it can be so considerate of the customer's pocketbook, and, furthermore, here is one place where nobody genuflects three times in the direction of Fifty-seventh Street whenever our old friend the decorator puts in an appearance; indeed, he gets no more perquisites at Bon Marché than you and I do. As for the furniture, which is modern and extremely informal, it may lack elegance but it has an easygoing comeliness that seems to appeal to young householders as much on aesthetic grounds as on economic ones. This season, the firm has done particularly well by the garden, introducing a round table of its own design that admirably withstands the rigors of outdoor life. It has black steel underpinnings—a three-pronged base supporting a tubular pedestal with a setscrew arrangement that permits the height to be adjusted from that of a coffee table to that of a regulation dining table. What makes it especially satisfactory for terraces and lawns, though, is its top, which is three-quarters of an inch thick and is made of a composition called tempered masonite that has been given a baked-on white plastic finish. This provides a good-looking surface that won't buckle, as so many other composition-and-plastic tops will, and that gallantly resists burns and alcohol stains. It isn't, of course, as handsome as marble, but neither is it as costly, and it is also much lighter—a convenience when the thing has to be moved about. If you insist on marble, Bon Marché has tops of it, to go on stands that look like the others but are not adjustable in height. The composition top comes in three diameters—thirty, thirty-six, and forty-two inches—which, complete with base and pedestal, cost $22.99, $27.99, and $32.99, respectively. Marble-topped tables of the same diameters, some low enough for coffee and some high enough for dining, are $32.99, $47.99, and $59.99.

Another outdoor piece at Bon Marché is a relaxing basket-shaped easy chair (it's called La Corbeille) consisting of a lightweight black metal frame with a detachable one-piece canvas seat and back buttoned on it. The canvas is available in a number of colors, and while most of them are too garish for my taste, there is a neutral sand shade—the color of a trench coat—that would look very pleasing on a lawn. The chair's special virtues are its comfort, its lightness, the readiness with



Rocky Says...
Go Great! Go Great Northern!
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
355-A

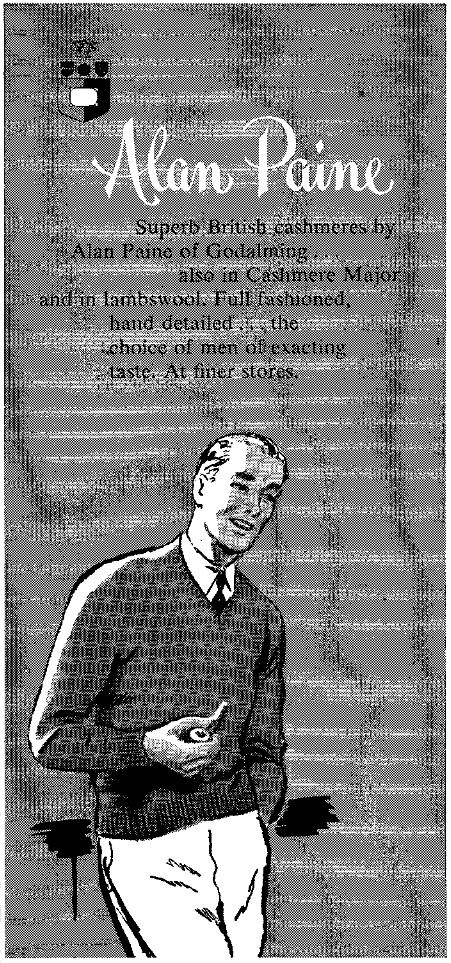
The Incomparable
EMPIRE BUILDER

Ride through the Glacier National Park region in western Montana, the home of Rocky, Great Northern's famous goat. See this superb scenery from the top deck of the Empire Builder's Great Domes (plenty of seats for coach and Pullman passengers). Great for the views . . . great for food . . . great for carefree relaxation.

Every day, each way between Chicago and Seattle-Portland via St. Paul, Minneapolis and Spokane. No extra fare.

It's great! It's incomparable!

For information or reservations, write **P. G. HOLMES,** Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minn. or consult your nearest ticket or travel agent.


Alan Paine

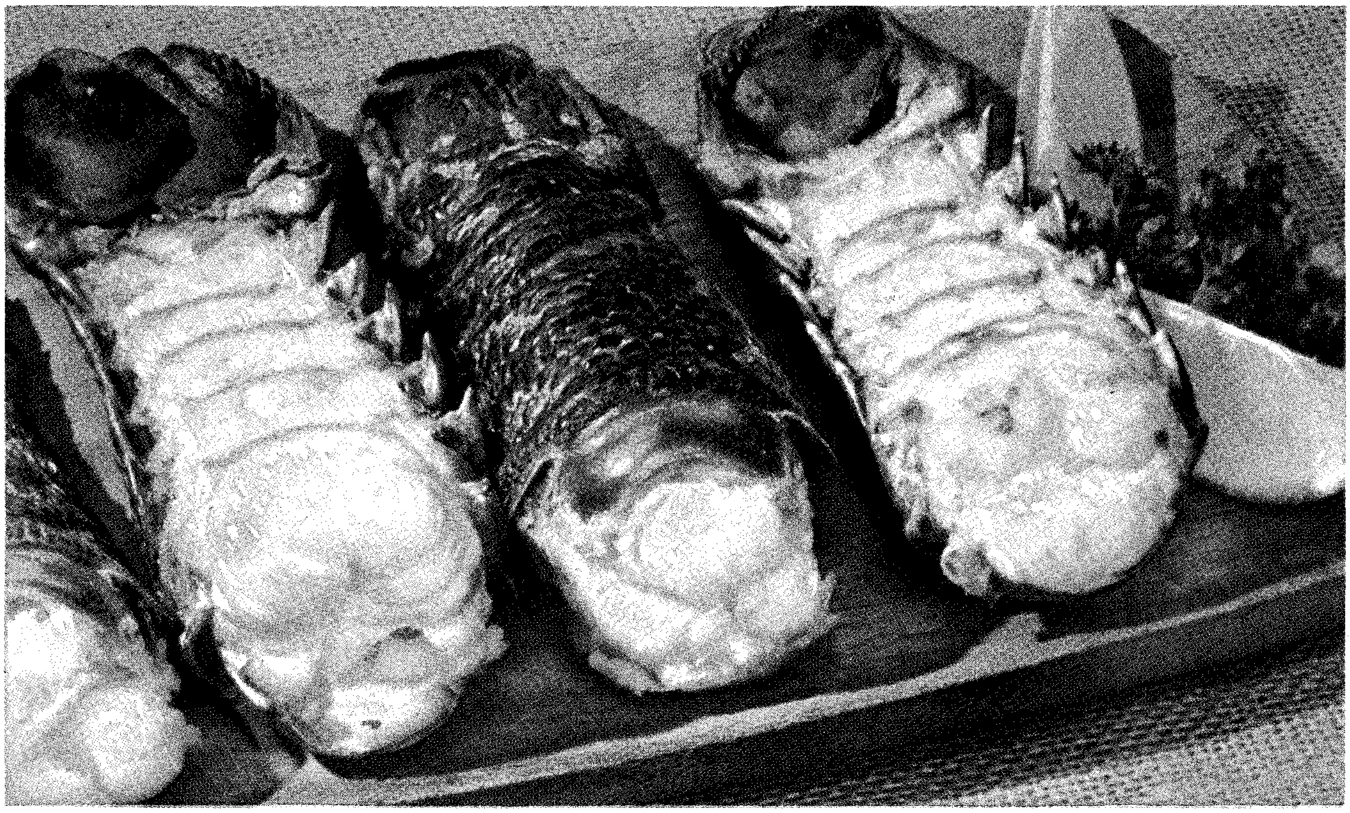
Superb British cashmeres by Alan Paine of Godalming . . . also in Cashmere Major and in lambswool. Full fashioned, hand detailed . . . the choice of men of exacting taste. At finer stores.

FRANK L. SAVAGE INC., 17 EAST 37 ST., NEW YORK

Italian food really tastes better with
RUFFINO
Italy's Prize
CHIANTI
Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

The third generation of a famous family of portrait photographers

FABIAN
Bachrach
DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEN
54 EAST 52ND STREET
PLaza 5-6233



Why it's wise to select

ROCK LOBSTER TAILS

with utmost care . . .

PEOPLE KNOW that most types of frozen rock lobster tails are wonderful eating.

THERE ARE SEVERAL KINDS, from various parts of the world. The geographic source, the ocean waters from which they come, and the methods of processing cause a wide difference in flavor, texture and degree of tenderness.

GOURMETS who have eaten rock lobster tails from each of several parts of the world are pretty well agreed that the choicest of them all come from the pure, deep-down, ice-cold ocean waters off the Cape of Good Hope, *South Africa*—waters chilled by Antarctic currents—which brings firm tenderness and delicate, sweet flavor to the snow-white meat.

OUT OF THE SEA, they are whisked into modern fast-freeze cabinets, to seal in all the pure, fresh goodness.

FORTUNATELY, SOUTH AFRICAN rock lobster tails are the easiest to identify at your food store's frozen food case. In the labeled, cellophane-sealed cartons you can get *South Africa's young,* spring-chicken-tender rock lobster tails, two and three to the package. Also single tails, cellophane-wrapped.

WE SUGGEST that, to be sure of seafood at its finest, you insist on seeing the South African label before you buy rock lobster tails. See how easy they are to broil or boil, how delicately flavored and fork-cutting tender a young South African Rock Lobster Tail can be, how economical because it is all solid meat.

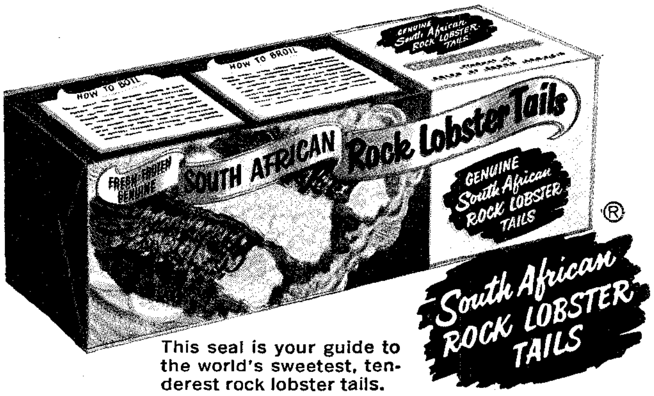
FREE RECIPE BOOKLETS *are available, to give you a new, delicious conception of seafood feasts with* South African *Rock Lobster. Write South African Rock Lobster Assn., 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

QUICK-FROZEN

South African

Rock Lobster Tails

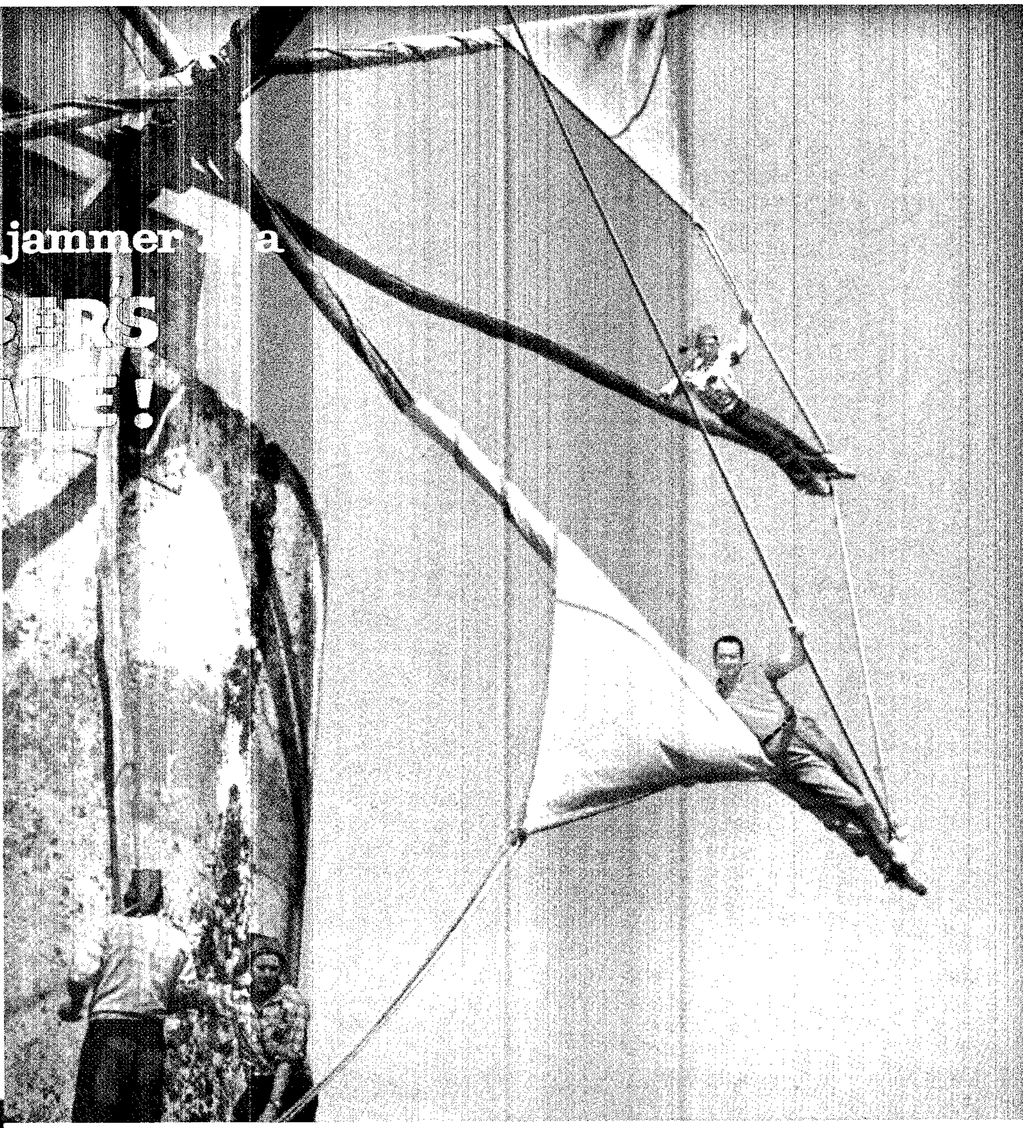
WHEREVER FROZEN FOODS ARE SOLD



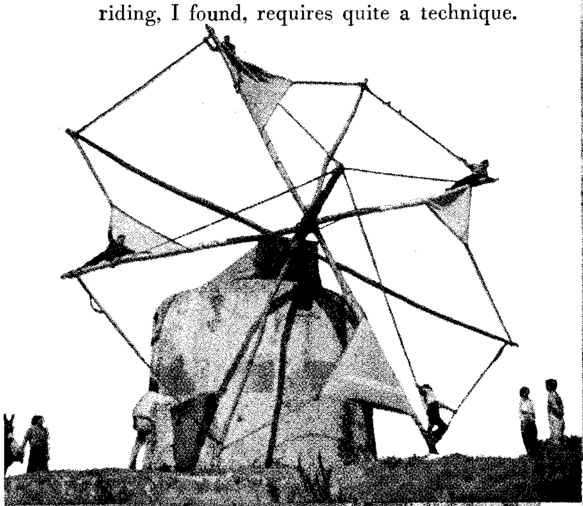
This seal is your guide to the world's sweetest, tenderest rock lobster tails.

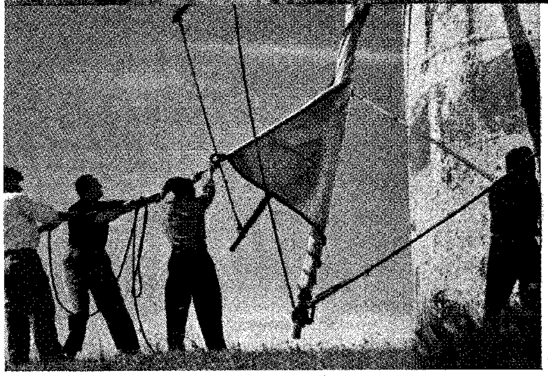
Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

This Portuguese Windjammer is a
LANDLUBBER'S NIGHTMARE!



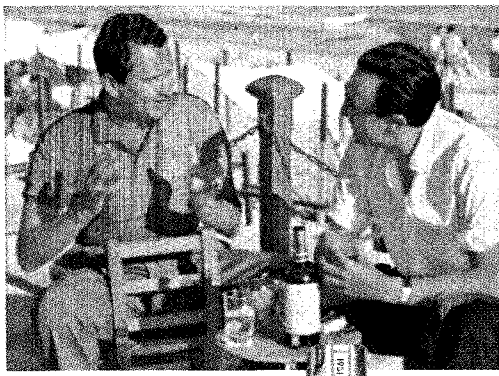
1. **"No carnival ferris wheel** ever scared a kid the way an old windmill scared me in Portugal," writes Stanley Bauser, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Portuguese sailors ride windmills for the pure sport of it. A crew of them introduced me to the sport at a farm along the Costa da Sol. Windmill-riding, I found, requires quite a technique.





2. **"Furling the sails** of the windmill's vanes was the first step. Then we climbed aboard, one by one, each man lying along a spar. We got the 50-foot wheel going by shifting our balance and adjusting the big sails.

3. **"I had to jump** when my pine spar snapped as I was going up and over. If I hadn't caught the next spar I'd have been a goner. Making the rounds on that windmill gave me a taste of the perils braved by mariners aboard old sailing ships.



4. **"I got a taste I liked** better back at the Tamariz Club in Estoril. My host was on deck there to greet me with a drink of Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity?......Only *Canadian Club* has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch, the mellowness of rye, the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long.... in short ones before dinner, tall ones after.........."The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

6 years old · 90.4 proof. Imported from Canada.

IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED

Imported in bottle from Canada by Hiram Walker Importers Inc., Detroit, Michigan. Blended Canadian Whisky.

which its canvas can be slipped on and off, and its price, which is $19.99.

Still another Bon Marché item is a small folding chair like those presided over by the *loueuse de chaises* in every Paris park, with the difference that a much more decorative natural rattan has been substituted for the slatted back and seat of the French model. Desirable as these pretty seats are, however, I hesitate to speak of them just now, because there were only two or three on hand when I visited the store, and since they are made in Hong Kong and transportation from the Orient is what it is, no one can say precisely when the next shipment will arrive—perhaps early this month. I do know that a big lot has been ordered, and at the price, which is $10 per chair, it is well worth waiting for. These perches make no concession to sybaritic lounging, of course, but they are practical and attractive, and look as if they would fare well out in the elements.

I SUGGEST that we move up in the world now, and look in on Lee L. Woodard & Sons' elegant showrooms, at 305 East 63rd Street, where a number of more impressive but also much more conventional pieces of outdoor furniture are to be seen. Among them is a low cocktail table with a hexagonal slate top, forty-eight inches across, and perfectly plain but exceptionally graceful iron legs; this one has a look of distinction, rather than opulence, but it nevertheless costs $158. If you are tired of the everlasting chaise longue and yet like to stretch out at your ease, I think you might be interested in Woodard's sun bench. The frame of this article is about as fancy as that of an old Army cot, but the top makes up for it, being woven of yacht cord, and thus endowed with a special style and trimness. The cot costs $98, and an armchair with its seat and back of the same stylish cord costs $48. The Woodard furniture can be bought at Bloomingdale, W. & J. Sloane, and Altman, or through decorators.

SOME hand-woven straw rugs recently imported from Spain by Lord & Taylor have a perfectly enchanting airy grace. Indeed, they may well be just the thing for your floors this summer, for though they are woven in lacy patterns of fragile-looking delicacy, they are said to be very long-wearing. The ones I saw were all in the natural greenish brown of the grasses that made them, and while this is admirable enough, I understand that

(*Advertisement*)

Libby's
TOMATO JUICE
"to Togetherness"*

© McCall Corp.

*inspired by McCall's of course

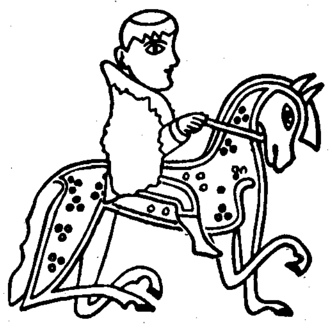
COOL
when the heat's on...

KOMFIT®

When the temperature rises, Komfit remains cool, comfortable and resistant to perspiration. Light, flexible, thin as a dime . . . Komfit adjusts to any wrist. From $7.95 to $18.95, incl. Fed. tax. In all 14 Kt. gold, $150. At better jewelers everywhere.

Forstner
Jewelry's Name for Quality

at the
Curragh
of Kildare



From the Book of Kells
(Seventh Century)

BACK IN THE DAWN of history, King Conari of Ireland kept a royal stable of thoroughbred horses. Ancient records from the first century A.D. tell of his entries in the races held at the Curragh of Kildare. The royal sport is still dear to the hearts of Irishmen, and still the pounding of thoroughbred hooves thunders over this famous racecourse.

Like Ireland's horses and their riders, Irish Whiskey ranks among the greatest in the world. So it should, for *whiskey was born in Ireland.* It is still made from the finest grains, the purest water, and aged with loving care.

Enjoy this whiskey with a thoroughbred tradition—mild, smooth, flavoursome 'Irish': Take it straight, with tonic, highballed, mixed, on-the-rocks, or in Irish coffee. You'll agree it's a very fine whiskey indeed.

Small wonder so many men who know ALL whiskeys drink 'IRISH.'

IRISH
WHISKEY

IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, IRELAND
Dunphy's Original Irish, Gilbey's Crock o' Gold, John Jameson, John Locke, John Power, Old Bushmills, Paddy, Tullamore Dew

Lord & Taylor is expecting a new lot (they're probably there already), done in the same sort of weave but in bright colors. As I say, I haven't seen them, but I imagine they must be very similar to some splendid rugs that were shown in the Spanish exhibit at the recent World Trade Fair at the Coliseum. These were in positively brilliant colors—ultramarine, vivid pink, a strong green—and were just about the most entrancing summer floor coverings you've ever laid eyes on. Either natural-colored or dyed, the rugs cost $2 a square foot, and they come in a wide variety of sizes. There's a big round natural one, eight feet in diameter ($128), and numerous rectangular ones—three by five, six by nine, nine by twelve, and so on.

WITH everybody moving out into the garden or onto the terrace, this is doubtless no time to start talking about lampshades for the living room, but I have had it on my mind for some time to mention the magnificent shades made by Classic Arts, Inc., and I shall go right ahead and mention them, hoping you will make a note of the address, which is 1295 Third Avenue (74th), for reference when you get back indoors. Every frame that Classic turns out is made to the customer's specifications, and the workmanship is superlatively fine—the sort of exquisite needlework that a few French and Irish convents still bestow on incredibly luxurious layettes but that I had never thought to see on anything as utilitarian as a lampshade. Nearly all the examples I looked at were of superb white material of one sort or another—Chinese brocade, crêpe de Chine, silk taffeta, or heavy linen—since white, I was told, is far and away the most popular choice for such things. If you share my rather tepid feeling for white shades, you can choose a warmer and softer color from the shop's samples (Classic does its own dyeing and tinting, on the premises), or you can bring in your own material to be made up after any of the patterns on hand. Prices begin at $30 unless you furnish the material, in which case they begin at $25. The shop won't bother with parchment shades. —S. H.

•

"Talent is what they bow to. Talent makes you a saint. Talent is something you cannot buy—either it's there, or it ain't." That's one of Red Buttons' favorite limericks.—*The Journal-American.*

And either a limerick's there or it ain't.

Mayfair

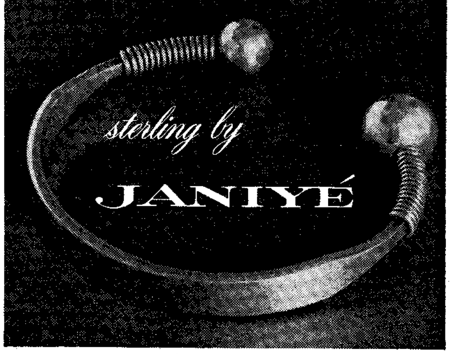
Deep hand-cut spikes on a traditional shape in the finest of lead crystal have resulted in a Bryce creation of equally good taste in a modern or period setting. Goblet and tumbler are shown. Ask to see Mayfair at your favorite store or write to Bryce for the name of the dealer nearest you.

Nine pieces available—from $3.00 *each*

Bryce Brothers Company
MT. PLEASANT, PENNSYLVANIA
Fine Hand-Blown, Hand-Cut, Lead Crystal
Since 1841

CUSTOM LOOK ELEGANCE
IN STERLING SILVER

BONGO BRACELET



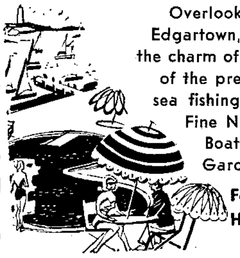
$8 including tax, postage

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

JANIYÉ, 1501 HARRISON, SAN FRANCISCO 3
JANIYÉ, 551 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

On the Storybook Island of Martha's Vineyard

Harborside Inn
EDGARTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



Overlooking the historic harbor of Edgartown, this famous Inn combines the charm of the past, the convenience of the present. Sailboat fleet, deep sea fishing, swimming, golf, tennis. Fine N.E. fare in Terrace Room. Boathouse Bar. Unique Seaside Gardens. New Swimming Pool.

For color brochure, write:
HARBORSIDE INN, BOX 20
EDGARTOWN, MASS.

ANYWHERE IS WHERE YOU HANG YOUR HAT

Ralph C. Jones
25 Main St.
Anywhere 2, U.S.A.

to Mr. Henry Smith
901 State Street
Anywhere 3, U.S.A.

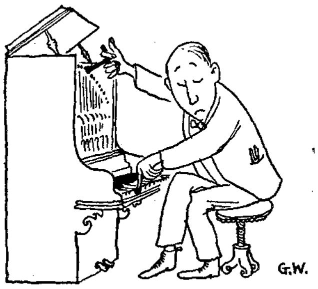
—Envelope shown in a subway poster, to illustrate the judicious use of postal-zone numbers.

May 18, 19—

Dear Mr. Smith:

"Howdy." Guess you think this is peculiar, my writing you this letter when we live in adjacent postal zones, with only the Everyman General Merchandise Store and the All Souls' Non-Denominational Church and the width of State Street separating us. But what with no mail coming in to Anywhere from the outside (except in December for Santa Claus), John Postmaster, our postmaster, is grateful for whatever jobs we can give him.

Well, the point is (1) to welcome you to Anywhere, the only town in the U.S.A. located on both the Continental Divide and the Mason-Dixon Line, and (2) to get acquainted, which is only natural, since between the Joneses and the Smiths most of the local population is accounted for, and we better make the best of it, or there won't be no peace for anyone.



We think of ourselves in these parts as pretty average American. There's one industry on the east side, Acme Mfg., owned by A. Employer, and some foreign element work there, but by and large the fertile prarie all around keeps us white Protestants going. Since we aren't located in any state, we're pretty dependent on federal aid, and as a result the school is poor and the streets full of potholes and like the District of Columbia we can't vote in national elections, but when you average it out each family has an income of $5,520 and 1.3 children, so we can't kick. My own guess is you'll like it fine here. The Life photographers come around pretty often so it isn't as dull as it could be.

Well I've just about filled two sides of my medium-wt. stationary, so I'd better say what I have to say, which is, "Come over sometime and let's get acquainted." All of the houses on Main St. are numbered 25, or 1, or 77, or something memorable, so my address won't help you much, but mine is the big rambling house with the shady old elm out in front and the white picket fence.

Best & again "welcome"
Ralph C. Jones

(Of the ensuing correspondence only the letters received by Smith, a shy, methodical man forever making small bundles of his private papers, have been preserved. We may presume that Smith's replies were, like his person, perturbed and colorless.)

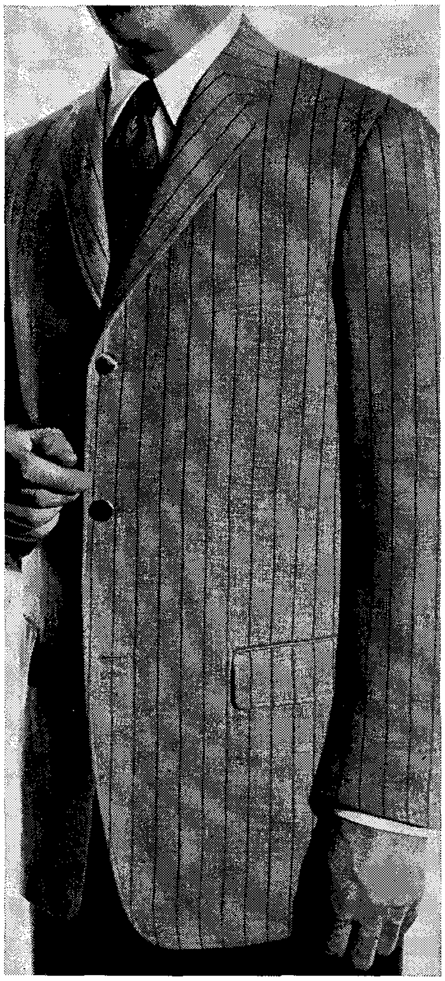
May 30, 19—

Dear Henry,

Rcd. yr. letter and enjoyed same v. much. That was quite a misadventure you had. I should have specified, I guess, that mine was the big rambling house with the old elm and picket fence *and* the porch swing out front. The people you blundered in on, to hear it from the neighbors, were the Does. Nice folks, pretty typical of what you'll meet around here, when you're better accepted. John does "clerical work" for Acme, and his wife Mary used to sell linen goods for the Ajax Dept. Store when she married him. She was far along in her 20s when that luckily happened. He's a conscientious citizen, always filling out income tax forms and money orders and loan applications to show others how it's done. They go to about a movie a week and have dinner out once a month. You probably noticed another woman, bony and slow-moving like John, with the throaty Doe laugh. That was his sister Miss Jane J. Being a spinster doesn't seem to bother **her ~~much~~ very much. She teaches third grade and has Social Security No. 000-00-0000. They let her stay in two tiny rooms over in the west wing.**

Depending on how long you made your welcome last, you probably noticed when the two Does get to laughing throatily together Mary looks a little anxious, her eyes shuttling from one to another and her teeth nibbling her lower lip. We always thought that maybe if Mary did something *different* with her mouth, but I guess the truth is her face is one of those clean wide-browed ones that all along the line—childhood, adolesence, young womanhood, and now (and for quite a

VIYELLA®
presents the
19-Ounce Jacket



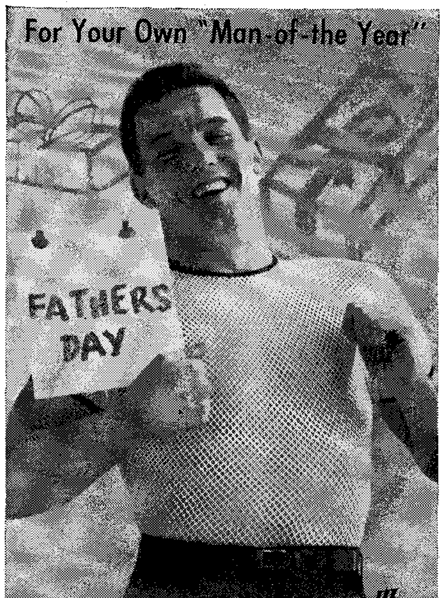
Tailored exclusively by F. A. MacCluer, Inc., — complete jacket weighs only 19 ounces!

Only the English weave Viyella. It is so sumptuously *soft* and *light* you can wear this coat and still feel you're in shirt sleeves.

Viyella is a genius mixture of lamb's wool and long-staple cotton. Not a stitch of synthetic goes into it. It presses perfectly and wears for years. MacCluer tailors this astonishing stuff *by hand*. You see the result. A free and easy fit with the minimum of padding.

Go to the *better* stores and ask to see Viyella's princely range of checks, glen plaids, stripes and solid colors—from $55. For store names, write William Hollins & Co., Inc., 347 Madison Ave., New York 17. Telephone MU 4-7330.

For Your Own "Man-of-the Year"



VALHALLA BRYNJE (Brin-Ya)
SHIRT

Perfect Father's Day gift . . . The ideal sport shirt for work, for play, for everything under the sun! The original American Air Net weave shirt to keep him cool and comfortable, let him get a tan right through it. Tops for protection, comfort, smart good looks. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large, Extra Large. Colors: Red, Blue, Yellow, Navy, or White with Colored Trim. $5.00 each.

buy your VALHALLA BRYNJE at these fine stores

Wallachs
13 Fine Stores for Men
in Greater New York

Mr. Guy
Town & Country Village
3rd & Fairfax
Los Angeles, California
Also—La Jolla, California

Trooping the Colour
Hubbard Woods, Illinois

Walkers
Columbus, Ohio
Dayton, Ohio
Canton, Ohio

NORWEGIAN AMERICAN KNITTING MILLS, BENNINGTON, VT.
Sales Rep. F.A. MacCluer Inc., New York & Chicago

few years) maturity—just miss being pretty. Most of us have known Mary ever since her first Sunday school dress. Her maiden name was Smith, like yours. Maybe she's a relation. In which case you'll probably be as concerned as the rest of us with her happiness. Not to imply it doesn't suit her to a "T", to have John's sister Jane living with them.

Well at any rate you'd know best since you've been in the house most recently. John is all right without being the friendliest. Let's you and I meet sometime and talk it out. Since you don't know your way around yet, I suggest someplace in downtown Anywhere.

See you then,
RALPH JONES

JUNE 4, 19—

"HANK"—

Sorry you saw fit to skip our appointment. I waited it must have been three hours, but I guess in vain, which doesn't matter to me, who loves nothing more than to sit idle for a stretch in the middle of a day. No hard feelings, no doubt you're keeping pretty busy with the Does.

Would it suit you better in front of the First Peoples Bank some noon? So you won't have any excuse this time, in front of the First Peoples Bank with the big cardboard check for $6.98 made payable to Anyone U. Wish and signed O. U. R. Depositor.

There's an interesting story behind that. Without knowing, you might think it was *Mr.* Depositor, but then Olive always *was* mannish, so you aren't too far off. Her place on the south edge of town was a farm when she was a little girl and when her father died so young, she was left with the land. Selling it off, piece by piece, offended her memory of her Dad (not that he had ever had a kind word for her when he was living—always wanted a boy) and it seemed the only way she could make it up to him was to become more like him, using his expressions of speech, getting his old furniture down from the attic and sitting in it, wearing plain clothes, and eventually just using her initials. Erasing her sex, as it were. But don't go saying I said she's a fool. Every acre she sold, she got hard money for—some think she loves a dollar more than is healthy. That $6.98 to her wasn't what a nickel would be to you or me. To me, at any rate. Maybe you're another of those whose sending our mean national income spiralling up, causing inflation. (joke).

Anyway you can bet the $6.98 meant

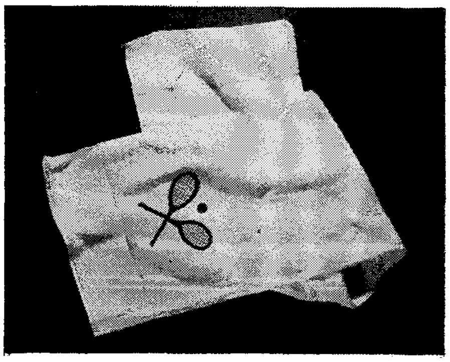
A CORNER ON STYLE

RAFFIA
FROM SUNNY ITALY
BY Flip-It

If you're a globe-trotter, you spotted these colorful Raffia hats in Capri... We traced their origin to the famous "Straw Market" in Florence, and imported the material. Enjoy its breezy lightness this summer... About $3.95

Woodward & Lothrop........Washington, D. C.
George Muse........Atlanta, Ga.
Jas. T. Mullin & Sons........Wilmington, Del.
and other fine stores

FLIP-IT, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York



tennis scarf

Luxurious white Martex toweling, 46 x 11½ inches. Racquets embroidered in blue and gold. Alternate version with 3½ inch blue block initials instead of racquets Either* ***3.95***
**allow two weeks*

Twining and Buck
Send for free catalog
Salisbury, Conn.

Please add 30c for shipping

the most important new group in modern jazz

the jimmy giuffre three
Atlantic **1254**
12" LONG PLAY

Atlantic RECORDING CORP.
157 W. 57 ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

a lot to Anyone Wish. He just can't hold a steady job, though he has an uncanny way with the mechanical aspect of things. Ever since a kid he's been willful. "Short, short-sighted, and short-tempered" is what they say of him. He does these odd jobs when he isn't sick, or sleeping—we often wonder if there's a difference, though to be fair, as a youngster, he was puny. The $6.98 must represent something he fixed around the old Depositor house. God knows it's been falling down for years. It's almost disrespectful to her deceased father, the way Olive has let the upkeep of that place go hang.

That's *one* reason why she *might* have written him that check. There's some local speculation about that. It doesn't seem natural, for a woman to coop herself up thirty years and never take a fancy to a man, even a sorry little scrap of rag like Mrs. Wish's youngest boy.

In strict confidence,
"RALPH"

P.S. See you soon. I'll be wearing an everyday suit and have regular features.

JUNE 7, 19—

SMITH:

Let's be on the level with each other. Your snippy postcard about waiting by the bank rings about as true as a zinc penny. Saying that everybody you saw looked alike is almost an insult, which better not get around town, which it won't, thanks to my good offices. I don't suppose you'd say that *Jane J. Doe* looks like everybody else. Or is it Mary you're chasing? Reports differ. You live your own life, but it isn't smart (not to mention the ethics of it, I'll leave that to Parson Brown, not that he's a saint) to cross me now, when there's a storm brewing and you'll need every friend you can rummage up.

The Does aren't too popular around here. John is more than a bit "uppity" and there is an opinion that he gets far too much publicity for the size of his hatband, with the rest of us being called in for just an occasional insurance ad or "SatevPost" cover. What's so average about the name Doe anyway? And we aren't too happy about the way he's treated little Mary Smith either. But you pick your own friends, and if I'm not among them O.K., but let's not play the hypocrite Henry. You better see me promptly—your true ally in spite of all—because the rumor is they're going to change the postal zones again and in that case you'll never be able to find me, by mail or otherwise.

Olive Depositor looked at me funny the other day along Shady Lane, down by the Golden Mean Drug Store. I don't suppose you've been breathing a word to her. Oh no Henry.

You're playing a cagey game, all right, and if you can pull it off, more power to you. Otherwise, I reccommend you pack your few things and leave Anywhere and go back to someplace, where you came from. We have twenty Henry Smiths here already, and one more or less won't make ~~much~~ no difference.

With your best interests at heart,
R. C. J.

—JOHN UPDIKE

• •

CHILD

He lives where everything is heavy and tall.
Either the world won't budge or it threatens to fall
Upon his head His father's house can reel
With fright, the doors and stairways make a fool
And dwarf of him His glass of milk is full
Before it's filled, the tops of desk and table
Submerge his inches to his chin. A fable
Is all that makes him a policeman, or able
To drive a speedboat and to lasso cattle.

When, in public, he turns his somersault,
Some chair or sofa lurks with bump and insult.
He must be lifted to taste the cool white fountains.
His arms must concede his father can carry mountains.
His miniature nerves cannot lift and use
The worn shapes of hates and loves without a bruise.
Wherever he tumbles or splashes, wherever he runs,
His heritage stares down on him in tons.
Sometimes his joy is great—he laughs and leaps—
And sometimes he sorrows until he falls asleep.

—ERNEST SANDEEN

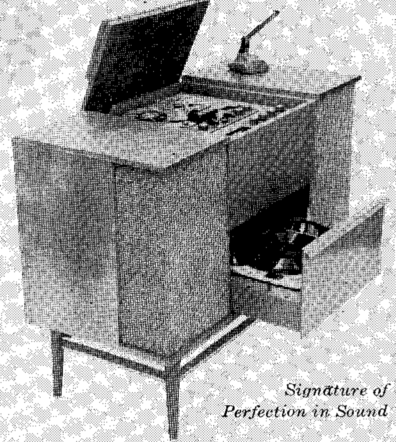
NEW
ERA
FOR
EARS

Now that Ampex Stereophonic Sound is here, ears have assumed a new importance. Their primary utility, besides being decorative, has always been their convenience. You could put something in one and let it out the other.

But with Ampex Stereophonic Sound it's different. Here something goes in *both* ears, and does wondrous things to the grey matter in between.

Ampex Stereophonic Sound, created by the men who pioneered magnetic tape recording and the amazing Videotape, opens up a 3-dimensional sonic panorama which gives you recorded music in all the depth and brilliance of the original performance. *Words are inadequate; you've got to hear it!*

Hear it, then, at your dealer's...or send in the coupon below.



Signature of Perfection in Sound

Shown here is the fabulous modern console in hand-rubbed mahogany or blonde, complete with recorder/reproducer, twin speaker-amplifiers, FM-AM tuner and 3-speed changer, $1470. Others from $434.

AMPEX AUDIO INC.

AMPEX AUDIO, INC.
1020 Kifer Road, Sunnyvale, Calif.

Please arrange, without obligation and at my convenience, a private performance of Ampex Stereophonic Sound.

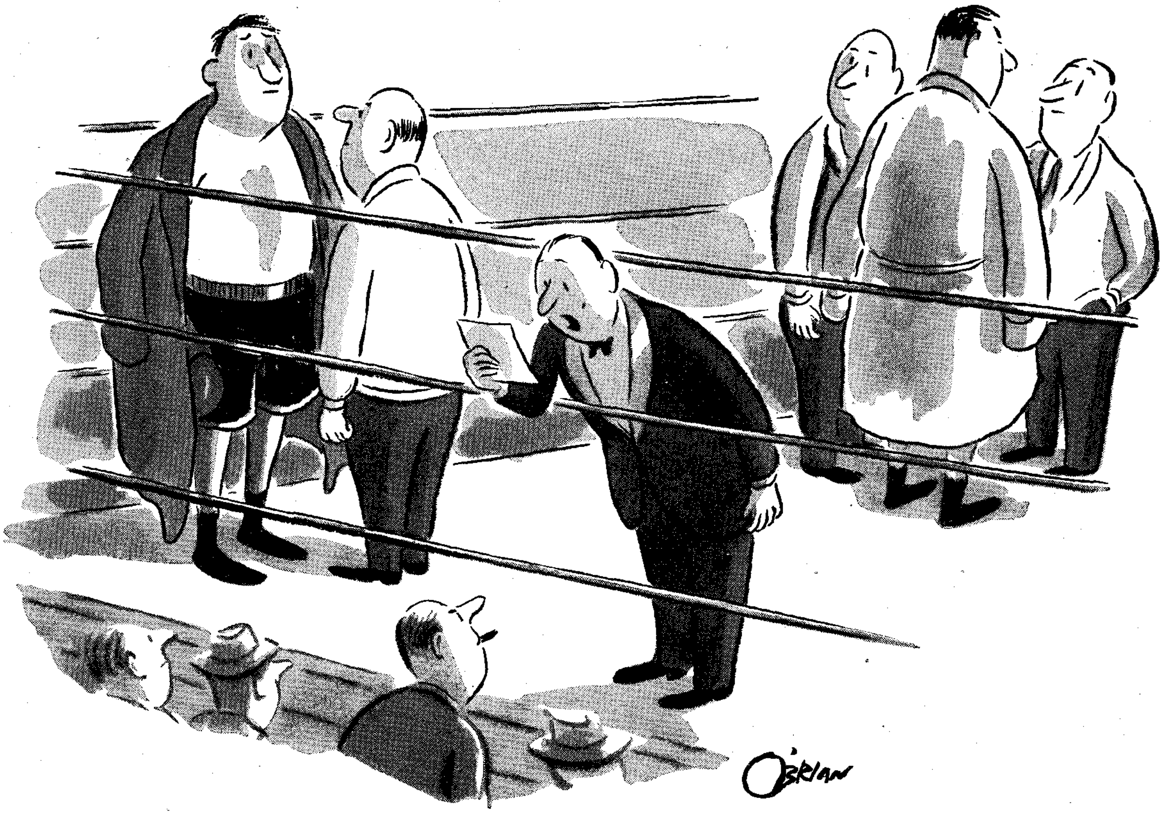
NAME
STREET
CITY

LETTER FROM SEVILLE

MAY 20

THE famous annual Feria, or big fair, of Seville opened this year in far from festive weather, which could not, as the local papers proudly insisted, destroy the animation of the occasion. Every hotel room and spare bed in town was booked for Feria week, and since the steam heat goes off in the buildings in April, on the assumption that a southern spring should have moved in officially by then, visitors who had come equipped to bask found themselves reaching for every available sweater instead. For a couple of days before the merrymaking began, dramatic storms broke over the city and the surrounding countryside, flailing the palm trees and slowing motorists to a crawl in sheets of tropical rain. Spain sometimes almost persuades the foreigner that he has wandered into a real-life extension of the Prado, in which he can amuse himself by picking out authentic Goya old men or Murillo urchins from the crowds on the streets. In the same startling way, the purple clouds hanging over Seville as it prepared for the Feria seemed to form themselves into the identical writhing patterns—as solid-looking as folds of drapery, and shafted with columns of unearthly light—among which El Greco sited his tortuous, elongated figures ascending heavenward on steps of cherubim. The bad weather was popularly attributed to the effects of hydrogen explosions, but occasionally someone would break down and admit to a shivering newcomer that wet and cold Ferias had been known before the days of nuclear fission. Later on, the sun obliged somewhat fitfully, but until it did, the fairground's unpaved sidewalks were frequently converted into a species of brown slush, over which bevies of pretty girls—bare-armed to the shuddering point in their flimsy flamenco dresses—sped squealing to shelter, holding their flounces high.

Old Seville residents like to shake their heads and say that the Feria is not what it used to be, and it is possible that this remark has been made many times since the first horse-and-cattle fair was held here. (I could find no two people who agreed on the date of the first one, from which evolved the enormous festival of today, but I gather that it was going strong in the Middle Ages.) To the newcomer, however, it is still one of the most breathtaking spectacles left on earth, and quite a lot of its fascination consists of its being, without self-consciousness, a unique example of a huge mass party, to which people of all classes come for the simple purpose of giving themselves a wonderful time. Crowds pour into Seville from towns and villages all over the south, and the Spanish noble families—the women in their little black Balenciaga suits and their fabulous pearls, the men in their Savile Row tweeds and the perfect British accents they have acquired at one or another of the big English Catholic public schools—put up at the large and hideous Alfonso XIII Hotel. Though the riders in the great mounted parade that takes place around noon every day of the Feria are mostly turned out in the height of Andalusian equestrian elegance, every now and then you see a workman, in his beret and blue overalls, perched on the rump of his mule and nonchalantly ambling along side by side with the most beautiful Arab bloodstock, or, perfectly at home in the stream of spanking horse and mule carriages, a crazy old buggy crowded with country people who have come in to take part in the fun. In the course of the dancing, drinking, and visiting of friends that goes on all night—or for as much of it as the individual stamina can manage—a marquesa may stand up to dance a *sevillanas* with the waiter who, a moment before, served her a drink. The word "*alegría*," which means a peculiarly Spanish gaiety and appetite for life, is often heard here, and it is what many foreigners say they miss most in countries where the economy is sounder and the going considerably heavier. Though it's hard to feel that the average Spaniard has much to feel gay about right now, the *alegría* he manages to inject into life is disarming, and the Feria is a mass demonstration of that saving national grace at its most exuberant. "Probably no one at a Feria is completely sober from the moment it begins to the moment it ends," I heard someone say during this one, but although you notice a few drunks happily weaving around as the evening excitements warm up and the crowds thicken, the chief impression is one of spirits that mostly have not come out of a bottle but have been



"You mean you don't give either of them any points?"

generated by the people themselves—a spontaneous outburst that almost seems to be visible, like a rosy, gaseous cloud, on which the whole Feria, strung with its cobwebs of electric lights overhead, rocks as gently as a great boat.

THE fairground is laid out on the Prado de San Sebastían, a parklike open space on the edge of the city, and it has four main avenues, each spanned by decorated arches and lined on both sides with numbered *casetas*—small wooden pavilions, taken for the Feria by families, or groups of families, who hold open house there for their friends and relations, or larger pavilions, rented by clubs or workingmen's associations. The *casetas* look like rows of doll's houses with the front walls opened up—a resemblance heightened by the lace curtains looped at the entrances and by the way each little wooden box is cozily furnished with pictures and knickknacks, such as painted fans and copper jugs hanging on the walls, possibly a piano, and rows of chairs, on which the family and their friends can be seen sitting as stiffly as dolls themselves. The crowd mills back and forth along the sidewalks, quizzing the good-looking girls in the *casetas* and watching the noon procession of horses and carriages, which is the first of the day's events. At two or three o'clock, the crush begins to thin out as people go off for lunch or a snack at one of the open-air eating places. At five, everyone who has the price of a ticket and has been lucky enough to get one goes to the bullfight. Around eight-thirty is the fashionable hour to attend one of the countless cocktail parties given during Feria week. (Lashings of sherry are drunk during the Feria, but the fashionable snob drink here and throughout Spain is Scotch whiskey—also strictly for those who can afford its exceedingly steep price. A recent cartoon in one of the papers showed a man in a bar ordering drinks for himself, two Spanish friends, and an obvious Englishman and saying, "Three Scotches, and a Tío Pepe for the foreign gentleman.") At midnight or thereabouts, those who by then have got up from dinner go back to the Feria, to stroll around the *casetas*, drop in for a drink here and there, and watch the dancing until exhaustion sets in. It is quite a program, in its way, and the Mayor of Seville—a genial, pink-faced man, who, when he was pointed out to me at the fairground, appeared to be enjoying the whole thing enormously—sometimes directs that an extra day or two

BON VOYAGE
SEASON'S GREETINGS
GREETINGS
IT'S A BOY!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
CONGRATULATIONS

Celebrate with...

BELL'S®

To mark big moments
and to make moments big,
bring out your best,
your BELL'S.

The
Celebration
Scotch

BELL'S 12
BELL'S
ROYAL VAT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
TWELVE YEARS OLD
A. Bell & Sons Ltd.
The Celebration Scotch
BELL'S
Scotch Whisky
Bell & Sons Ltd.
PERTH SCOTLAND
SPECIAL RESERVE

86 PROOF. Blended Scotch Whisky. Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Perth, Scotland. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

"a Swingin' Affair!"

Here's "The Voice's" newest album swingin' the oldies—like *Stars Fell on Alabama* and *Night and Day*. But now they're new again with fabulous arrangements by Nelson Riddle. And brilliant hi-fi sound by Capitol. And only Sinatra can swing 'em like this.

'Calypso is like so!'

Robert Mitchum sings calypso. Surprised? Don't be. He's been doing it longer, and better, than most.

'Alone'—Judy Garland

Her special heart-catching blend of tender, torchy ballads in hi-fi—great assist by Gordon Jenkins.

New Albums FROM Capitol REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. RECORDS

be tacked on at the end if everyone is having such a good time that it seems too bad to break it up.

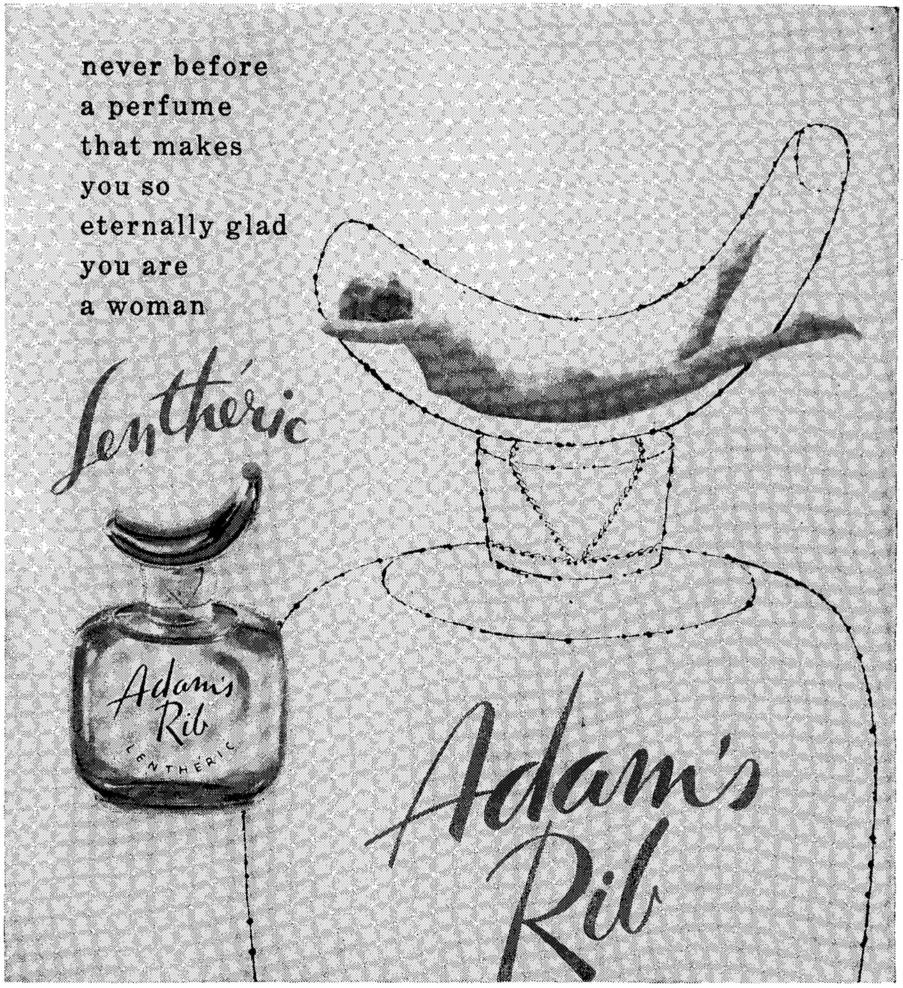
The fairground of the Feria is one of the few remaining places left on this increasingly noisy planet, I suppose, where the horse manages to oust the combustion engine, and it is a refreshing shock to the ears and eyes. This is particularly so because the traffic in Seville is something of a trial to the nerves. The authorities have successfully banned the hooting of motor horns in Madrid, but a man who lives here told me solemnly that if they banned hooting in Seville, the population would probably be decimated overnight. "People are dreamier here," he said. "If you don't make a frightful noise to show you're coming, they walk right into you." Cars keep up a continuous admonitory blaring as they tear through the network of tiny streets, pedestrians leap for safety into the nearest doorways, and the din is augmented by the clattering vintage trams. But in the fairground, where motor traffic is banned altogether, the dominant sounds by day are the trotting hoofs of hundreds of horses and mules and the jingling of little bells on the harnesses of the carriage teams. The night sound of the Feria is the crackle of innumerable castanets, and this continues in an absent-minded sort of way all day, too, as parties of young people wander along, clicking the things as they go.

I was invited to watch the parade of horses one morning from the *caseta* of my host's club. We were a little late in arriving, and several of the members were already there, seated comfortably, drinking sherry, and eating huge rosy prawns from the leaf-lined baskets of hawkers in the crowds. The parade was already in full swing. The *caseta* was in an excellent position, overlooking a corner of one of the main avenues, where a white-helmeted policeman was sorting out streams of riders, four or five horses abreast, and lines of open carriages drawn by four, five, or six horses or mules, all got up with jingling bells and brightly colored tassels. The sun was shining at last, and it was a splendid sight. On the box seat of every carriage a coachman and footman sat rigidly, dressed in dark livery and the smart hard Cordovan hat. The young men and women on horseback wore the Andalusian getup—black or gray Cordovan hat, short, tight jacket, dark trousers, leather apron, white shirt, and soft boots—and they looked wonderful, sitting their beautiful part-Arab horses in the traditional way, with one hand resting nonchalantly on the hip. Perched up behind practically every man was a pretty girl, seated sidewise and balancing with remarkable nonchalance, too, seeing that her only hold on the situation was an arm laid lightly around the man's waist. Invitations to ride behind someone in the Feria are given months before, frequently causing heartburnings, blighted hopes, and black jealousy, and since they are naturally bestowed on young women who will do credit to their escorts, the standard of looks is dazzling. The girls are helped a good deal, no doubt, by their stunning flounced flamenco dresses, which are probably the most becoming covering ever invented for the female form. They are cut with huge shoulder ruffles, yards and yards of skirt, and decorous bodices, and they contrive to be entirely seductive. The classic material is polka-dotted cotton, but I saw plenty of plain colors, too—citron yellows, ice-cream pinks, parrot greens, and the scarlet that the women in southern villages often seem to love (especially when teamed with a particularly screaming magenta) as much as the chic women in Madrid love their black. The girls riding in the carriages had spread their flounces over the edge of the hood and the doors, and the effect was that of some fantastic bouquet. Fathers or elder brothers among the riders often carried baby girls on their saddles in front of them, to let them get in some Feria practice early. The babies wore tiny copies of full-length flamenco dresses, and they were made up like the older girls, with delicately rouged cheeks and darkened eyebrows, spit curls on the cheeks, and dangling earrings. By two o'clock, the avenues were a seething mass of horses and riders. The policeman's white helmet had almost disappeared in a sea of glossy, tossing heads, crowned

THE LAW
SWEEP YOUR SIDEWALK
CURB YOUR DOG
DANGER

with Cordovan hats or topknots of roses or carnations, all flowing along as far as the eye could see but in perfectly orderly fashion; I never saw a horse out of control all through the Feria, though they were jammed together as tightly as crowds pouring into a subway. People reined in at the *casetas*—ours included—to have a glass of sherry, a cigarette, and snacks of smoked ham handed up to them by their friends. At about three o'clock, we sat down to eat a *paella* and some veal at the back of the *caseta*, and by that time the cavaliers and their girls and the families riding in carriages were beginning to depart in search of their own lunch.

AT night, the crowds are on foot. Everyone dances in the *casetas*—and outside, too—and the thing to do is to stroll down the avenues, stopping to have a look in at any *casetas* where the goings on seem especially attractive. In general, the pattern in all of them seemed much the same, I thought after I had loitered on the fringes of two or three dozen private parties. The older members of the family sit around the walls of the *caseta*, clapping rhythmically, while the young things stamp and whirl through a *sevillanas* in the center. The rows of lighted boxes, each vibrating to its own little fiesta, give you the feeling of peering in at a long line of peepshows, and some of the old men and women have the air of realizing that they are publicly exposed as they sit stiffly on the edges of their chairs in their best clothes, beating their sunburned, work-marked palms together and gazing without expression at their gyrating grandchildren. The *sevillanas* is extremely limited in its movements, and after a while, in spite of the grace of the arms and wrists of the really talented performers, I felt that it became a trifle monotonous. The little groups that suddenly started to dance it out on the avenues—they were mostly uproariously excited, impoverished-looking youngsters, who presumably knew no one with a *caseta* but were not going to let that stop them—were more amusing to watch. A circle would form, clapping, around two circling, arm-weaving girls, or a girl and a boy, and grinning strangers would join in the clapping, too. Then, just as suddenly, the group would split up and drift toward the merry-go-rounds of the modern fun fair that blared in the background, or to a wine bar, or to watch some more dancing. There was some not very good but fervent flamenco singing in various unsmart club *casetas*, where

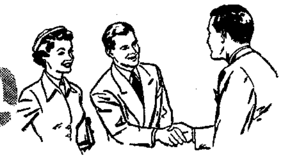


FOR HOSPITALITY UNMATCHED ANYWHERE

belgium THE CROSSROADS OF EUROPE

beautiful

Night scene, Bruges, during Holy Blood play. This spectacular pageant, held every five years, re-enacts episodes in life of Christ, with 2500 actors, 800 choristers. To be held this August 13th through 18th.



Come to Belgium where a warm welcome awaits you. Belgium is dotted with medieval castles, aged town halls and venerable guild-houses. Its art cities house priceless masterpieces.

Belgium has smart, modern hotels, famous restaurants, fast transportation.

You must see and enjoy Belgium! Contact your Travel Agent, or write Official Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

Offices in Principal Cities

Visit belgium First!

World's Fair in Brussels in 1958.

Official Belgian Tourist Bureau
589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Please send me complete information about Belgium.

Name

Address Y7-4

YOU'LL BE
BESIDE
YOURSELF
WITH
JOY
AT

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

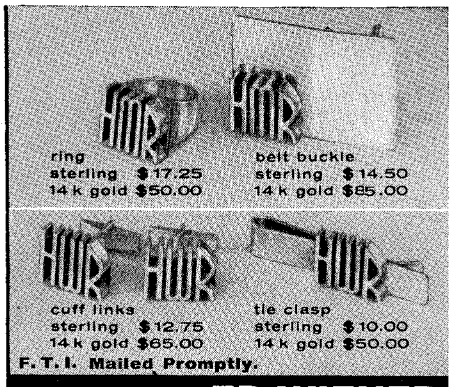
(It's the very best and luxuriously different)

Rates are high, but not for what the Tuscany offers! New York's only ALL AIR-CONDITIONED, ALL-TELEVISIONED hotel (FM radio as well): every room with bathroom extension phone, "silent valet", butler's pantry, "catnap throw" and every conceivable luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th St., just east of Park Ave., New York 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MUrray Hill 6-1600 Teletype NY 1-392


ring
sterling $17.25
14 k gold $50.00

belt buckle
sterling $14.50
14 k gold $85.00

cuff links
sterling $12.75
14 k gold $65.00

tie clasp
sterling $10.00
14 k gold $50.00

F. T. I. Mailed Promptly.

DESIGNED BY ED WIENER

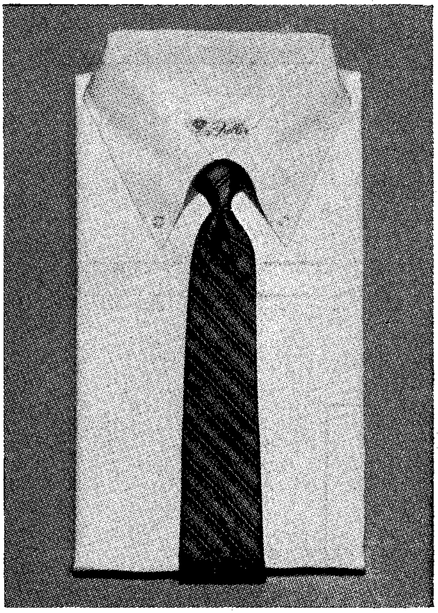
Arts & Ends Inc.
61 Christopher St.
27 West 55 St., NYC

workingmen sat listening, with their wives beside them and the children sleepily crawling over them both. Since there's not even a dog left at home to look after them, the babies have to string along with their parents to the end of the long day, and at two in the morning, after the municipality had economically switched off the Feria illuminations, weary parties were tramping away from the fairground, the fathers carrying limp flamenco-dressed infants over their shoulders, like little lampshades that had lost their stiffening. The next day, the whole thing started up again, with even bigger crowds and even greater excitement.

THE bullfights were disappointing, according to local opinion. The opening *corrida* cast a gloom because of an injury to the famous matador Miguel Baez, known as Litri. Litri, a grave, aquiline-faced youth, who would strike most people as their idea of a young university don rather than a bullfighter, retired in 1952, at the early age of twenty-two, but later returned to the profession. He was the Feria's star attraction, and the sensation was intense when he was wounded by the first bull of the afternoon. The speed of the incident was fantastic. Litri's suddenly sprawling body was scooped up by two men and bundled over the barrier before the shout was out of everyone's throat. He was on his way to the infirmary by the time a somewhat shaken-looking Portuguese matador called Paco Mendes had reached for his sword and the red flannel muleta and walked out, while the packed tiers buzzed like an upset beehive, to kill the bull that had caught Litri. (The wound was not serious, and he was apparently at the top of his form in the Madrid bull ring a couple of weeks later.) The crowd presently recovered some of its spirits and fluttered its white handkerchiefs, in the classic signal of approval, over a handsome new-fledged young matador named Jaime Ostos, who was awarded an ear of his bull (two ears and the tail and sometimes a hoof are the top gory honors) and was carried shoulder-high around the ring in a hail of flowers and hats.

It is difficult to get any confirmation or denial of the often repeated statement that bullfighting is on the decline. Lots of Spaniards tell you that it is, and that football is steadily drawing away the enthusiasts from the bulls—largely because the one is cheap, while the other is expensive—but this remark must have been made as many times as the mourn-

This is a REEVES fabric


It's a tradition . . . the button-down, roll collar shirt! Now softer than ever in Reeves' fine combed cotton oxford. Sanforized, too, to stay your size! Here, in the classic tailoring by FULLER. At fine stores everywhere or write Fuller Shirt Co., 112 West 34th Street, New York.

Fabric by REEVES BROTHERS Inc., New York 18.

The more
you know about
Scotch,
the more
you like
Ballantine's

"21" BRANDS, INC. NEW YORK CITY.
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF.

the Beefeater Inn
LUNCHEON - DINNER - COCKTAILS
Olympia 2-2888
170 N. LA CIENEGA • BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

THOSE SHOES
ARE MADE BY
BALLY
OF SWITZERLAND

ful pronouncement that the Feria is not what it used to be. Unquestionably, *el futbol* is immensely popular here, and there was great rejoicing when a visiting English team from Manchester was soundly beaten in Madrid by the home side. American and British residents of Seville—they form a sizable colony—tell you that the town does not really offer very much in the way of entertainment for the fifty-one weeks of the year when the Feria is not on. The tempo of life is geared to the slower-moving south, and foreign wives in particular are apt to sigh for the livelier atmosphere of Madrid or Bilbao. "This is a man's town, really," one husband put it, not without satisfaction. "Nothing much for the women to do here, but for men it's wonderful." Certainly the sharp division is emphasized at Spanish cocktail parties, where the men retreat firmly with their drinks to gossip at one end of a room, turning their backs in a polite but solid dark-cloth barrier on their attractive womenfolk, who sit together at the other end, sipping endless lemonades and discussing their children and clothes with tremendous animation. Other social exchanges between the sexes were discouraged by the late Cardinal Segura, Seville's famous and formidable archbishop, who banned ballroom dancing throughout his archdiocese—a highly unpopular ruling, from all accounts. The general uncritical Spanish hunger for entertainment, even in better-provided cities, is pointed up by the fact that the famous flamenco dancer Antonio recently appeared in Madrid for a wildly successful season and did not feel it necessary to vary his program by a single heeltap for the first six weeks. American movies dubbed in Spanish turn up, but they are frequently so cut and revamped by the censor as to make them something of a mystery to the beholder. An American girl told me that "Mogambo," for example, when it finally arrived on Spanish screens, had been fixed so that the central situation of husband, wife, and other man was changed to brother, sister, and other man—a piece of moral editing that certainly removed all offending traces of adultery but substituted a slightly perplexing flavor of incest.

All in all, it is hardly surprising that the Feria, which would be a thrilling event anywhere, should be the high spot of the year, which all Seville looks forward to with passionate expectation and mulls over conversationally long after the *casetas* have been dismantled and the flamenco dresses folded away for the

A WHOLE SUMMER'S COOL COMFORT FOR YOU

GREAT PERFORMANCE ALL THRU THE DAY!

The Commuter WASHABLE SUIT

An unlined cord suit with the smart look and fit of a "regular" suit! The unique COMMUTER fabric* assures you wrinkle-free freshness hour after hour. Washes easily! Needs the merest touch of an iron to press to perfection. At your favorite store in Blue, Tan and Gray... or write College Hall, Phila. 47

THE COMMUTER washable suit, $29.95
THE COMMUTER sport coat, $21.50
THE COMMUTER wash & wear suit, about $39.50
Prices slightly higher in the West.

***an exclusive blend—Chromspun, Eastman's color-locked acetate; breeze-cool cotton; and Dacron, Du Pont's polyester fiber*

John Wanamaker (all stores) • Berry-Burk & Co., Inc., Richmond, Va. • The Kleinhans Co., Buffalo, N. Y. • Hasting's, San Francisco, Calif

Dear Father

HERE'S HOW

Here's How
MEN'S COLOGNE
GOURIELLI

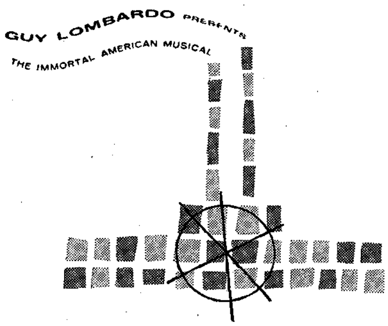
Fragrance of the north woods
brewed with herbs
and the twist of a balsam tree.
Superb men's cologne
and after-shave lotion.
Cologne, 4.50.
After-shave lotion, 3.50.
The Gift Set, 8.00.
all prices plus tax

GOURIELLI®

Gourielli, 655 Fifth Avenue, and at the best store you know

OPENS THURS. EVE. JUNE 27 • MAIL ORDERS NOW

GUY LOMBARDO PRESENTS
THE IMMORTAL AMERICAN MUSICAL



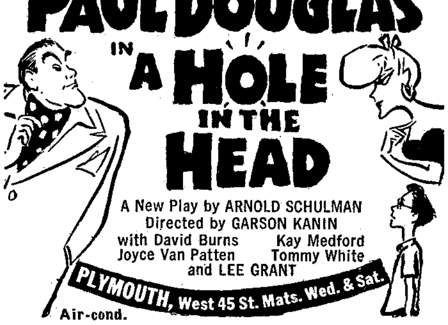
SHOW BOAT

Starring
ANDY DEVINE
Music by
JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
From the novel by
EDNA FERBER
with a cast of 200
and in person
GUY LOMBARDO
and HIS ROYAL CANADIANS

SEATS NOW at BROADWAY THEA., B'way at 53rd St.
PRICES: $1.10, $2.20, $3.30, $4.40.
LOCAL BUS & R.R. TRANSPORTATION TO JONES BEACH AVAILABLE FROM N.Y.C.
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and address to:
JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE
Dep't. A, Wantagh, L. I., New York

"ONE OF THE MOST ENDEARING AND DELIGHTFUL COMEDIES IN RECENT YEARS!" —ATKINSON, Times

PAUL DOUGLAS IN "A HOLE IN THE HEAD"



A New Play by ARNOLD SCHULMAN
Directed by GARSON KANIN
with David Burns Kay Medford
Joyce Van Patten Tommy White
and LEE GRANT
PLYMOUTH, West 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-cond.

"WILDLY FUNNY" The New Yorker
"THE FUNNIEST SHOW IN TOWN"—Walter Winchell

no time for sergeants

AIR-COND.
ALVIN THEATRE
250 W. 52 St., N.Y.C.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

NATIONAL COMPANY
BILTMORE THEATRE—LOS ANGELES
Now Playing

next time. While it was on, the political and economic troubles that are currently stacking up here seemed to recede into the background. Even the controlled press gave the Feria the big headlines and pushed the hydrogen-bomb tests and everything else off the front page. For five days, I lived in a city that was thinking of nothing but having fun, and, things being as they are, the illusory experience seemed frail but enjoyable.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

[B-110665]

MEDICAL TREATMENT—PRIVATE—PREVENTIVE TREATMENT FOR CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES—MOTION SICKNESS PILLS

The purchase by an employee assigned to make aerial conservation surveys of motion sickness pills for the prevention of air sickness may be regarded as for the benefit of the Government so as to justify reimbursement for such purchase from appropriate funds.

ACTING COMPTROLLER GENERAL YATES TO R. E. KENNARD, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, JULY 25, 1952:

Reference is made to your letter of July 9, 1952, requesting decision whether you may certify for payment, the voucher therewith transmitted in the amount of $3 in favor of Marvin T. Beatty, Soil Scientist, covering motion sickness pills purchased May 5, 12, and 14, 1952, on which days the employee was assigned to make aerial conservation surveys. It is stated that the use of such pills reduced or prevented the probability of air sickness and thus increased the employee's time in the air resulting in quicker and more efficient completion of his duty assignments which were conducted from his headquarters—he not being in a per diem or travel status at the time, and the expenditure being administratively deemed in the nature of a station expense.

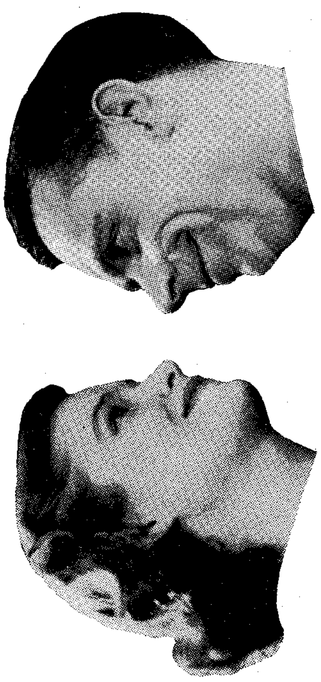
In 23 Comp. Gen. 888, referred to by you, it was held, quoting from the syllabus:

The purchase of drugs and their administration by a private physician to Weather Bureau employees as an immediate preventive measure after the employees were exposed in the line of duty to spinal meningitis, epidemic variety, and in order to obviate the possibility of the employees being quarantined and the resultant closing of the station, may be considered as having been necessary from an administrative standpoint and primarily for the benefit of the Government, rather than the employees, so as to justify payment of the expenses thereof from the Bureau's appropriation for salaries and expenses.

In light of the foregoing decision and prior decisions therein cited, the purchase of the motion sickness pills in the stated circumstances would appear to have been for the benefit of the Government and payment therefor from available funds would be proper.—*Decisions of the Comptroller General of the United States, Volume XXXII, page 52.*

Yeah, but the government won't be out of the woods until Beatty develops a stronger stomach.

TOM EWELL in TUNNEL OF LOVE



with NANCY OLSON • DARREN McGAVIN
ROYALE THEATRE 242 W. 45th ST. • SEATS NOW ON SALE THRU JAN. 1958

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
REX HARRISON · JULIE ANDREWS
IN THE CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
STANLEY HOLLOWAY
ROBERT COOTE
Air-Cond. MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30

"SUNNY, FUNNY, DELIGHTFUL" Chapman, News

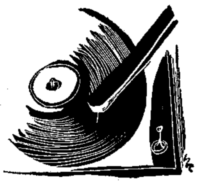
WALTER PIDGEON in the HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE
Prices: Eves., Orch. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. and Sat. Orch. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30; 2nd Balc. $1.75. Tax Incl. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Air-Cond. LYCEUM Thea., 149 W. 45 St., N.Y.C.

PULITZER PRIZE & DRAMA CRITICS AWARD
Fredric MARCH · Florence ELDRIDGE
in
EUGENE O'NEILL'S
Long Day's Journey Into Night
$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90—Eves. Only, 7:30
HELEN HAYES THEATRE, 46th St. West of B'way

"HOWLING MUSICAL HIT!" —Coleman, Mirror
"LI'L ABNER"
with EDITH ADAMS PETER PALMER
HOWARD ST. JOHN STUBBY KAYE CHARLOTTE RAE
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES Thea., 246 W. 44 St.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz



AFTER sixty-odd years, jazz has finally established a set of traditions firm and tweedy enough to bring about what is—with the possible exception of certain pioneering efforts by Duke Ellington and Lennie Tristano—its first avant-garde movement. One of the leaders of this revolution, which includes such men as Charlie Mingus, John Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, and Jimmy Giuffre, is Teddy Charles, a militant and talented twenty-nine-year-old arranger, composer, and vibraphonist, who has been chiefly responsible in the past couple of years for an illuminating series of experimental recordings and concerts that have dealt largely with the slippery problem of making jazz composition as interesting as jazz improvisation. Although most of the compositions Charles has played call for standard jazz instrumentation, they depend rather heavily on such classical devices as atonality, polytonality, and—as opposed to the conventional thirty-two-bar form—frameworks of varied length. These innovations sometimes have a fairly sombre effect, for they tend to bury the customary emotional content of jazz beneath a variety of formidable intellectual superstructures. As a result, Charles's music often has a juiceless Mozartean air—cool, dry, and tense. This is the result, as well, of Charles's precise, metallic playing and the inevitable difficulty the musicians who work with him have in remaining relaxed when confronted by unwieldy materials. A few evenings ago, Charles took part in a concert in the Contemporary Jazz/Composers' Series, at the Carnegie Recital Hall, and it was, in comparison with earlier recitals he has been involved with, a surprisingly brittle affair, distinguished by its mechanical enthusiasm and by the curiously flat, arch manner of many of the compositions.

The musicians—Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; Teo Macero, alto and tenor saxophone; Mal Waldron and Hall Overton, piano; Bob Prince and Charles himself, vibraphone; Addison Farmer, bass; and Jerry Segal, drums—performed in varying combinations, and all but Farmer and Segal contributed one or two of the eleven new pieces heard, which included a couple by a non-performer, John Ross. They ran, on the average, ten minutes, and they seemed, with three notable exceptions, pretty much alike—as if, in fact, they were all part of one huge composition that had been arbitrarily cut into sections. The exceptions, however, were completely engrossing—a slow ballad by Ross, "Ted's Twist," which had an extremely long chorus and a stately, attractive melodic line; "Take Three Parts Jazz," an ambitious venture by Charles, with a complex structure full of abrupt shifts from idyllic passages to sharply rhythmic ones; and "Tension," by Waldron, which used explosive, contrasting introductory figures, played alternately by trumpet and drums, and a taut, compelling, contrapuntal ensemble, filled with effective dissonances. The other pieces ranged from "Threnody," by John Ross, a long, cramped piece, apparently played almost without improvisation and that balanced brief solo flights against discordant ensembles, to Macero's heated "Conference with D.B.," which ended with lacy, upper-register piano notes pitched against the tinkling of Egyptian finger cymbals.

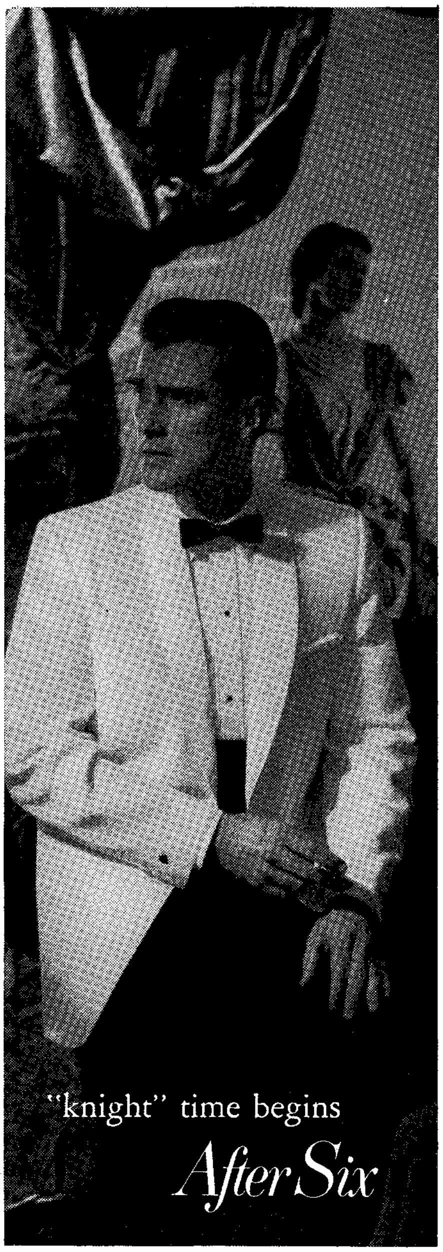
Charles, who carried the weight of the solo work, performed with his usual taste and fleetness. Of the pianists, Waldron was the more striking. In contrast to Overton, whose playing was as fragile as tissue paper, he kept running up big, dark chordal structures that, perhaps because of the generally oblique turn of the music, never seemed conclusive. Sulieman, a flaring, rapid-fire trumpeter, fluffed a good many notes, and Segal, though an invariably steady performer, managed to make his drums sound as resonant as a battery of hatboxes. Macero, an emotional musician who in his most red-faced moments emits a variety of gasping sounds, bad notes, and just plain screeches, played with gusto, which occasionally lent the proceedings a welcomely fractious atmosphere, as if something exciting were about to happen.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

CONCERT RECORDS

A Different "Barber"

THANKS to the modern peripatetic techniques of recording companies, which allow them to go abroad and take down performances that would be far too expensive to run off in this country, we now have an account, recorded by Angel in London, of Peter Cornelius's comic opera "The Barber



This is the time merry-minded gentlemen select summer formals to match their own exuberant personalities. "After Six" endows these pleasure-bound gentlemen with a whole new world of elegance! Frosty whites, Peacock Tones, Parfait Colors . . . your rainbow in the formal wear sky . . . go after it!

(Silks, rayons and Dacron blends, $27.95 to $85. Slightly higher far west and Canada.)

After Six
BY RUDOFKER

Write for free Dress Chart and Booklet by Bert Bacharach, authority on men's fashions.
AFTER SIX FORMALS • DEPT. N, PHILA. 3, PA.

BLIND BLAKE

AUTHENTIC BAHAMIAN

Calypso!

Blind Blake Record Albums with the Royal Victoria Hotel Calypsos

All your favourites — including Mary Ann, Hold 'im Joe, Bahama Mama, etc. — in the matchless Blind Blake style!

Two exciting new albums — of 12-inch LP's, as well as four classic Blind Blake albums (each in 78, 33⅓, 45 rpm). Authentic Calypso, as played on the Starlight Terrace of Nassau's famous Royal Victoria Hotel.

Now at your favourite music, record, or book shop—all six delightful albums (64 selections) of Blind Blake Calypso. Get yours—soon! Or write for free catalogue (air mail, 10c per half-ounce):

Songs of the Islands, Box 1388
Nassau, Bahama Islands

IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT

The LOBSTER

NOW IN ITS 37th YEAR

CLOSED SUNDAYS

The Lobster
"In Season" Seafood,
Steaks & Chops
145 West 45 St. New York 36
Stan Fuchs Mike Linz

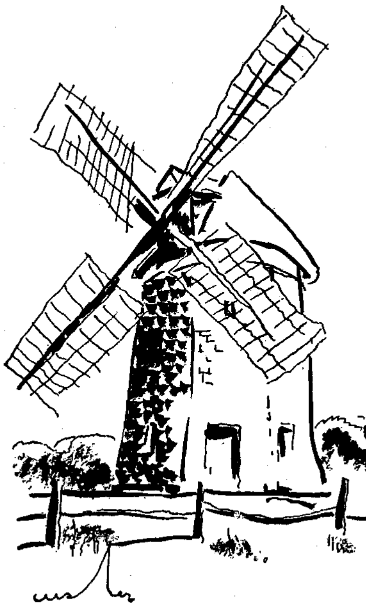
FINEST FOOD IN TIMES SQUARE SINCE 1899
Park your car at our expense... indoors from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M.

Rosoff's RESTAURANT
43rd St. East of B'way
JU 2-3200

AUTHENTIC RUSSIAN CUISINE
Russian Tea Room
150 W. 57TH ST.
Open Sundays

of Bagdad." Composed a hundred years ago, it is something of a European favorite but is practically unknown here, although it is a charming piece—almost a model opera on its own light terms. Cornelius, a German, wrote both the libretto (derived from a story in "The Arabian Nights") and the score, and did a masterly job of integrating the two. This Arabian "Barber" is a fairly short work—there are only two acts—that runs its course gracefully and with no waste motion; characters and situations are established rapidly and skillfully, and the story unfolds in such a way as to permit delightful little musical touches along the way. (One of the most striking of these is the exotic theme of the muezzins, which makes an anticipatory orchestral appearance as the basis of an interlude between the acts and then is heard vocally when it lets the lovers know that they can at last meet safely.) The German text is a first-rate one—genuinely comic and filled with rhymes as deft as those in a Cole Porter song—and when the onrushing comedy must be halted for a spell in order to bring the lovers together, Cornelius provides them with distinguished poetry to sing. It is true that "The Barber of Bagdad" has no single unforgettable aria, no set piece that gleams as an operatic gem (I suppose this is one reason for the work's neglect), but the score has a steady appeal, and, praise be, it is always on the move.

The Angel performance is admirable in every respect. Oskar Czerwenka brings a flexible and knowing bass voice to the richly comic title rôle, and Nicolai Gedda, a tenor who has been heard to advantage in several previous Angel opera recordings and who is scheduled to make his début with the Met next



THE THEATRE GUILD presents
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
with SYDNEY CHAPLIN
Book and Lyrics by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE
Entire Production Directed by JEROME ROBBINS
Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by
JEROME ROBBINS and BOB FOSSE
Prices: Evgs. $8.05, 6.90, 5.75, 4.95, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75 (Tax included.)
Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Specify several alternate dates.
Air-Cond.
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990

"...A BROADWAY MUSICAL JAMBOREE!"—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES
Gwen Verdon
Thelma Ritter
in the New Musical
New Girl in Town
with
GEORGE WALLACE CAMERON PRUD'HOMME
AIR-COND. 46th St. Thea. 226 W. 46 St.
CI 6-4271 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"ELECTRIFYING THE TOWN!"—Atkinson, N. Y. Times
Ethel Merman
in
Happy Hunting
Fernando Lamas
Prices: EVES: Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90; Balc. $5.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. MATS. WED. & SAT.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50.
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEA. 245 W. 44th St.

"TREMENDOUS MUSICAL!"—McClain, Jrl.-Amer.
damn yankees
THE SMASH HIT MUSICAL
starring
GRETCHEN WYLER • STEPHEN DOUGLASS
with HOWARD CAINE
Air-cond. ADELPHI Thea., 152 W. 54 St.
JU 6-3787. Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"GLORIOUSLY FUNNY"—KERR, Her. Trib.
GEORGE AXELROD and CLINTON WILDER present
CYRIL RITCHARD
in
A NEW COMEDY BY GORE VIDAL
VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
with EDDIE MAYEHOFF
Air-Cond. BOOTH, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

season, sings the music of Nureddin, the male romantic lead, exquisitely. The people in the lesser roles—Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, as Margiana, the soprano of Nureddin's dreams; Gerhard Unger, a tenor, as Margiana's father; Grace Hoffman, a contralto, as a go-between for the lovers; and Hermann Prey, a bass baritone, as the Caliph of Bagdad—are all in fine fettle, and the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, under Erich Leinsdorf's direction, make the orchestral and ensemble music shine.

The record concludes with an alternate overture that Liszt, Cornelius's mentor, persuaded him to write. It has some merit, but it's not up to the ambling, lighthearted one that Cornelius set down in the first place and that properly introduces this performance.

THE remarkably successful Greenwich Village revival of "The Threepenny Opera" is apparently responsible for the current spate of recordings of Kurt Weill's other early stage pieces. Two new ones, "The Seven Deadly Sins" (Columbia) and "Johnny Johnson" (M-G-M), take us back to the mid-thirties, and, in the case of the latter, to the first score Weill wrote for the American theatre. "The Seven Deadly Sins," a narrative ballet with songs, was written in 1933 for a Paris audience and marked the last time that Weill collaborated with his frequent librettist Bertolt Brecht. A sardonic work, typical of the other things the pair did, it relates the adventures of a schizophrenic young woman who, travelling about the United States to raise money for a fine new family home in Louisiana, degrades herself at every turn in resisting each of the deadly sins—but always for the worst possible reasons. The songs are sung alternately by Lotte Lenya, as the girl, and by a quartet, representing her family. It's a curious business, and I'm not sure it really sustains itself (at least not in its present form), but Miss Lenya is such an artful interpreter of her late husband's music that one is inclined to overlook any shortcomings in the composition and simply enjoy the performance itself.

In "Johnny Johnson," a musical play presented on Broadway in 1936, we encounter a rather different Weill—one in whom some of the bitterness has disappeared. Working with the American playwright Paul Green, Weill was forced here and there to deal with bald sentiment, with the result that the clipped musical speech of his early days

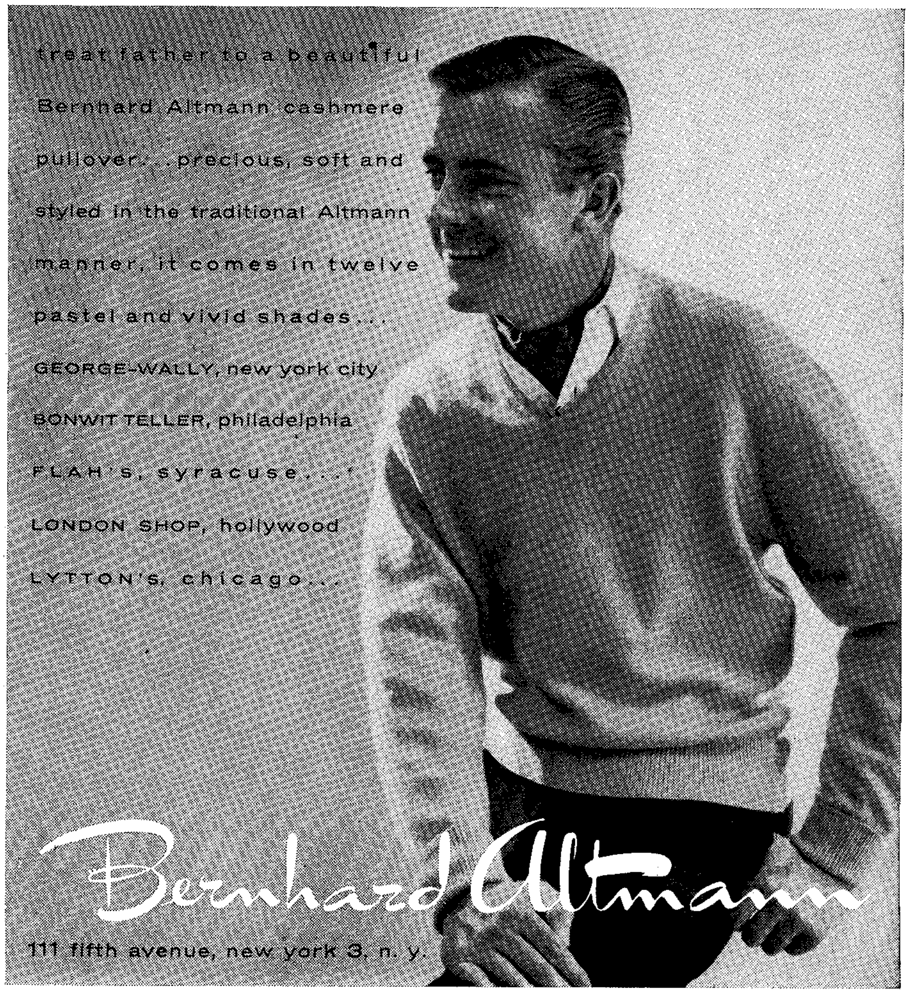
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
BERRY BROS & RUDD Ltd
3 St. James's Street, London

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK


treat father to a beautiful Bernhard Altmann cashmere pullover . . . precious, soft and styled in the traditional Altmann manner, it comes in twelve pastel and vivid shades . . .

GEORGE-WALLY, new york city
BONWIT TELLER, philadelphia
FLAH'S, syracuse . . .
LONDON SHOP, hollywood
LYTTON'S, chicago . . .

Bernhard Altmann
111 fifth avenue, new york 3, n. y.

TRAVEL QUIZ

Where did the Gypsies come from?

☐ *Liberia* ☐ *India* ☐ *Hungary*

Because of the nature of the Gypsy language, linguists believe this wandering people originated in India. Wherever in the world you wander on *your* travels, carry your money safely in First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Your signature is all the identification you need. Only you can cash them.

What state grows the most popcorn?

☐ *Iowa* ☐ *Kansas* ☐ *Indiana*

All three are top producers. But Indiana tops other states with 58 million pounds. When you visit the corn belt, you'll find First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks accepted as readily as cash. That's true the world over. The safe, convenient way to carry money; and you get full refund if they're lost or stolen.

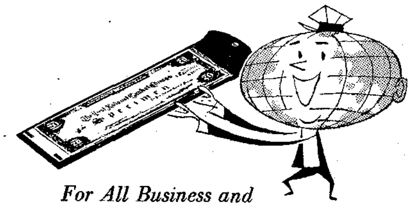
Where did the lifeboat originate?

☐ *Sweden* ☐ *Italy* ☐ *England*

The first one known was built in 1786 by Lionel Lukin in England. On shipboard or on land, protect your travel money by using First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Denominations of $10, $20, $50, $100, each a distinctive color. Ask for them at your bank.

The First National Bank of Chicago

Travelers Checks

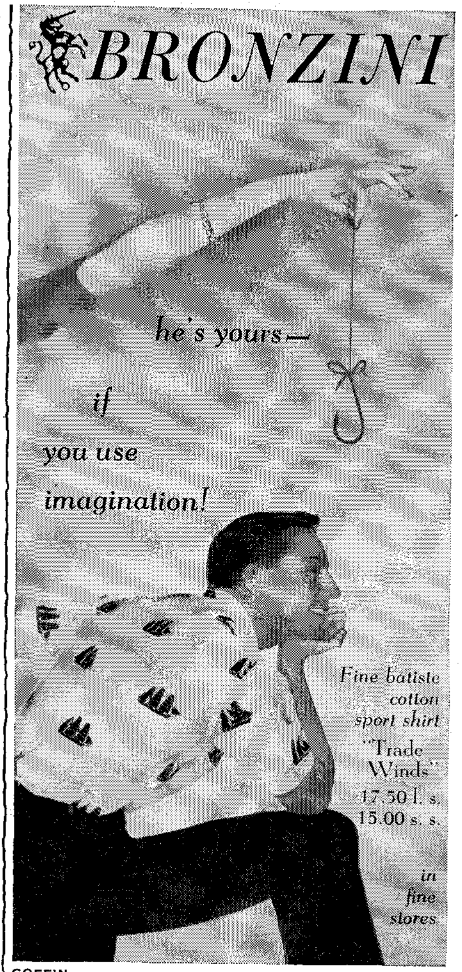


For All Business and Vacation Travel

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

at times becomes more expansive, containing suggestions of the free technique that went into "Street Scene," the magnificent opera that he wrote a decade later. "Johnny Johnson" is a disjointed creation and a fairly dated one in its stagy approach to pacifism, but Weill's music is of the utmost resourcefulness throughout, turning up fresh ideas for every conceivable situation and doing so with an unusual economy of means. Many of the tunes are downright stunning, and all of them are quickening. This recording of the score—it's a tight fit on a single long-playing record—takes us through Green's story chronologically except for one strange transposition that introduces the French nurse's song, "Mon Ami, My Friend," before the hero, Johnny, ever sets out on the mission that lands him in the hospital. The play is so constructed that—musically, at any rate—all the parts are small. In the main, they are handled effectively here. Particularly fine is Hiram Sherman, heard both as Grandpa Joe, a Civil War veteran who stirs up some old memories of militarism in the opening scene, and as Dr. Mahodan, the screwloose Army psychiatrist who ultimately commits Johnny. Burgess Meredith takes the title role and thereby gets a plum—the haunting "Johnny's Song," which brings the composition to a close and which he sings in a wavering but attractive voice.

GLUCK'S "Orpheus and Eurydice" is a rather static opera that nevertheless persists in the repertoire because of its spacious, exalted score, and two excellent new recordings of it have just come along. In both of them, the role of Orpheus, invariably sung by a contralto in productions here, has been given to a male singer. The music was originally set to an Italian text (it is in this form that we generally hear the opera), but some years after the Italian première Gluck redid the score for a production in French, rewriting the part of Orpheus for a tenor, and one of the new recordings (Epic) makes use of this version. In it, Leopold Simoneau is heard as Orpheus, Suzanne Danco as Eurydice, and Pierrette Alarie as Amor; the Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux, conducted by Hans Rosbaud, is the backdrop. Fine as the whole thing is, though, I think I prefer the other recording (Decca), in which the original score is fitted to a German translation, with a bass baritone substituted for the contralto. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is the bass baritone, and his voice, though light, provides a fetching contrast to the



BRONZINI
he's yours—
if
you use
imagination!
Fine batiste cotton sport shirt "Trade Winds" 17.50 l. s. 15.00 s. s.
in fine stores
COFFIN

The Ultimate in Acapulco! Mexico

HOTEL PIERRE MARQUES

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or International Representative
Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Chicago • Wash., D. C.
Boston • Miami • Toronto • London
Affiliated with the Hotel Pierre, New York City

The Gordon Touch

The Gordon of Philadelphia way with warm weather menswear has created a new concept in summer suits—cool, crisp comfort in new fabrics which usually need only be washed and dripped dry. If you haven't yet discovered Gordon—if you're still wilting away—why not write for the name of the nearest Gordon store now?

Gordon Ford Sales Company, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

voices of the women—Maria Stader and Rita Streich, as Eurydice and Amor, respectively. Since both the Epic and the Decca versions are so well performed, it is probably cavilling to choose between them, but I do feel that the heavier male voice in the second one helps overcome some of that static quality in the score.

JOHN FIELD, the Irish pianist-composer who was a precursor of Chopin, has been treated to a long-playing record (M-G-M), and it's an engaging item. On it, Sondra Bianca, a pianist who has a nice grasp of Field's style, takes the solo part in the Concerto No. 1, and also plays five of the Nocturnes, which set a fashion taken up by Chopin and other composers. The concerto is a tripping and fanciful bit of romantic stuff in which the orchestra is of minor importance, and while it is pleasant enough, it is no match for the Nocturnes, for they are beguiling little offerings indeed. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

There are many good ways to find prospects. Here are a few that have worked for M. E. Swenson of Minnesota Mutual.

First of all, keep your eyes and ears open. As I call it, go snooping.

I go to places where they cash payroll checks. If I see someone there who cashes a check for $75 to $110 for a week's wage, I make it a point to talk to him, to find out where he lives. Then I tell him I have a wonderful savings plan etc.

The other day, for example, I saw a man in a bank buying a $100 bond. I said to him, "You look like someone I should know. My name is Ed Swenson." Most people like to be recognized. Get their names and addresses, and make appointments on the spot.

One day at a Standard Oil service station, I saw a well-dressed man driving a fine car. "You look like a thrifty, healthy young man," I said. "What do you do for a living?" Conversation started. He invited me to follow him home and in 1½ hours I had sold his wife $4,000 retirement income bond @ 65.—*Life Insurance Courant.*

You ever get picked up for loitering?

•

LARRY WOLTERS, MEET HERB LYON! GORDON HATHAWAY, MEET J. HERBERT!

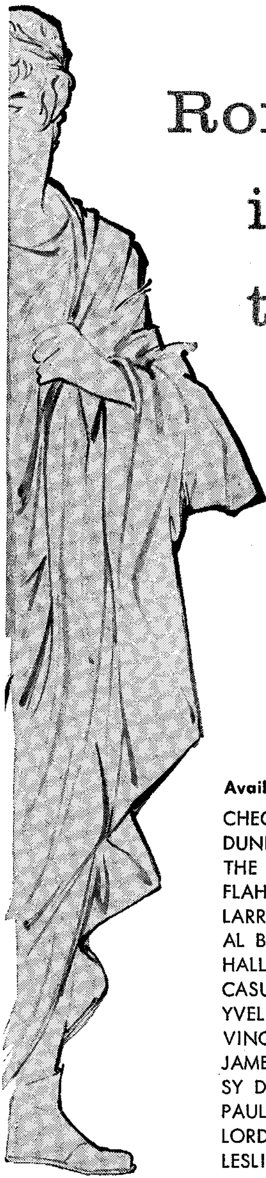
Quips Comic J. Herbert: "Most of the movies you see on TV are adult pictures. They're at least 21 years old!"— *Herb Lyon in the Chicago Tribune.*

GORDON HATHAWAY: I'm glad to see that they're finally putting some adult movies on TV.

STEVE ALLEN: What do you mean by adult movies?

HATHAWAY: They're over 21 years old.

—*Larry Wolters in the Chicago Tribune, same issue.*



Roman influence in men's toiletries

"VICTOR" is the Italian firm known the world over for perfumes and toilet specialties for men... products that are noted for their keen, "dry" accent...unmatched for a vigorous impression.

Available at these fine stores:

CHEQUER	New York City, N.Y.
DUNHILL TAILORS	New York City, N.Y.
THE BLYE SHOP	New York City, N.Y.
FLAH & CO.	Syracuse, New York
LARRIMORE'S	Pittsburgh, Pa.
AL BERMAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
HALLE BROS.	Cleveland, Ohio
CASUAL-AIRE	Coral Gables, Florida
YVEL	Beverly Hills, California
VINCENT SIMEONE	Los Angeles, California
JAMES K. WILSON	Dallas, Texas
SY DEVORE MENS SHOP	Las Vegas, Nevada
PAUL BENNETT LTD.	Washington, D. C.
LORDS LTD.	Washington, D. C.
LESLIE HUGHS	Seattle, Washington
SILVERSTONE'S	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
A. GOLD	Montreal, Canada
BRISSON & BRISSON	Montreal, Canada
KLAPPERS LTD.	Montreal, Canada

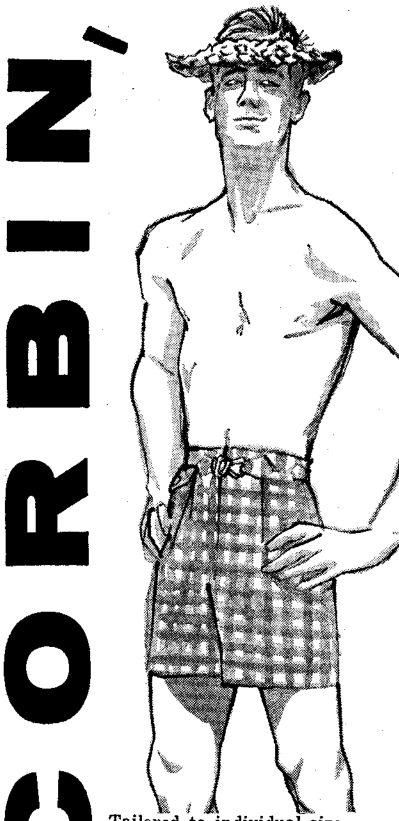
VICTOR

Profumi e prodotti di linea maschile

MILANO-ITALY

Acqua di Selva
MIXTAIL
MIXTAIL
UOMO

Exclusive Representative: George Grant — 330 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.



CORBIN, LTD.

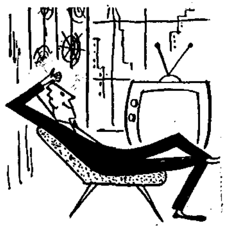
Gentlemen's Bathing Short tailored as our natural shoulder trousers

Tailored to individual size in the same preferred manner as our outstanding trousers and walk shorts. In the correct gentleman's length, detailed with front buckle and adjustable cinch rings at sides to assure faultless fit. Choice of gingham, India madras, Swiss cotton in muted stripes and plaids, pima poplin and Dacron-and-cotton in solid colors. About $11.95

at these fine stores

New York City	*Paul Stuart*
St. Louis	*Boyd's*
Philadelphia	*John Wanamaker*
Grand Haven, Mich	*Reichardt's*
New Jersey	*Mink's—All Stores*
Detroit	*Harry Suffrin*
Bethlehem, Pa	*Tom Bass*
Stone Harbor, N. J.	*C. J. Crego & Son*
Houston	*Norton Ditto*
Baltimore	*Canterbury Shop*
Beverly Hills	*Carroll & Co.*
Charlotte, N. C	*Jack Wood Ltd.*
Berkeley, Calif	*George J. Good*
Norfolk, Va	*Fishback & Lea Ltd.*
Wilmington	*James T. Mullin & Sons*
Dallas	*James K. Wilson*
Boston	*Simon & Sons*
Buffalo	*Peller & Mure*
Grosse Pointe	*Proper's Men's Shop*
Montclair, N. J	*Bragg & Son*
Newport Beach, Calif	*Bidwell's*
Providence, R. I	*Harvey Ltd.*
Los Angeles, Calif	*Lew Ritter*
Cincinnati	*Vonder Brink & Baron*
Chapel Hill	*Julian's College Shop*

or write CORBIN, Ltd., 73 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.



KEEP COOL IN NEW YORK

AT THE SAVOY PLAZA

A HILTON HOTEL

AIR-CONDITIONED ROOMS WITH TV AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

THE WAYWARD PRESS

BILLY AND BENNY

BY and large, the *Times* is not a chummy newspaper. It never calls President Eisenhower "Ike," even in its headlines, although practically every other paper in the country has embraced the nickname as an almost heaven-sent convenience. (I have heard disgruntled Democrats complain that if the President had a name that a headline writer could handily use *in toto*—a name like "Taft" or "Dewey," say—he might be a lot less popular than he is.) The *Times*' reserve in the matter of names was evident in its coverage of the recent rhubarb at the Copacabana involving several of the New York Yankees. Most of the papers, in reporting the affair in their regular news columns, referred to the principals as "Hank," "Yogi," "Mickey," and so on, in the breezy manner that all sports pages, including the *Times*', habitually adopt when dealing with baseball players. The *Times*, however, in its regular news columns said that, as a result of the incident, "Mr. Bauer, a long ball hitter, was dropped to eighth in the Yankee batting order. Mr. Berra was withdrawn from the line-up altogether, while Mr. Mantle trotted out to his regular place in center field."

When Billy Graham came to town, the *Times* was faced with a rather special problem, and it acknowledged as much by stating, in a capsule biography of the evangelist, that "he is seldom referred to as 'doctor' or by his formal name, William Franklin Graham." But while the other New York papers have unhesitatingly called Madison Square Garden's illustrious tenant "Billy," the *Times* has yielded only to the point of occasionally calling him "Rev. Dr. Billy Graham;" on the whole, it prefers "Dr. Graham." In the case of another celebrity, the seven-year-old Benjamin Kent Hooper, Jr.—called both "Benny" and "Benjy" by the other papers, with "Benny" predominating—the *Times*, though allowing itself to call him "Benjamin," "Ben," and even "Bennie" in the text of stories or editorials, has never once broken down to the extent of getting on a first-name basis with him in the headlines. It has identified him there as "RESCUED L.I. BOY," or "BOY SAVED FROM WELL," or, on one occasion, "WELL-RESCUE BOY"—an awkward compound that shows to what lengths the paper will go in order to maintain its standards of nomenclatural decorum. Not that it mattered much. By the time this last headline appeared—May 24th—everybody knew who the well-rescue boy was, and even on May 18th, the morning after the disinterment, there could have been little uncertainty in the mind of any reader about whom the *News* and *Mirror* meant by their respective page-one headlines: "BOY SAVED" and "BOY ALIVE." These headlines were as clear as one that both tabloids used years ago to disclose the tragic outcome of the Lindbergh kidnapping: "BABY DEAD."

Between what may be the prayingest individual and the most prayed-for individual in our midst, the newspapers have had a stimulating time of it. According to the *Herald Tribune*, Billy Graham, just before taking up his stand at the Garden, received a telegram from his cowboy friend Roy Rogers assuring him that his preaching would "refresh a very tired city." It is too early to say just how refreshing his exhortations will prove to be, but there can be no doubt that Benny Hooper gave the city a tonic lift. There hasn't been such a story as his hereabouts in a long while, and the newspapers made the most of it. One day, the *Times*, which does not ordinarily play up human-interest items, had two Benny Hooper stories on its front page, along with a diagram and three photographs, one of them four columns wide. Some parents of my acquaintance found the accounts of Benny's twenty-four hours in the well so affecting that they couldn't get through their papers dry-eyed. Children, too, were uncommonly touched by the boy's plight, and there must have been many households that were electrified, as mine was, on the night of May 17th, when a youngster watching a baseball game on television heard a special announcement and raced toward his parents crying elatedly, and with a meaning that in the harrowing circumstances could not be ambiguous, "He's safe!"

WHETHER the Benny Hooper story owed any of its stirring impact to the fact that it followed hard on the heels of the first chapter of the Billy Graham story is a matter of pure speculation, but certainly by the time the boy fell into the well at Manorville, Long Island, on the evening of May 16th, the newspapers had put their readers in a receptive frame of mind for an elevating experience. Dr. Graham's crusade had begun the previous night, and for several days before that the papers had been full of stories heralding his début. (Most of the press was quite kind to him—in part, perhaps, because he has been quite kind to it. The *Times* reported that when Dr. Graham visited the National Press Club in Washington some time ago, not only did he not mind the bar's being kept open but he stepped right up to it and ordered a glass of milk. Moreover, he has been urging his audiences to write letters to the newspapers thanking them for their coverage of the crusade, and editors love fan mail. Emphasizing his satisfaction with the press coverage, Dr. Graham announced in one of his sermons, according to the *Times*, that a man in North Carolina had made a decision for Christ simply on the basis of reading an Associated Press dispatch that quoted the evangelist.) Assaying Dr. Graham's appearance in New York as an event of historical significance, the *Times* published the entire text of his first sermon—a forty-five-minute one. This was not an easy task, for Graham was speaking ad-lib, as he usually does, and the *Times* had to take down every word. Probably no other paper in the world would have bothered to do this, but then there is no other paper in the world like the *Times*. The *Herald Tribune*, which has fallen into the habit lately of running pictures of pretty girls for no discernible journalistic reason, seized the occasion of Dr. Graham's visit to run one on its front page, this time for a discernible journalistic reason—a large photograph of Mrs. Graham, an exceedingly attractive lady. On the day the crusade opened, the *News* hailed the minister as "an evangelist extraordinary who brought Madison Avenue techniques to the sawdust trail," adding that each night the staff of the Garden would include four hundred ushers trained by the Church Ushers' Association of New York. (The usually comprehensive *Times* seems to have missed out on this particular organizational detail, but it came back strong a day later with the revelation that the ushers would take up the collection in paper delicatessen buckets, each with a capacity of eighty-three ounces.) The *Journal-American* gave Dorothy Kilgallen her head, and on May 15th she launched into an affectionate five-part biography of Dr. Graham that in spots sounded almost Biblical. ("Billy has come to save the city from sin," Miss Kilgallen wrote, "but the city knows him not.") In an installment headed "GRAHAMS AN

NO-PRESS SUIT

That's the extra beauty of

LORD NORTHCOOL

TAILORED BY SAGNER

Wear it, wash it, let it drip dry! Lord Northcool dries pressed. Wrinkles wash out; press and shape are retained handsomely between washings. Wrinkle-resistant, eye-appealing and quick-drying down to the last stitch. All-Dacron,* Dacron-Orlon**, or Dacron-rayon blends. *$45 & $47.95.*

DuPont trademark for *polyester **acrylic fiber

P.S. Also available for boys (ages 5 to 18) tailored by Picariello & Singer of Boston.

At finest stores. For name write:
A. Sagner's Son Inc., Balto. 23, Md.

American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear

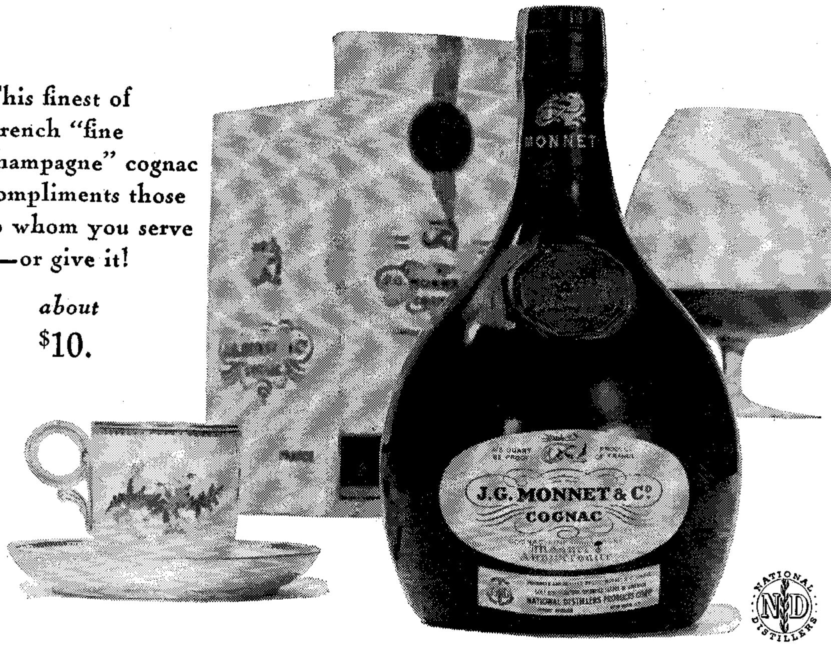
wear it, wash it, let it drip dry!

for the knowing few

MONNET ANNIVERSAIRE COGNAC

This finest of French "fine champagne" cognac compliments those to whom you serve it—or give it!

about $10.



National Distillers

82 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Fine Polo Shirts. Two ply mercerized lisle, smart vertical stripe, short sleeves. Choice of Copen/White, Red/White, Brown/White, Navy/White, Navy/Red.

at most quality stores.

◆

A. Kuehnert
& CO., INC.
150 Madison Ave., New York

If you are interested in
CONTEMPORARY MUSIC
or would like to
learn about it—

—this is your opportunity. Nowhere are the exciting sounds and brilliant techniques of modern composers reproduced and interpreted as they are in exclusive **FIRST EDITION RECORDS.** These are first recordings of newly commissioned symphonic works by the world's master composers—played superbly and flawlessly recorded in high-fidelity by the renowned

LOUISVILLE ORCHESTRA
Robert Whitney, Conductor

These "collector's item" recordings are engineered by Columbia Masterworks technicians. All are *contemporary music,* with the composer working closely with the orchestra to achieve a true and sensitive interpretation. Available *from the Society only,* they represent a priceless collection of new, exciting music . . . the finest expressions of living composers the world over.

● ● OFFER LIMITED—SEND TODAY FOR INFORMATION ON FREE TRIAL RECORDS ● ●

LOUISVILLE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
Dept. B-6, 830 S. 4th St., Louisville 3, Ky.

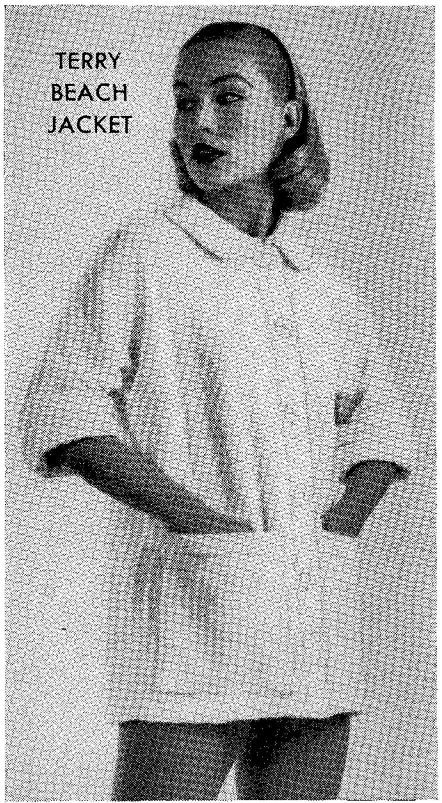
Please send me free, complete information on exclusive First Edition Records and free record offer.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________

IDEAL TEAM TO DOROTHY," she called Dr. and Mrs. Graham "a dazzling advertisement for the state of matrimony," and by way of evidence she disclosed that when she visited his home in North Carolina, he had jumped to his feet every time his wife came into the living room—twelve times, by Miss Kilgallen's reckoning, in a single hour.

The *Post* assigned Murray Kempton to Billy Graham (owing to a cozy juxtaposition of headlines one day, a person glancing hastily at the paper's first page could easily have got the impression that "MURRAY KEMPTON COVERS BILLY GRAHAM INSIDE THE ACTORS STUDIO"—a stunt I wouldn't put it past the *Post* to pull off), and on May 16th Kempton declared that he would "make no sport of any honest prophet of Christ." Still, he couldn't resist adding that four hundred and eighty-five decisions for Christ out of an attendance of eighteen and a half thousand—the figures originally given out after the opening night at the Garden—represented a return of under two per cent, or less than a satisfactory direct-mail response. (The managers of the crusade subsequently revised the decision total to seven hundred and four, or a robust 3.8 per cent, and presumably made Kempton feel better.) The *Post's* man also confided to his readers that the staffs of the Hearst papers were under orders to "puff Graham." While Miss Kilgallen's memoirs seemed to support this thesis—and so did a *Journal* news story by Madeline Ryttenberg that went, in part, "Billy Graham doesn't trust the Devil to take the count on the first punch. . . . And tonight he waits for Satan's backlash"—George Sokolsky scarcely seemed to be breathing hard, let alone puffing, when he wrote in his *Journal* column, "In Christian doctrine, if he succeeds in converting a single sinner to a moral life, Billy Graham has accomplished much. But for that one needs enormous faith, not an ever-present efficient organization."

As for the other local Hearst paper, the *Mirror,* not only did it not puff Graham but it seemed to have a grudge against him. On May 17th, the *Mirror's* lead story on the crusade was headed "WOMAN DIES AS BILLY TALKS." (This alluded to a heart attack in the balcony.) Alone of the papers I have read, the *Mirror* observed that in action Dr. Graham wears pancake makeup, and its roundup story on his opening night said, a mite snidely, that at least two people in the auditorium had not been converted; one was a thief who had stolen some camera equipment from a press photographer, and the other was



Perfectly simple and simply perfect beach coat. Thick, thirsty white **terry** shows you off and dries you off. Comfortable dolman sleeves, peter pan collar, deep cuffs, deep pockets and large buttons. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). **$6.95**
Add 35¢ for shipping. Free catalog upon request

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Sterling Silver
"George I" Coffee Set

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

CHARTREUSE

On the menus of leading eating places and shelves of leading stores.
Send for unusual booklet.

CHARTREUSE
Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N. Y. 3

a man who, the *Mirror* said, "almost unnoticed, stood up in the choir when Graham said, 'Christ came on this earth two thousand years ago,' then shouted, 'One thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven, you mean,' slung his coat over his arm, and left." This was a Hearst exclusive. Another Hearst exclusive was an odd little colloquy about Dr. Graham's wardrobe, reported by Sidney Fields, a *Mirror* feature writer, who had interviewed the evangelist in his hotel suite.

"Must a man of God dress expensively?" Fields quoted himself as asking. " 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' "

Graham, Fields wrote, "countered from the Bible: 'Let everything be done decently and in order.' I do not dress expensively. There is nothing in the Bible which says I must wear rags. Slovenliness is one of the deadly sins."

With the Scriptures penetrating so deeply into the newspapers, it came as no surprise to me a few days afterward—although I was puzzled by the figure of speech—to read in the *Herald Tribune* that upon Benny Hooper's rescue a crown of thorns had been lifted from his father's heart.

DR. GRAHAM was making his second appearance at the Garden, on May 16th, when the Hooper boy took his tumble, and it wasn't long before the papers were switching their attention from Billy to Benny. The morning papers, as it happened, had the best of the news about Benny—or, at any rate, the best of the good news. He fell into the well at about 8 P.M., and when the morning papers went to press, nobody knew quite how desperate his situation was. It was the afternoon papers of the seventeenth that had the unhappy duty of coming out with such lugubrious headlines as the *Journal's* "ABANDON HOPE FOR BOY IN WELL" and the *World-Telegram & Sun's* "BOY IN WELL FEARED DEAD." The morning papers of the eighteenth were able to publish the glad tidings of his rescue, which occurred the evening before at either 7:31 (the *Mirror*), 7:32 (the *News*), 7:40 (the *Tribune*), or 7:46 (the *Times*).

All the papers, of course, had descended on Manorville in force. According to the *Times*, which took the unusual step of chartering a plane to fly a reporter and photographer over the scene (the *News* had its own plane there, too, but then the *News* is always

COOL COMBINATION

This silk-topped calfskin casual will carry you through the heat of the season in the height of fashion. For rare summer comfort, try on a pair at your first opportunity.

STYLE 407
Brown Calf,
Light Tan
Shantung... $21.95
also available in Black

Other styles from
... $19.95

AT OUR OWN STORES
and SELECTED DEALERS
COAST TO COAST

FRENCH SHRINER
443 ALBANY STREET • BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
FRENCH SHRINER

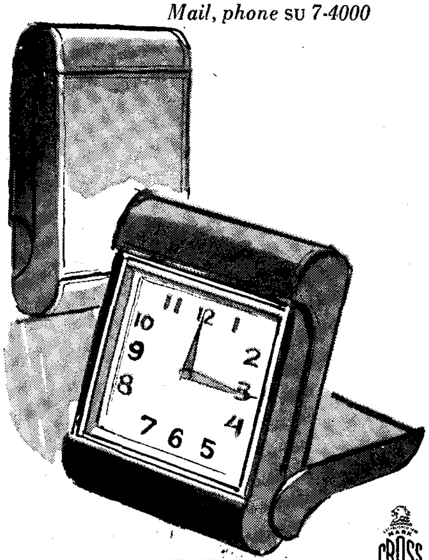
ORIGINAL MUNICH
LÖWENBRÄU
IMPORTED GERMAN BEER

Here, indeed, is beer with unique character and zest . . . born through masterful blending of the world's finest ingredients, matured to a palate-pleasing, full bodied flavor. In bottles or kegs, internationally famous Munich Löwenbräu —best known brand of German beer—is available in better restaurants, delicatessens and grocery stores.

Imported by
HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC.
NEW YORK 51, NEW YORK
LÖWENBRÄU MUNICH
LARGEST BREWERY IN SOUTH GERMANY
12 FL. OUNCES
IN EXISTENCE OVER 550 YEARS
MUNICH
LÖWENBRÄU
LIGHT SPECIAL
IMPORTED BAVARIAN BEER
BREWED & BOTTLED IN GERMANY
IMPORTED BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH INC. NEW YORK 51, N.Y.

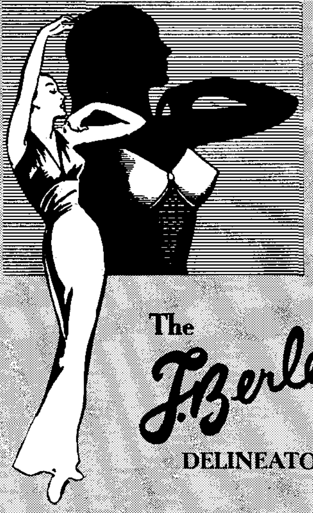
ALARMING IDEA

—and a highly practical one: our folding 'camera' case travel clock, with 8-day 15 jewel Guardier precision movement, and a pleasant but persistent alarm. In green, blue, red calfskin; or tan pigskin. 2¼x3¼". **$41.00** *including tax*
Mail, phone SU 7-4000



MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

No two figures are exactly alike!



The J. Berlé DELINEATOR©

is more than a bra . . . it delineates your figure, brings back contours of youth that tend to disappear with the years. Comfort in a bra or girdle cannot be bought over the counter.
From $17.50
Consultation welcomed.

J. BERLÉ 26 W. 58 St., N. Y. 19

up in the air), there were a hundred reporters and photographers on the ground at the Hooper home. There were also forty-five radio and television men, whom the *Times* catalogued separately. According to *Newsday*, the Long Island daily, "a corps of one hundred and fourteen reporters and photographers, come from far and near to tell the world of the great drama, fought for eight phones to record a poignant moment of life that would not soon have a parallel." (The telephone company had installed some temporary lines at the roadside.) The *Times*, with big-city snobbishness, may not have included *Newsday's* reporters and photographers in its total. In any event, *Newsday* took a dig at the press from across the river, reporting that "a New York photographer, who used the Hoopers' phone to relay a pessimistic report as the family listened, was thrown bodily from the house by police."

Not only did the morning papers get to run the more cheerful stories but, on the eighteenth, the *News* was able to exhibit a photograph of two policemen at the rescue scene smiling broadly. This alone testifies to the effect of Benny's saga on human hearts; cops *never* smile in press photographs—not even when they are portrayed hauling off the most despicable crooks. That day, the papers were full of theories about what, or who, had really saved Benny. Billy Graham was quoted as saying he was saved by prayer. (Benny himself was quoted, third-hand, as saying that while in the well "I was swearing.") Dr. Joseph H. Kris, the physician on the scene, said he was saved by oxygen. The *Post* gave the primary credit to a couple of engineers from the Atomic Energy Commission laboratory at Brookhaven, who conceived the idea of using a powerful vacuum cleaner to suck sand away from the boy. The *News* may have taken the most sensible position of all when it said, in a picture caption, "A lot of prayers were answered—with the help of a lot of sweat," and the *Tribune* may have taken the most astonishing when, on May 19th, it ran a reflective story about Mike Stiriz, the contractor who had supervised the digging. The story quoted a bystander as saying of Mr. Stiriz, who was being deliberate about the job, "If the kid dies, it's that fellow's fault." Then the *Tribune* reporter, apparently referring to himself, went on, "The newsman listened and he felt the alarm that was filling every one at the scene. He decided to file a story fixing the blame for Benny's death, should he die, on Mr. Stiriz." It is perhaps un-

a face in the crowd

NEW...the exclusive sound track album of the Kazan-Schulberg motion picture.

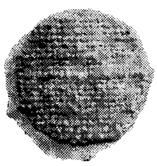
Andy "No Time for Sergeants" Griffith sings the memorable *Mama Guitar, A Free Man in the Morning* and *A Face in the Crowd.* Instrumental selections include the haunting blues-guitar *Main Title Theme.*

Another outstanding sound track album from
Capitol RECORDS

A BERMUDA FRAGRANCE

For special occasions, enchanting BERMUDA BLUE* is a light and luxurious scent prepared in Paris by a famous parfumeur. Excitingly gay and lasting. Obtainable **only** from Bermuda. A truly captivating gift! **The perfume—1 oz. $7.25; ½ oz. $4.45. Toilet water—3½ oz. $3.25.** Postpaid. Your postman will collect small customs duty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send order to Dept. 9.
*Reg.

H.A.&E. Smith Ltd.
HAMILTON • BERMUDA
Bermuda's Largest Selection of Outstanding Importations



it's 10 feet wide
to "up end" and drape an entire window wall with one piece, using automatic pleat hooks. 3 weaves in natural, white or color-matched from 2.98 to 4.98 a yard.
SEND 25c for brochure, samples.
Homespun House, 291 S. Robertson, Beverly Hills 2, Calif.

fair to expect reporters to be entirely dispassionate when they are covering so moving a story. A deputy sheriff of Suffolk County was quoted by the *Post* as saying, through his sobs of relief after the rescue, "One paper ordered me to say there was no hope. I knew there wasn't, but I couldn't say it."

Another interesting glimpse of reporters at work—television reporters in this case—was provided by the *Post*, in a story about Sam Woodson, the first of the men working in the rescue shaft to reach Benny. On emerging, it seems, Woodson collapsed, and on reviving, he was immediately interviewed. He then went home to get some rest, but he was nabbed at his door by a posse of television men, who flew him to New York to be interviewed by C.B.S. Next he was whisked over to N.B.C. After that, he was permitted to go home again—alone, and on the Long Island Railroad.

On Monday, May 20th, by which time things had begun to quiet down, the *Journal* ran an editorial-page cartoon by Burris Jenkins, Jr., saluting Benny's rescue as proof of the brotherhood of man. But already the fraternal bonds were becoming slightly frayed. On the same day, the *Times* revealed that Benny's father had been so disturbed by all the claims and counterclaims that he was in the process of dictating what he called "the story of the miracle of Manorville as told by Benjamin Kent Hopper Sr. to Ronald Hooper, uncle of the child." (There may be no movie sale. A picture called "The Well," about a child who fell into one, was put out a few years ago, as Max Lerner pointed out in the *Post*. This was based on the story of Kathy Fiscus, who fell into a well in California back in 1949, and after two days was found dead; in the Hollywood version, though, the child survives.) Meanwhile, people were doing their best to bask in Benny's reflected glory. A *News* photographer contrived to have the senior Hopper pictured holding a copy of the *News* while hovering over his son's oxygen tent—a kind of exploitation that photographers never seem to have trouble persuading people to go along with. Benny's mother had told the *Herald Tribune* on the eighteenth that his favorite television actor was Rin Tin Tin and that he also liked the Giants. "He'll root for the Giants even if they are in a well as deep as the one he was in and no more chance to get out," she was quoted as saying. On the twenty-first, the *Tribune* was able to report that the Giants had sent Benny an autographed baseball and invited him to a double-

For the man on the move
our attaché case
from England

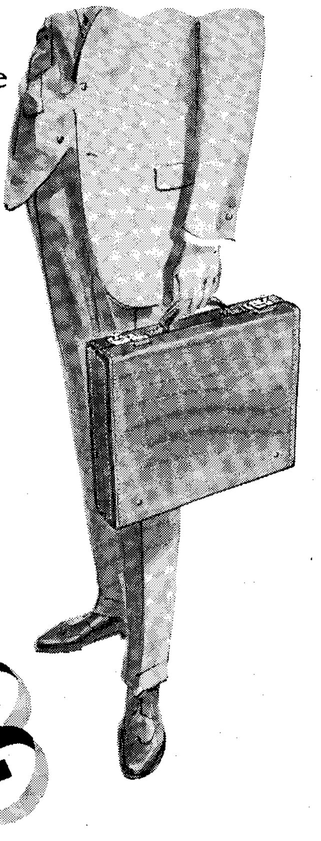
Men with missions depend on this multi-purpose case. It carries papers neatly, doubles as an overnight bag. Handsome in tan top-grain cowhide, with washable maroon lining, solid brass locks. 17"x12"x2¾". **14.95***

**Plus 10% Federal tax*

Men's Store, Street Floor

*Also at
New Rochelle,
Fresh Meadows,
Stamford*

Bloomingdale's · Lexington at 59th, N.Y. 22, N.Y. · EL 5-5900

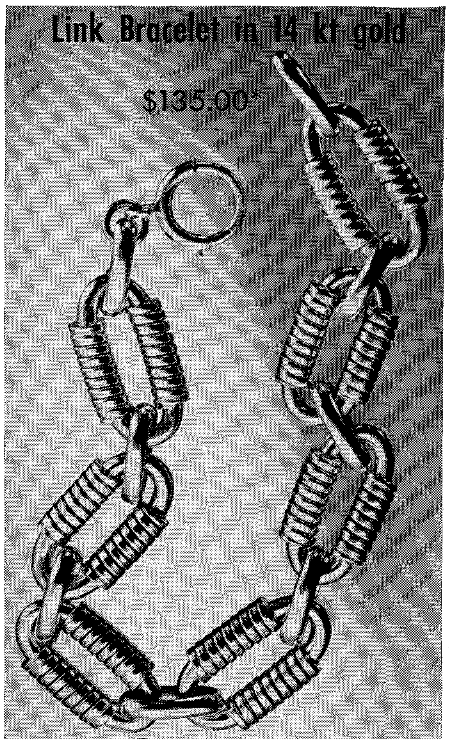


Ballantine's
IMPORTED
ESTD. 1827
Ballantine's
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Ltd
London, England
"21" Brands, Inc.
New York City
BALLANTINE

The crowning achievement in imported gin . . . Ballantine's

Enjoy a "Ballantini" . . . world's dryest martini

"21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y. C., 94.4 PROOF, DISTILLED FROM GRAIN



Link Bracelet in 14 kt gold
$135.00*

Olga
TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.
*Federal Excise Tax Included

send for folder on
how to relax

by taking an
ALCOA
ORE SHIP TRIP
to the carefree
CARIBBEAN!

Travel on new, giant ore carriers with de luxe, air-conditioned accommodations for 12 passengers. Large outside staterooms with private baths. Informal, restful. Three all-expense packages (covers hotels, meals, transportation): 2 weeks round trip cruise to Trinidad $350; 3 weeks including stopover in Trinidad and visit to Tobago $495 (or Barbados $525); 4 weeks including visit to Surinam, plus Tobago or Barbados $600. *From Mobile only.* See your travel agent or write to:

ALCOA STEAMSHIP COMPANY, INC.
Room 1926, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N.Y.

header. (The Giants obviously have a lot to learn about seven-year-old boys. A doubleheader is altogether too much for a seven-year-old—even a Benny Hooper.) On the twenty-third, the Giants' manager, Bill Rigney, called on Benny personally, accompanied by one of his pitchers, Johnny Antonelli. (This may have been tactless on the club's part, because Benny's left arm was in a sling, and Antonelli is a southpaw. They should have sent Al Worthington.) Meanwhile, an offspring of Rin Tin Tin, identified by the *Herald Tribune* one day as a male and the next day as a female, was on its way to Benny from California.

Billy Graham sent Benny Hooper a present, too. It was a King James Bible, inscribed, so the *Times* reported, "God bless you, Benny. We have prayed for you and are looking for you to visit us before long. You must dedicate your life to Christ and live for Him." Nobody can predict for sure, of course, what Benny will dedicate his life to. The *Mirror*, calling him "diamond-bound," said that what he aspires to do is play for the Giants. While he was still in the hospital, the *World-Telegram* asked itself, "What does Benny want?" and quickly responded, "He wants to get out of bed. Also he wants his picture taken again by all the photographers." But a minister from Manhattan, who delivered Dr. Graham's gift to the well-rescue boy, didn't see baseball in Benny's future. "It certainly was the hand of God that raised him up," a reporter from the *Post* heard him say. "It seems as though he was saved for something. Maybe he'll be another Billy Graham."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

WHEEP NO MORE

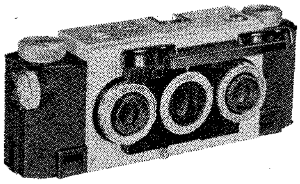
"As Full of Spirit as the Month of May"—In a whisp of a chiffon sheath. *—Adv. for Kathleen, Inc., in the May 18th issue of The New Yorker.*

Through the birch's whited boughs
    Whafts the whestern breeze;
Whistling through the whillow soughs
    Whind among the trees,

Rustling through the reed and sedge,
    O'er the whindrows crisp,
Where, beside the whater's edge,
    Gleams the whill-o'-the-whisp.

Whinter's past and spring is here,
    So the whispers tell.
We have whined too much, I fear—
    Too whisely, and too whell.

—R. A. L.



Re-live the best with a
Stereo REALIST camera

when you're ready for
the best—buy a . . .
Stereo REALIST

Realist, Inc., subsidiary of David White Instrument Co. Manufacturers of precision surveying instruments and photographic products. 2051 N. 19th St., Milwaukee 5, Wisconsin.

DOMINO belts

CREATO IN ITALIA
(made in Italy)
PER L'INTENDITORE
(for the connoisseur)

A gentleman's stitchless belt that's slim as a rapier, supple as a whip, smart as the devil! In precious leathers, $6.50 to $15.00

...and see the new men's DOMINO WATCH STRAPS hand-made, stitchless, slim and tapered to slide right under the watch! In precious leathers . . . $2 to $4

At a fine store in your city or write:—
GREENHALL BROS. Inc., 18 E. 30th St., N. Y. 16

HOTEL BAMER
México City
THE MOST
DISTINGUISHED HOTEL
AV. JUAREZ 52 MEXICO, CITY

WEBSTER JACKET, in soft, linen-like texture, has zipper front, side elastic and two pockets. 6 colors. Under $5.

WEBSTER SLACKS, in same linen-like texture, have full deep pleats, half-belt, side elastic. 10 colors. Under $5.

WEBSTER SHORTS. Full pleats, half-belt, side elastic. Also in ivy league Bermuda style. 10 colors. Under $4.

AVISCO
RAYON FIBERS

The wonderful colors you can get with modern Avisco® rayon are superbly washable. Surprising, isn't it, that you can buy all 3 pieces—jacket, slacks and shorts—for less than $14? Look for this tag: only tested and approved fabrics earn it.

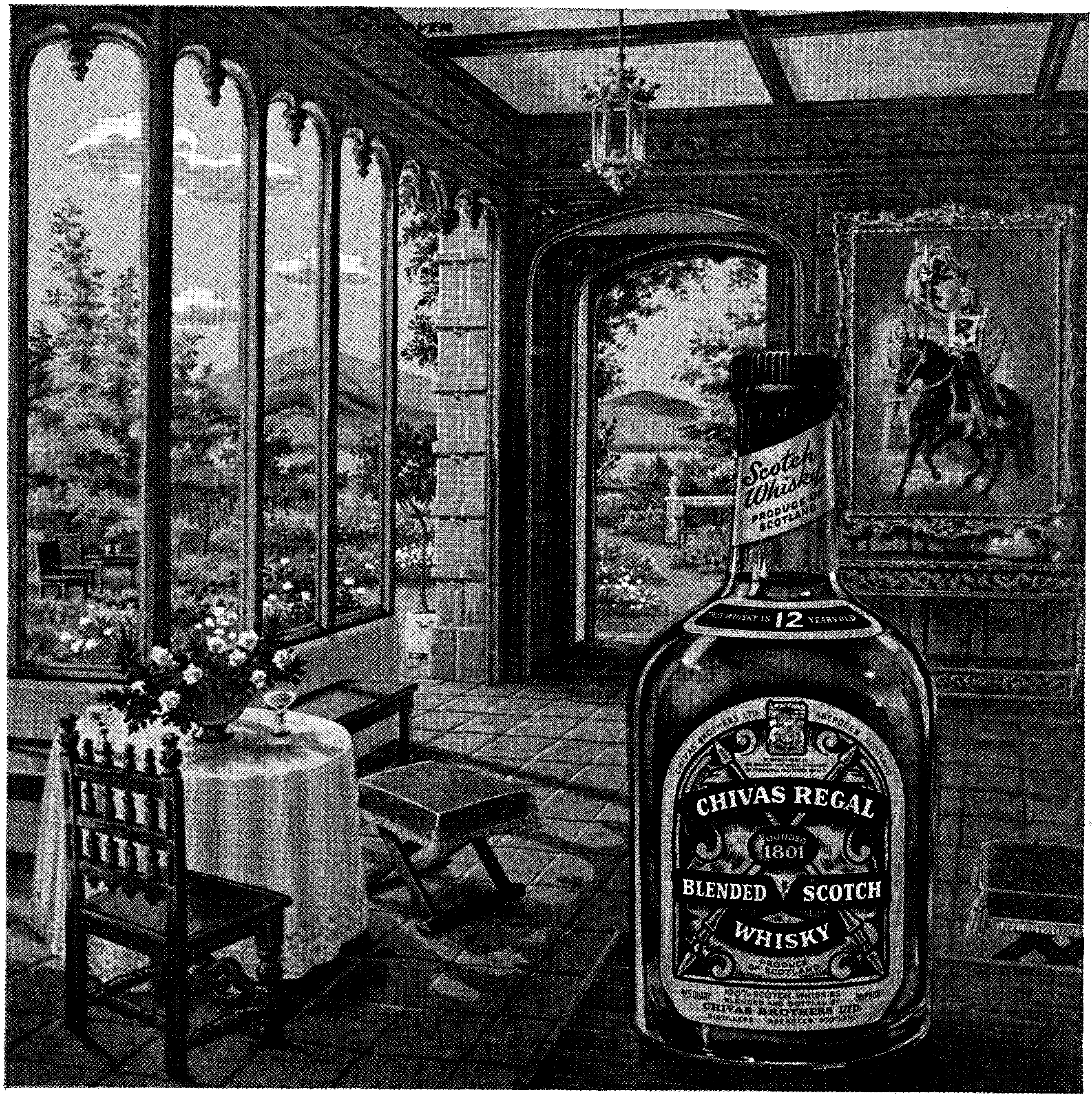
A quality fabric containing Avisco fibers
AVISCO
INTEGRITY TAG

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORP.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

For stores featuring WEBSTER Co-ordinates in Burlington fabrics, write B. F. Spencer Associates, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1

Scotland's Prince of Whiskies

Magnificently mellow and of incomparable flavor, 12 year old Chivas Regal is a blend of the Highland's rarest whiskies...and the most wanted premium Scotch in America.


Scotch Whisky
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
THIS WHISKY IS 12 YEARS OLD
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD. ABERDEEN SCOTLAND
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD.
DISTILLERS ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

The glory of a summer garden is framed in the portico arches of a stately manor. In this baronial setting, Robert the Bruce, Scotland's prince of warriors, is shown in an heroic-size portrait, painted in the style of the baroque period.

CHIVAS REGAL

12 YEAR OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen. Purveyors of Provisions and Scotch Whisky.
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD. of Aberdeen, Scotland. Established 1801.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY • NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE ART GALLERIES

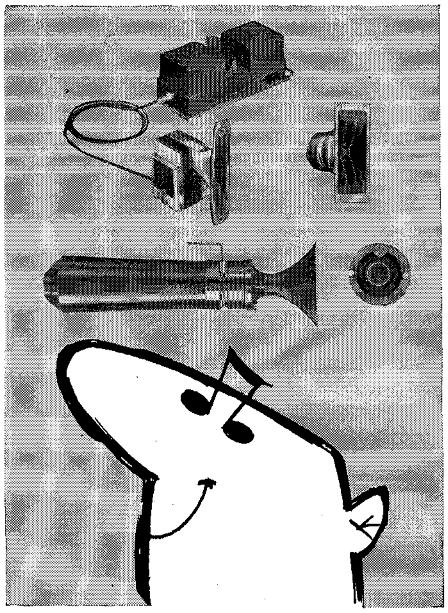
Picasso

AS far as I can discover, there were no flaming meteors, comets, or other awesome manifestations in the sky above the Spanish town of Málaga on the night of October 25, 1881, which is odd, for it was the birthday of a man who is surely one of the most miraculously gifted artists of our own or any other time. This was Pablo Picasso, whose seventy-fifth anniversary is now being celebrated—to be sure, a trifle belatedly—at the Museum of Modern Art by an exhibition of oils, sculptures, drawings, and other works that is as big, varied, and in some ways as bewildering as Picasso's production itself. Other men, in their less ebullient way, have been greater artists, and some, such as Leonardo and Michelangelo, have equalled him in their range of interests. Picasso's great talent is his endless creativeness and versatility, and these, coupled with his enormous facility, have given him a volume and variety of production that are, I believe, unsurpassed in the history of art.

In a sense, he's a movement rather than a man—indeed, a whole series of movements, for when he hasn't been instigator he has been at least a prime figure in most of the major modernist manifestations, from collages and experiments with African Negro motifs to the various forms of Cubism and beyond—and the Museum is to be commended for the thoughtfulness and skill with which it has managed to give a sense of orderliness and progressive development to what at times seems a chaotically contradictory career. The feat is even more remarkable in view of the huge size of the collection. One of the largest arrays of Picasso's works ever assembled, it contains no less than three hundred and twenty-eight pieces, including an unprecedented forty-eight of his rare essays in sculpture, while its range chronologically is from a small, rather dark, and fairly conventional "Gypsy Girl," done around 1898, to a group of five canvases, none of them shown here before, dated only last year. It is, too, an extremely "honest" collection, in that there is none of that highlighting of exceptional pieces at the expense of the less important—or simply the less sensational—by which some big retrospectives have been dramatized. Instead, the man's career is surveyed with impressive fullness and complete impartiality, and if that makes the exhibition seem a trifle plodding at times, it also makes it all the more instructive.

Picasso was still living in Spain when he painted the "Gypsy Girl." But the pull of Paris was already strong, and in 1900 he went there, on the first of a series of brief visits, ending by settling there, in 1904. Though in one sense he was still immersed in the Spanish tradition (one sees Goya, for instance, in "Woman in Blue," and El Greco in "Blind Man's Meal" and the other so-called Blue Period paintings of the early years), he was already—and, as so often has happened with Picasso, simultaneously—undergoing other contemporary Paris influences. Toulouse-Lautrec appears in "Le Moulin de la Galette," of 1900, and still more in the drawings Picasso made of other Montmartre scenes at about that time, and there's even a tentative trial of Pointillism in "Dwarf Dancer." But I'm not going to try to do much cataloguing of Picasso's rapidly shifting styles and only momentarily important influences. The Rose Period—this and the Neo-Classic Period, of a couple of decades later, are his most compassionate and mellowest phases—followed the Blue. There was a short phase after that, most notable for the massively designed "Portrait of Gertrude Stein," of experimentation with ancient Mediterranean sculptural forms, as a basis for his paintings. Then, in 1907, came "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," and the face of European painting was changed irrevocably overnight.

"Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" is a picture whose historical importance cannot be exaggerated. But its value in that direction is not so much that it employed African Negro masks as a compositional source (several artists were exploring this and other primitive or archaic fields) or even that in its color, as in the flesh tones, it departed far from reality. (After all, the Fauves had already done that.) Its significance is that for the first time in Western art the primary image, the subject forms of the painting, had been "broken" and dispersed, and thus divorced from all semblance of conventional pictorial representation. Now not only the color of the things portrayed but their shapes



Add to Your Enjoyment by Adding

Electro-Voice®

SPEAKERS TO YOUR HI-FI SYSTEM

You'll hear richer, cleaner, smoother music with these 'Listeneered' Electro-Voice high-frequency, mid-bass and treble drivers. Each is available individually and also as E-V Speaker Building Block, complete with control, crossover and wiring harness.

T35B VHF DRIVER for use with 2-way systems, coaxial or full range loudspeakers. Response to 18 kc.......... Net $22.00

T35 VHF DRIVER for use with deluxe 2-way systems, coaxial or full-range loudspeakers. Response to 19 kc. Net $35.00

T10A HIGH FREQUENCY DRIVER for use with 12 and 15 inch speakers and speaker systems. Response to 13,000 cps. .... Net $42.50

T25A HIGH-FREQUENCY DRIVER for use with heavier 12 and 15 inch speakers and speaker systems. Response to 13,000 cps.......................... Net $58.00

NEW T350 ULTRA-SONAX VHF DRIVER for use with deluxe multi-way systems having extended bass ranges and sensitivity. Response to 21 kc. Net $60.00

NEW T3500—THE IONOVAC VHF DRIVER for use with extended bass range systems. For the discriminating listener. Ionized air stream replaces diaphragm. Response undistorted to 40 kc. Net $150.00

NEW MT30B COAXIAL DRIVER ASSEMBLY for mid-bass and treble frequencies 200–10,000 cps. Ideal for phase loaded systems.............. Net $35.00

NEW MT30 COAXIAL DRIVER ASSEMBLY for mid-bass and treble frequencies 200–10,000 cps. Ideal for phase loaded systems using deluxe components. .... Net $43.00

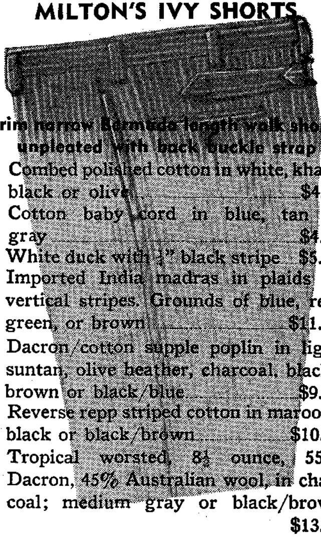
Dial the system you want—from a single speaker through a deluxe multi-way system—on your dealer's Electro-Voice Speaker Systems Selector. Hear the difference each added component can make. See your E-V dealer TODAY. Write for Bulletin NY 76.

Electro-Voice

ELECTRO-VOICE, INC. • BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN

Export: 13 East 40th St., New York 16, U.S.A. Cables: ARLAB

MILTON'S IVY SHORTS



Trim narrow Bermuda-length walk shorts, unpleated with back buckle strap

1. Combed polished cotton in white, khaki, black or olive........$4.95
2. Cotton baby cord in blue, tan or gray........$4.95
3. White duck with ½" black stripe $5.95
4. Imported India madras in plaids or vertical stripes. Grounds of blue, red, green, or brown........$11.95
5. Dacron/cotton supple poplin in light suntan, olive heather, charcoal, black/brown or black/blue........$9.95
6. Reverse repp striped cotton in maroon/black or black/brown........$10.00
7. Tropical worsted, 8½ ounce, 55% Dacron, 45% Australian wool, in charcoal; medium gray or black/brown $13.95
8. Imported cotton shetlands, ½" spaced muted stripes in charcoal; olive or brown grounds........$11.95
9. D & J Anderson finest combed English gingham, blazer stripes in black/red/gray; miniature tartans in brown or blue grounds........$12.95

Sizes 28-38

Mail orders filled immediately. Add 40¢ postage
Send for free year-'round fashion booklet

SUMMER EXHIBITION
CHICAGO • Hotel LaSalle • June 10, 11, 12

Milton's Clothing Cupboard
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who then as now provide the choicest in wines and spirits. Try the famous Rare J. & B. Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky
Imported by THE PADDINGTON CORP.,
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

as well had been wrenched free of the traditional approach, and this—together with the curiously flat, almost all-in-one-plane treatment of the women's figures that Picasso seems instinctively to have adopted—not only opened the door to Cubism and all the other subsequent developments in abstract art but made them just about inevitable.

It was not until two or three years later (and for this I believe Picasso's friend and co-worker Braque should have more credit than he usually is given) that he had any signal success in the new method. One of the virtues of the show is that it is rich in both the confidently perfected pieces and the more tentative ones of the trial-and-error period. Most of this second group are in the graphics section, where such examples as "Bathers in the Forest" and "Head of a Woman" testify to the amount of technical exploration that went into the formation of the style. Of the oils, his "Man with Pipe," "Ma Jolie," the intricate "Man with Guitar," and the slightly later, and handsome, Facet-Cubist "Guitar," of 1912, are among the ultimate triumphs.

If I have lingered over these early phases of Picasso's long career, it's because I feel that in their culmination, in the Cubist period, they led to one of the high points of his career. It was not the only high point, though. A decade more, and Picasso, always restless, seems to have tired of the limitations of flat-pattern painting, and while he didn't abandon Cubism entirely, his work in this style was interspersed with phases of quite different experimentation—the Neo-Classic Period, the Bone Period, and so on—and marked by a number of truly great canvases, among them the benign seaside scene called "Mother and Child," the strongly sculptural "Figure by the Sea," and the sonorously colorful abstraction "Pitcher and Bowl of Fruit," of 1931, all of them in this showing.

Since then, it seems to me, Picasso has been engaged primarily in an incredibly persistent, resourceful, and really dauntless attempt—in which all his abilities have been brought into play—to evolve a style that would combine the values of the flat and the round (or, say, abstract and representational) and emerge with even some of the effects of the three-dimensional. If he has succeeded less consistently than in his earlier phases, this only indicates the magnitude of the task he has set himself. Perhaps because of this, the suc-

1951
BROLIO
CHIANTI SUPERIORE
CONSORZIO PER LA DIFESA DEL VINO TIPICO DEL CHIANTI
MARCA DEPOSITATA

THE MARK OF CLASSIC CHIANTI

have you ever tasted real Chianti?
THINK before you answer. Only Chianti imported from Italy's famed Chianti region bears the proud symbol of the black rooster. Ask for Brolio . . . the perfect accompaniment to fine food.

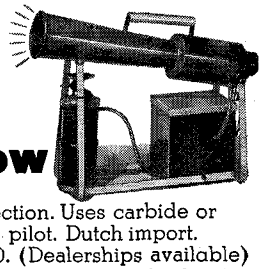
be cocksure . . .
ask for BROLIO
ITALY'S *Chianti* SUPERIORE
FONTANA-HOLLYWOOD CORP., N.Y. Sole U.S. Agent

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
The Barbizon

If you are seeking a career in New York, you will appreciate The Barbizon. Music studios. Social activities. Sun deck, swimming pool, radios. Coffee shop. From $4.00 daily. Weekly on application. Write for booklet. NY68

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York

Bye Bye
on your
FARM or
ESTATE
with
ZON SCARECROW



Positive protection. Uses carbide or acetylene. No pilot. Dutch import. Retails $59.50. (Dealerships available)
B. M. LAWRENCE & CO.
244 California St., San Francisco

Delightful gifts from everywhere
to enhance a home, enchant a friend. Lovely antiques or light-hearted fripperies, generally small-sized, small priced. Come in or write for free catalog:
HOUSE OF EUROPEAN SPECIALTIES
29 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

cesses—such canvases as "Night Fishing at Antibes," "Woman Dressing Her Hair," "Winter Landscape," "The Studio," of 1955, "Jardinière with Ferns," and "Woman by a Window"—are breathtaking.

It is obviously far too early to attempt a final judgment on Picasso's position as an artist. There is no question of his enormous creativeness, his apparently inexhaustible vitality, or—though, oddly, this is seldom mentioned in the cataloguing of his talents—his almost unexampled technical adroitness. Literally, he can do anything he wants to do in paint. What he lacks, I think, is a certain warmth and humanity. It is true that his feeling is intense when his emotions are wholly engaged. "Guernica" and the Franco series prove that. But these came from emotionality on the grand scale, and throughout most of his career I sense a lack of simpler, perhaps more sentimental expression. To put it another way, since the paintings of the Blue and Rose Periods, there has been almost no immediate concern with the life and problems of the individual. Instead, a coldness obtains; the painting is of the eye rather than the heart, and although there can be no doubt of his huge and lasting importance as an innovator, I find myself wondering if the lack of these small, homely preoccupations may not eventually keep him from attaining the rank of one of the greatest of the great which in all other ways he deserves.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

A 92-year-old Turk has announced wedding plans, the Turkish Information Office reports. He is Abdullah Pehlivan, a resident of Geridere in western Turkey. His fiancée is Fatma Tavukcu, who is 82 and a resident of the same community.

The future groom was a famous wrestler in his younger days. He is the father of four sons and daughters. He has sixteen grandchildren and twenty-six great-grandchildren.

He smiled when asked if he felt equal to the ordeal of a new marriage at his advanced age and replied: "I have fought in many wars and defeated the greatest wrestlers of my day. Do you doubt that I can handle one woman?"—*The Times.*

No need to start out with irrelevancies.

•

FRATERNAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Oakland (Calif.) Tribune*]

WALNUT CREEK, May 6—Alfred Tisch of Chico will speak to the Walnut Creek Rotary Club at 12:15 P.M. tomorrow in Masonic Temple on "U.S. Fruits and International Complications of Today."

The Solid No 1 in Cincinnati is the Cincinnati Enquirer
MEDIA DIRECTOR
Robt Day

"I'm sure you'll find everything comfortable, Hathaway . . . and, Miss Jenkins, you'll remember to call Supply for a tack and hammer."

The Cincinnati Daily Enquirer is solid No. 1 right down the line. Including a 21,000 edge in City Zone circulation . . . a healthy lead in Retail Display Linage. Get full story from Moloney, Regan & Schmitt, Inc.

WALNUT
Hickory
cherry BLEND
REGIMENTAL MIXTURE
Middleton 5
To Dad
Middleton's Variety Kit Fine Tobaccos

perfect for pipe smokers

$1.50 in colorful gift box

if not locally available write

John Middleton INC.
1211 Walnut St., Phila. 7, Pa. Fine Tobaccos for 101 Years

LONDON HOUSE
Chicago MICHIGAN & WACKER

Man cannot live by steak alone . . . even our own! So make a date tonight with

Barbara Carroll

AND HER EXCITING TRIO
no cover, minimum or amusement tax

JOIN THIS ARISTOCRACY OF FINE TEA CONNOISSEURS

From Taiwan comes this rare and unusual Hu-Kwa tea, rated by tasters as the acme in delicious, satisfying smoky flavor—a tea well worthy to be named for the famous 19th century Chinese potentate who first opened the Orient to the clipper ships of the Wendell family. Still grown in limited quantities with tender care, Hu-Kwa has the rich full-bodied flavor and aroma of the finest obtainable smoky tea. Cup for cup it is actually less expensive than other beverages . . . yet more satisfying to the discriminating taste, a discovery you will make with your first order. One lb. canister $3.50. Add 25c beyond city delivery limits.

Order from the importer
MARK T. WENDELL
156 State St., Boston, Mass.

Please send .... lbs. of Hu-Kwa tea to:
Name..
Street..
Town...Zone........
☐ Check ☐ Money order **PLEASE NO C.O.D.s**

BOOKS

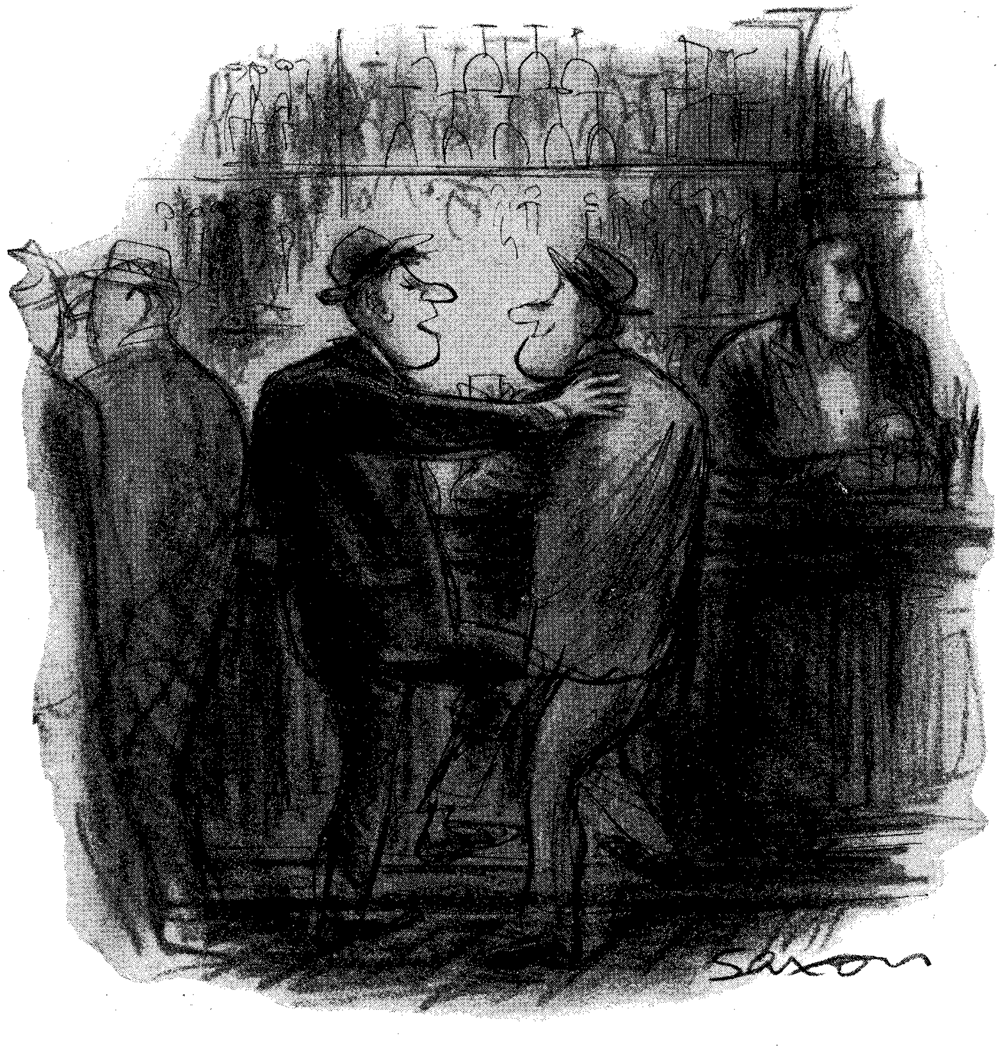
The War Refought

SOMEDAY, years from now, it may be possible to publish the full text of the diaries Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke kept during the Second World War, and that, if it ever happens, will be an event of more than a little interest, because the Field Marshal, then General Alan Brooke, was England's most important military leader. He was a corps commander during the retreat and the evacuation of the British Army from the Continent in 1940; he commanded the ground forces during the Battle of Britain; late in 1941 he became Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the highest post in the Army; from March of 1942 until he retired, at the end of the war, he was also Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee, the supreme battle headquarters for all the British armed forces, Navy and Air Force included. He was as important, in short, as General George C. Marshall; he was, roughly, Marshall's opposite number; and, again like Marshall before he became Secretary of State, he was practically unknown.

The most recent of Alanbrooke's diary entries is now more than eleven years old, but his clasp-lock books are apparently full of remarks that still cannot be exposed to public view—not state secrets, one gathers, but simply blunt comments on the Field Marshal's colleagues, including cracks about how ugly some of them looked. Yet it would have been hardly fair to Alanbrooke—or to history, for that matter—to suppress his record much longer. The popular story of how any war was fought hardens with remarkable speed, and on several points Alanbrooke's report is absolutely essential.

The problem of how to deal with this situation has now been partly solved. Two books *about* the diaries, written by the English historian Arthur Bryant, are, for the time being, to serve as stand-ins for the raw text of the diaries. The first of these two volumes, "The Turn of the Tide" (Doubleday), has recently appeared. It covers the first half of the story, from Hitler's conquest of Poland, in 1939, to the end of the Quebec Conference, in the late summer of 1943. It is made up of three continuously but skillfully intermixed elements: extensive but heavily censored quotations from Alanbrooke's day-by-day accounts; selections from Alanbrooke's voluminous notes on his diaries, notes written, long after the war was over, as afterthoughts on what he had put down in the heat of the moment and usually presenting a longer-range, more charitable view; and, finally, Bryant's own account of the military events of those years, which is designed to fill gaps, of both omission and commission, in the excerpts from the diaries, to put the various military actions into context, and to explain what and whom Alanbrooke was talking about. This account runs thousands of words longer than the texts it illuminates.

But the solution is hardly an ideal one, for it raises a new problem. A great many harsh criticisms have survived all the cutting, and the editorial scheme, which seems so elaborately careful, creates what is doubtless a false impression, for, judging by Alanbrooke's foreword, he, as well as Bryant, is satisfied that every effect is under perfect control. Which, in turn, implies that Alanbrooke, after mature consideration, still means all the vehement things he says, and that, in fact, the authors' consciences could not permit him to say less. Apologies and excuses, sometimes by one man, sometimes by the other, sometimes by both, are rushed forward to soften the blows, but they are too late; if anything, they exaggerate the damage. All but half a dozen of Alanbrooke's colleagues are sharply criticized, if not insulted. Churchill is made to look ridiculous as a military strategist. Eisenhower and Marshall are well-meaning fumblers. Stimson and King take terrible rakings-over. Mountbatten is a silly boy. And so on down the list, each harsh sketch unintentionally emphasized by disclaimers. The diaries were written as letters to Lady Alanbrooke, for whose eyes alone they were intended, when they could finally be shown to her without violating security, and she probably realized that some of the diaries' dour opinions were simply

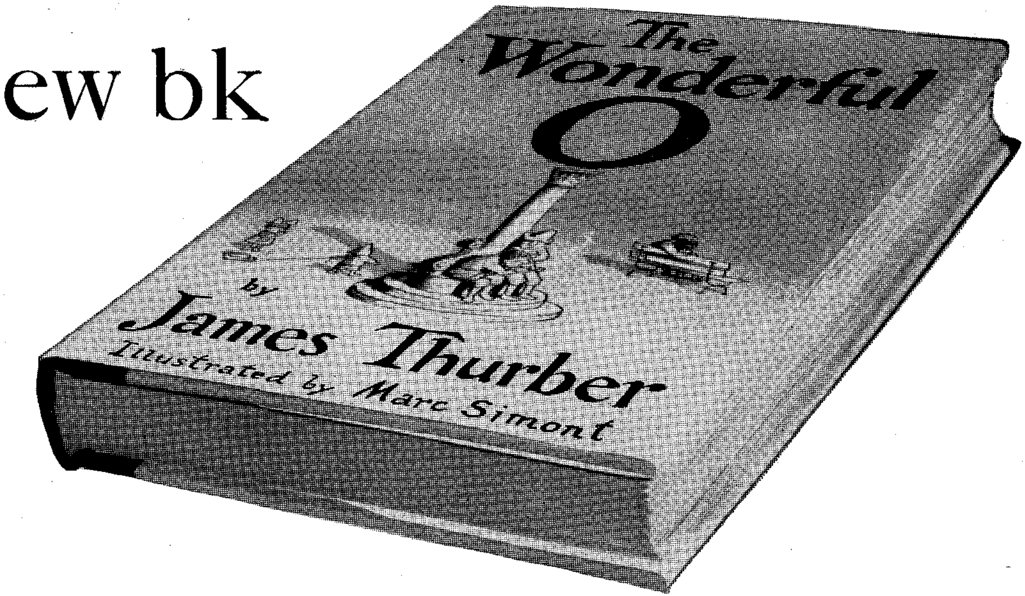


"Thank you, thank you, Super Fabrics Amalgamated. And now let Tri-Metals, Inc., buy you a drink."

What yu need t knw abut

James Thurber's

new bk



THE MAN with the map and the man with the ship sailed for the island rich with sapphires, emeralds and rubies.

Their vessel was called *Aeiu,* which has every vowel but O. The owner hated O because his mother had become wedged in a porthole and they couldn't pull her in, so they had to push her out.

The island, Ooroo, was inhabited by gentle people who did not resist when the pirates, unable to find any jewels, decided to get rid of all words with an O in them. Cnfusin reigned, and chas.

A man named Otto Ott, when asked his name, could only stutter. Ophelia Oliver was ashamed. Babies often made as much sense as their fathers.

The islanders decided there were four words with an O that must not be lost. Three of them were "hope" and "love" and "valor." The fourth and most important is really the whole point of

THE WONDERFUL O

by James Thurber

Pictures by Marc Simont

Never before in print anywhere • Just published, $3.50 • Simon and Schuster

Just published
NEW BOOKS FROM
FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

BERNARD MALAMUD'S
"Jewel of a novel." —*Meyer Levin*
THE ASSISTANT
"I can't whoop it up enough for this novel or this novelist. He knows the way to the funnybone as well as to the heart."—ASSOCIATED PRESS. "Even more impressive than *The Natural.*" —TIME MAGAZINE. *$3.50*

MARY LOUISE ASWELL'S
bewitching suspense story about a Halloween "trick" that lasted 30 years
FAR TO GO
Little Larry Russell was kidnapped at the age of three. Thirty Halloweens later his mother finally paid the ransom for her long lost son who, strangely enough, was still only three. *$3.50*

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
NATHANAEL WEST
All the novels of the outspoken genius of the 30's who is one of today's great literary discoveries. Introduction by *Alan Ross.* *$5.00*

MAURICE GOUDEKET'S
intimate portrait of a woman of genius
CLOSE TO COLETTE
Her husband—the one man who was closest to Colette and her work—reveals a little-known side of her life and writing. Illustrated. *$4.00*

ROSE MACAULAY'S
The TOWERS of TREBIZOND
"An utter delight, the most brilliantly witty and captivatingly charming book I have read since I can't remember when."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, N.Y. TIMES. *$3.75*

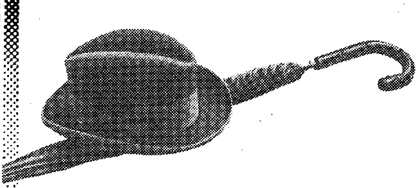
Now at your bookstore
FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

the product, as he once in a while says, of too much hard work under too much pressure. But now, as a public document, Alanbrooke's indiscretions can hardly be forgiven.

If the editorial scheme thus partly misrepresents Alanbrooke's considered opinions, and is therefore a kind of antihistory, it is also by far the most beguiling of the many volumes that have dealt with the subjects it covers. And whatever misrepresentation there may be, it is clearly no more than partial. Alanbrooke, as presented, is obviously a brilliant, crotchety, and impatient man. To him, the sticky formalities of top-level conferences were insufferable; the antics of his associates at times drove him, if not to drink, at least to bird-watching. He had no small talk. He was hopelessly inept at persuasion. He was conceited, abrupt, and rude. All of these are qualities that make the hero of "The Turn of the Tide" very lively reading.

Bryant must be thanked for rescuing Alanbrooke from obscurity. Some careful newspaper readers may recall his small, dark face in the team portraits that were released, after a safe interval, with the news stories of the many conferences between the Allied military leaders and heads of state. Alanbrooke was always there, but he was strictly a second-row man, correct, neat, and deadpan, and not conspicuous even as a background figure. Wherever Alanbrooke went, Churchill went, too. You noticed Churchill, all right. In fact, Churchill's presence explains an almost insoluble mystery—how a figure of Alanbrooke's stature in the world could have made so little impression. The Prime Minister's personality simply obliterated Alanbrooke—not only in the group pictures but in the international meetings. According to Bryant, that was perfectly all right with Alanbrooke.

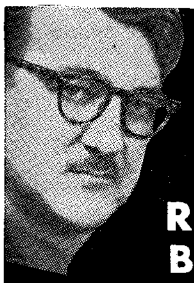
Alanbrooke is candid about the Prime Minister, as he is about everybody, and his accounts of all Churchill's passing enthusiasms for wild military expeditions here, there, and everywhere around the globe are the things that make Churchill the strategist look ridiculous. But those who love Churchill best will feel that Alanbrooke's description of him is really far more flattering than any polite account could possibly be. In "The Turn of the Tide," the Prime Minister is bad-tempered, thoughtless, and obstreperous, but as big as life. It gradually becomes clear, furthermore, that Churchill feels that he can boil up into excitement over the most rattlebrained military excursion—trying it on for size, anyhow—



The ployman westward plies his witty way

Putting Gamesmanship and Lifemanship aside for the moment, Stephen Potter made a trip across America. Now he comments with incomparable humor and perception on what he saw—delightful, satiric, comical Potter on a multitude of things American.

Potter on America
By STEPHEN POTTER
$3.00, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.



By the co-author of THE PAJAMA GAME
"Breeziest, Funniest"
RICHARD BISSELL'S
Say, Darling
A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION
An Atlantic Monthly Press Book • $3.95
LITTLE, BROWN

THE Weddings and Graduations call for THOUGHTFUL gifts . . .
COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA
With 96-page SUPPLEMENT OF ILLUSTRATIONS and Record of Events 1950-56 *bound-in*, 2307 pages, $35.00. Supplement alone, $5.00 *At all bookstores*
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

YOU WILL ENJOY

THE NATURE OF PASSION
a novel by R. PRAWER JHABVALA
"Gay and diverting . . even better than *Amrita.*" —*N. Y. Times.* $3.75
NORTON

just because he has Alanbrooke beside him. He can count on Alanbrooke to keep him clear of any dubious projects, and Alanbrooke does; the running story of the clashes between Alanbrooke and Churchill is greatly to the credit of both men. The balance between their two personalities seems to have obviated any difficulties over the question of civilian vs. military control of the war—and with a man of Churchill's personality arguing the civilian case, such a fight might have overshadowed the conflict with Germany and Japan. Churchill appointed Alanbrooke, started wrangling with him immediately, could have fired him at any moment, but never made a military decision without the approval of his chief of staff. And at the end of the war Alanbrooke was still in his job.

This working arrangement between the two men is one subject on which Alanbrooke's testimony on the war is essential. Churchill, as Alanbrooke's superior, could hardly have described the relationship in such graphic terms. But it is by no means the only instance in which the Alanbrooke version of Alanbrooke's part in the war's management must be considered. A dozen other memoirs covering some of the same ground, such as Robert E. Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins" and the Churchill, Eisenhower, King, Leahy, Arnold, Cunningham, and Stimson accounts, have already been published; the only major report that has not appeared is General Marshall's, if he is to make one. Now that the Bryant account of Alanbrooke is in (with the considerable advantage of batting next to last), these other memoirs could stand the insertion of a footnote or two. This is not to say that Alanbrooke, on points of difference, is right and the others are wrong, but only that Alanbrooke, at one time or another, puzzled them all.

Churchill's "The Second World War," Volume V, needs such a footnote on page 85, where Churchill describes Alanbrooke's acceptance of the news that an American, and not Alanbrooke, was to be in command of the invasion of Normandy. "He bore the great disappointment with soldierly dignity," Churchill says.

The Alanbrooke account is not exactly contradictory (no doubt his soldierly dignity was unruffled), but it does alter the mood of the scene.

First, from the Diaries:

> Then Winston sent for me, asking to see me a quarter of an hour before lunch. He had just returned from being with the President and Harry Hopkins at Hyde

Air Force
A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN AIRPOWER
by MARTIN CAIDIN
in cooperation with the U.S. Air Force
In 400 stunning *all-action* pictures (the pick of over 2 million from the vast files of the Pentagon)—the first complete photographic story of the growth and drama of our Air Force. This is the whole story of our men, planes, battles, and tactics—from the first gun ever fired from a plane to the superjets. Each dramatic picture is accompanied by detailed explanatory text. A magnificent book that is one of the enduring records of man's conquest of the air. 240 pages. Size 9" x 12". $10.00

PHILIP WYLIE
The Innocent Ambassadors
The account of a trip around the world and a compendium of data not found in standard guidebooks... A survey of places, both exotic and troubled... Assorted enjoyments, revelations, practical suggestions for the salvation of liberty and sundry flights of fancy... $4.95
"This is vintage Wylie — the best of his books in a long time."
—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

The Gingerbread Age
A VIEW OF VICTORIAN AMERICA
by JOHN MAASS
110 superb photographs and 75 charming sketches recapture the spirit of our Victorian architecture — its private homes, firehouses, depots, churches, interiors. In sparkling narrative, the author shows that these fanciful buildings are more than just entertaining — "their boldness and vitality" he says, "can teach a lesson to the conformist present." This is a big and an outstandingly *beautiful* book — to give, to treasure. 224 pages. 8" x 11". $7.95

Guilty Men, 1957
SUEZ AND CYPRUS
by MICHAEL FOOT and MERVYN JONES
Two crack British newspapermen, one a Labour M.P., give an up-to-the-minute, blow-by-blow account of the political crisis in the Middle East — and its long history. They attack the policies of the British Conservative Government past and present — in the Near-East, Egypt, and Cyprus. Behind these policies are "guilty men"... who encouraged the recent "go-it-alone" adventure of Britain and France . . . who betrayed their allies, violated their own treaties and the U.N. charter. Heavy paper binding. $1.95
At all booksellers
RINEHART & CO., INC.
232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Poor,
Pitiful
Pearl
makes a glad little girl

Little girls love Pearl, who looks sad (and changes to a beauty, like Cinderella, when she changes clothes). Her woefully wonderful 18 inches make girls glad to mother this doll that looks like a character—and is, from a Steig cartoon.

Pitiful Pearl is lifelike, well-made of modern vinyl plastic. She wears a long, blonde, washable saran wig.

And best of all is the way you can transform Pearl to a party girl when she's dressed up in the smart change of clothes that come in her carrying case. Complete, $10.00. Order S 26-272.

Send for free Toy Catalogue Q-1

F.A.O. SCHWARZ

World's Greatest Toy Store

745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York
Telephone MUrray Hill 8-2200
Boston, Mass. • Ardmore, Pa.

That best-selling book about childhood which **The New Yorker** calls "A classic evocation . . ." **Newsweek** calls it "magic about boyhood."

"Where Did You Go?"
"Out."
"What Did You Do?"
"Nothing."

By ROBERT PAUL SMITH $2.95

NORTON

For graduation
. . . Anniversaries

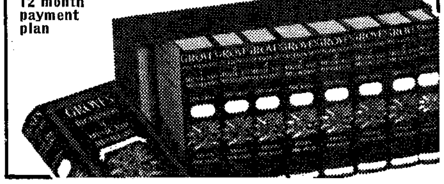
GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

9 volumes **Edited by ERIC BLOM**

The gift supreme. ***The N. Y. Times*** **calls the *new* 5th Edition the "Music Bible"—nine beautiful volumes—8,398 pages, thousands of illustrations, handsomely bound, boxed.** **$127.50**

ST MARTIN'S PRESS, Dept. NY-68
103 Park Avenue, New York 17

Postcard brings convenient 12 month payment plan



Park. Apparently the latter pressed hard for the appointment of Marshall as Supreme Commander for the cross-Channel operations and, as far as I can gather, Winston gave in, in spite of having previously promised me the job. He asked me how I felt about it, and I told him that I could not feel otherwise than disappointed.

And then, as afterthoughts, from the Notes:

> As Winston spoke, all that scenery was swamped by a dark cloud of despair.... It was a crushing blow to hear from him that he was now handing over the appointment to the Americans.... Not for one moment did he realize what this meant to me. He offered no sympathy, no regrets at having to change his mind, and dealt with the matter as if it were one of minor importance.

There was another situation in which Alanbrooke, by keeping quiet and looking soldierly, was misunderstood. His word now on what he thought then has almost the same definitive force. It concerns an important incident in the involved controversy between the British and the Americans over the cross-Channel attack, the book's major subject. With the addition of Alanbrooke's testimony, a confusion that until now has seemed slightly weird is cleared up. The puzzle—to simplify outrageously—was why, by the middle of 1942, many of the Americans took the unreasonably anti-British view that Churchill and Alanbrooke would never willingly coöperate in an invasion of Normandy. The Americans believed that great pressure would have to be put on the British, and that the British, unless they were so firmly committed to the cross-Channel attack that they couldn't possibly squirm out, would squander the Allies' growing strength, as fast as it could be built up, on one useless, peripheral sideshow after another. This was surely an odd opinion, for the British had been thinking in terms of a cross-Channel attack as far back as June, 1940, even while the last elements of their expeditionary force were being evacuated from France. They had started to design tank-landing craft for the shelflike beaches of the Channel's far shore at about that time. They had been planning in considerable detail since September, 1941, for a return to the Continent, and, according to Alanbrooke, they took it for granted that a cross-Channel attack would be the knockout blow against Germany. But the British planners had figured out that D Day was a long time off; they held that the Allies should not try for a knockout without a reasonable chance of achieving it. And Alan-

MISSILE SYSTEMS
SCIENTISTS

Major achievement is required in the following areas:

Guidance and control systems analysis and synthesis, geophysics, applied mechanics, solid state physics, aerophysics, gas dynamics, electromagnetic wave propagation, communication theory, operations research, weapon systems analysis, microwave component research, instrumentation research, optics, infrared, high temperature physics, theoretical chemical physics.

Inquiries are invited. Please address the Research and Development Staff, Sunnyvale 25, California.

Lockheed

MISSILE SYSTEMS DIVISION

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
PALO ALTO • SUNNYVALE • VAN NUYS
CALIFORNIA

Heading for New York?

Towering high above exclusive Beekman Hill, our rooms command superb views of the East River, U.N. and the New York skyline. Your dollar still buys a lot of good living here! Singles from $6.50. Special rates for extended visits.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Beekman Tower HOTEL

49TH ST AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

GOURMETS! COOKBOOK Collectors!

I specialize in culinary classics, regional recipe books, unusual imports, all eating, drinking & feasting items, chiefly out of print.

Send or phone for my *GASTRONOMIANA & LITERARY COOKERY* listing 925 selections from my collection of 4,000 volumes for the inner-man (& everywoman). Bob Brown, co-author, *THE WINE COOKBOOK, AMERICA COOKS, THE COMPLETE BOOK OF CHEESE* & a baker's dozen more—37 West 8th St., N. Y. City 11. GRamercy 7-9259.

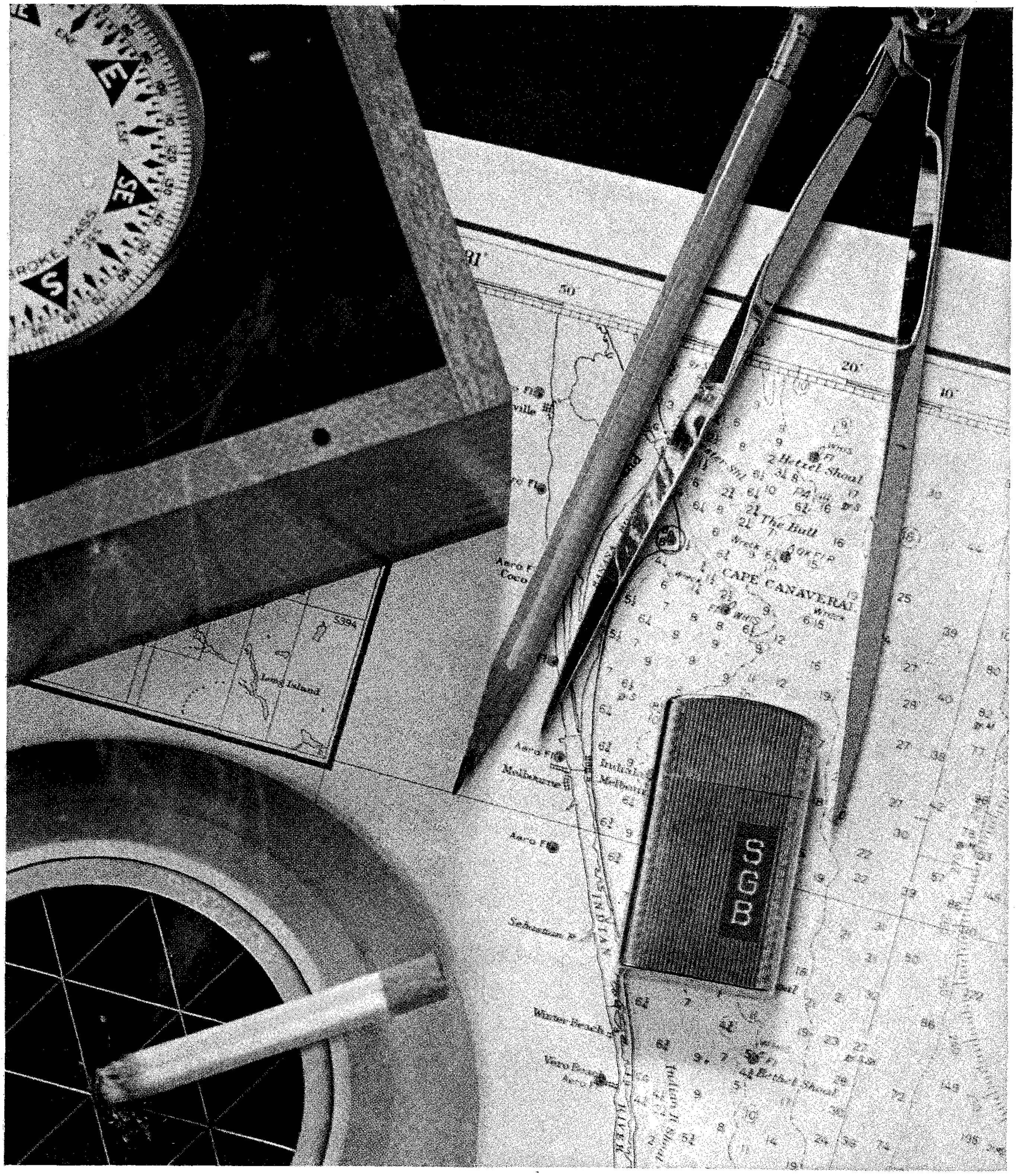
THE CLUB

by ANDREW GRAHAM

"British humor at its best."
—EDWARD STREETER

Illus. by Osbert Lancaster

REYNAL $3.50



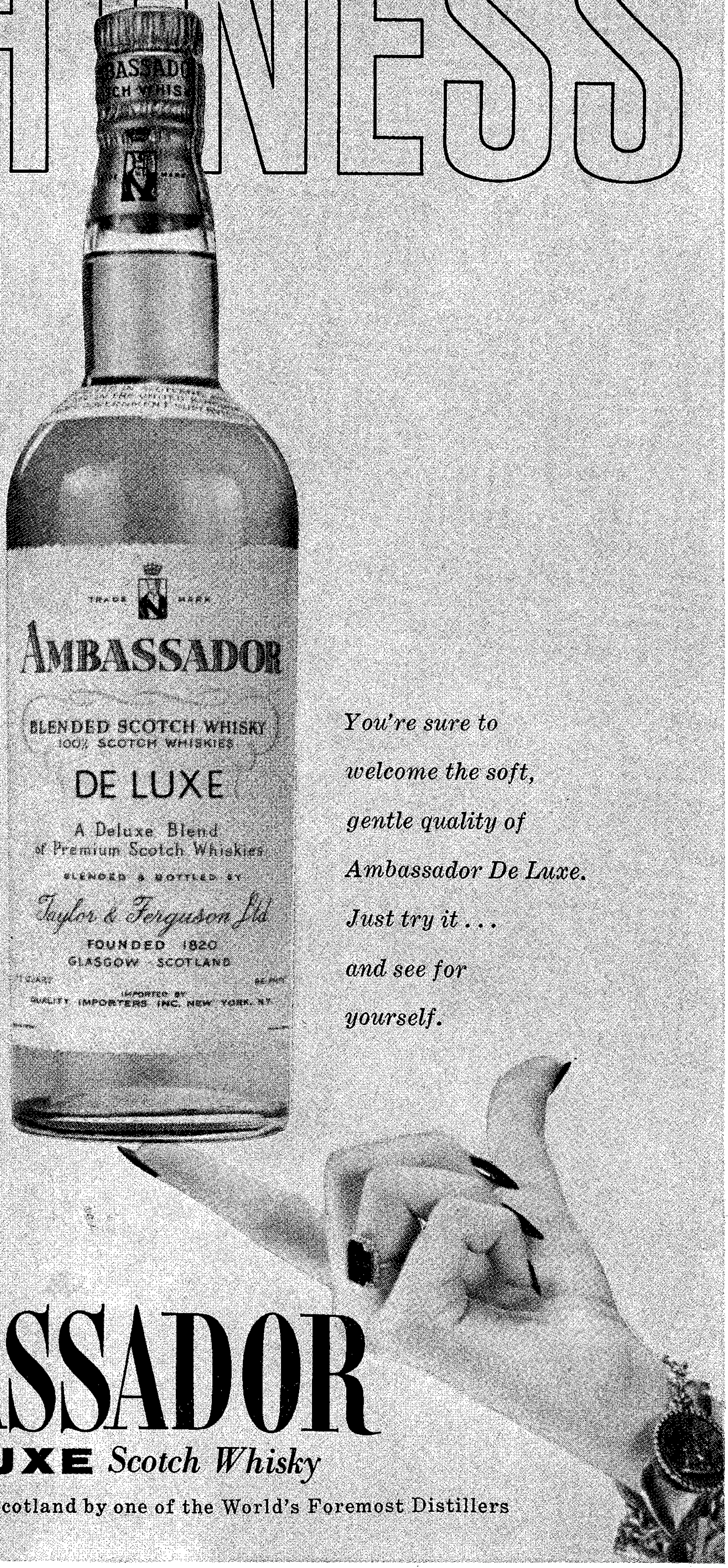
new companion for your travels... ZIPPO® Slim-Lighter

New as it is, the Zippo *Slim-Lighter* has already started to journey wherever smart people travel... an admired accessory for the modern woman... a cherished aide to the active man.

It has become one of the year's most distinguished gifts, especially for Father's Day... when it's so difficult to find something splendidly *new*... with quality to match! *Slim-Lighter,* in its beautifully modern lightweight case, offers Zippo's world-famed easy action and sure lights. And it carries this unusual guarantee: If anything *ever* goes wrong with a Zippo, we will fix it free!

Model shown, gold-filled, $20 plus fed. tax. Other Zippos, regular and *Slim-Lighter,* $3.50 to $192.50. Zippo Manufacturing Company, Bradford, Pa. In Canada: Zippo Manufacturing Co., Canada Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

LIGHTNESS


ASSADOR
SCOTCH WHISKY
TRADE MARK
AMBASSADOR
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
DE LUXE
A Deluxe Blend of Premium Scotch Whiskies
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
Taylor & Ferguson Ltd
FOUNDED 1820
GLASGOW SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
QUALITY IMPORTERS INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

So light it always "sets well" with you . . . so mellow and flavorful it invites further enjoyment.

You're sure to welcome the soft, gentle quality of Ambassador De Luxe. Just try it . . . and see for yourself.

LUXURY WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

AMBASSADOR

DE LUXE *Scotch Whisky*

Produced and Bottled in Scotland by one of the World's Foremost Distillers

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF. QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

brooke, the chief planner, believed that while the necessary men and equipment were being assembled, the Allies could strike profitable preliminary jabs in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy—all part of the preparation for the cross-Channel attack at the earliest possible time. Compared to the British, who had been worrying over the logistical problems, the Americans, when they entered the war, were filled with tremendous optimism. In April, 1942, Marshall and Hopkins, with Stimson's full support, flew to London to present Churchill and Alanbrooke with what the Americans thought was a brilliant plan: a cross-Channel attack, the knockout blow, for late that summer. Eisenhower, who had helped work on the idea, describes the American enthusiasm for it: "We felt we were bringing a new concept, almost a new faith, to strategic thinking."

Here, exactly, is where Alanbrooke's private thoughts explain everything. He believed that the plan was preposterously immature and almost wholly lacking in practical details. Among the matters that needed working out were getting the troops (the Americans hoped the British might be able to supply them), the supplies, the ships, the landing craft; sweeping the Luftwaffe from the skies; exterminating the U-boats; and finding a navy to provide the assault forces with direct support. Alanbrooke was dismayed. But neither he nor Churchill came anywhere near telling the Americans their real opinion of the plan. Alanbrooke expressed some reservations. Churchill, more or less concealing Alanbrooke's complete dumfounderment, wriggled out of the embarrassing situation by the time-honored trick of agreeing in principle. The British patted the Americans on the back, beamed at them, and sent them home. Hopkins and Marshall had no way of knowing what Alanbrooke was *not* saying, although Marshall did suspect that there was some sort of fly in the ointment. Hopkins, on the other hand, was completely taken in: "Marshall has made a splendid impression . . . and has presented our case with moderation but with real force," he cabled Roosevelt. He felt there had been a true meeting of the minds.

The war in the European Theatre of Operations was fought, to be sure, as Alanbrooke had anticipated it would have to be, and we did win it. But for more than a year, until the Quebec Conference, in September of 1943, which set the invasion for 1944, the relations between the British and American staffs, largely as a result of

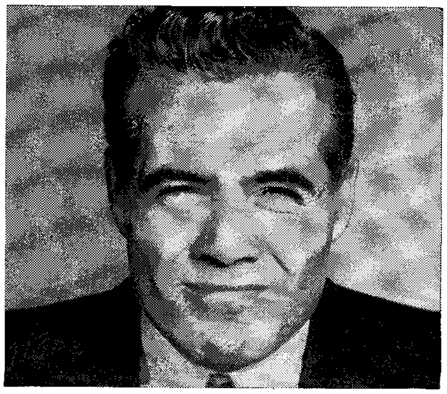
Smart women plan ahead.

Choosing, personalizing and addressing Christmas cards takes time. Enjoy now the luxury of selecting the Christmas card you'll be proud to send as your holiday ambassador. All cards in the AAG Golden Album are the work of outstanding American artists, yet they cost no more than ordinary Christmas cards.

American Artists Group

Write us for store near you. P. O. Box 20 Prince Station New York 12

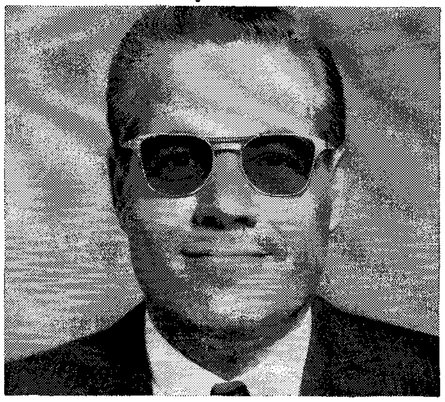
WHAT TO GIVE FATHER?



Ray-Ban Signet Sun Glasses

You can't pay more, and you can't buy better. Lifetime 1/10 12K gold filled frames; neutral gray G-15 or sage green lenses; ground-and-polished-to-curve and heat-toughened against impact; $22.95 and $24.95. Other Ray-Ban Sun Glasses . . . with a specific lens for every outdoor use . . . from $8.50, wherever fine sun glasses are sold.

THE FINEST SUN GLASSES MADE!



Bausch & Lomb Optical Company,
Rochester, New York.

BAUSCH & LOMB
Ray-Ban®
SIGNET
SUN GLASSES
The Most Distinguished Name in Sun Glasses

℞ *. . . IF YOU WEAR GLASSES, you can have a pair with genuine Ray-Ban lenses made to your individual prescription, in Orthogon single vision or bifocal types.*

set for summer

8C-5 CAROUSEL UMBRELLA: festive 8-footer boasts gold anodized aluminum handle with push-button tilter, effortless lift-crank. From $90. at furniture and department stores, or through decorators. Send 25¢ in coin to Troy, Ohio for new booklet on casual decorating.

THE TROY SUNSHADE COMPANY
ONE PARK AVENUE, N. Y. • TROY 5, OHIO

COOL OFF with these 2 hot weather favorites by HOLLAND HOUSE

QUININE TONIC MIX
for Gin, Vodka & Other Tonic Drinks
and
COLLINS MIX
for the all-time favorites...Tom, Rum, Vodka & Whiskey Collins

ENOUGH MIX IN EACH BOTTLE FOR 22 DRINKS

Easy to make! Add required liquor and soda. That's all! Other Holland House Mixes: Manhattan, Dry Martini, Daiquiri, Whiskey Sour, Old Fashioned, Side Car, Bronx.

85¢ Slightly higher West of the Mississippi.

At Food, Drug, Beverage & Liquor Stores. Write for free cocktail and canapé recipes! Holland House Sales Co., Woodside 77, N. Y.

what had happened in this April affair, were strained. Having believed that the British had favored a cross-Channel attack in 1942, the Americans saw any other operation as a betrayal of the April "agreements." It was easier to suspect the British of battle fatigue than to imagine that, as Alanbrooke now admits, they had treated the Americans like over-eager children.

All of which merely goes to show what is already well known—that managing a war is a miserable occupation. It is therefore fitting that "The Turn of the Tide" should end with Alanbrooke in a characteristically dark mood. The Allies' fortunes are looking better than ever, the Quebec Conference, setting the scene for the final actions of the great drama, has been a success, and Alanbrooke is utterly fatigued, "absolutely cooked." If the lesson lacks originality, Bryant's book makes the peculiar terrors of high command as plain to the armchair strategist as they can ever be, and that is a considerable achievement.

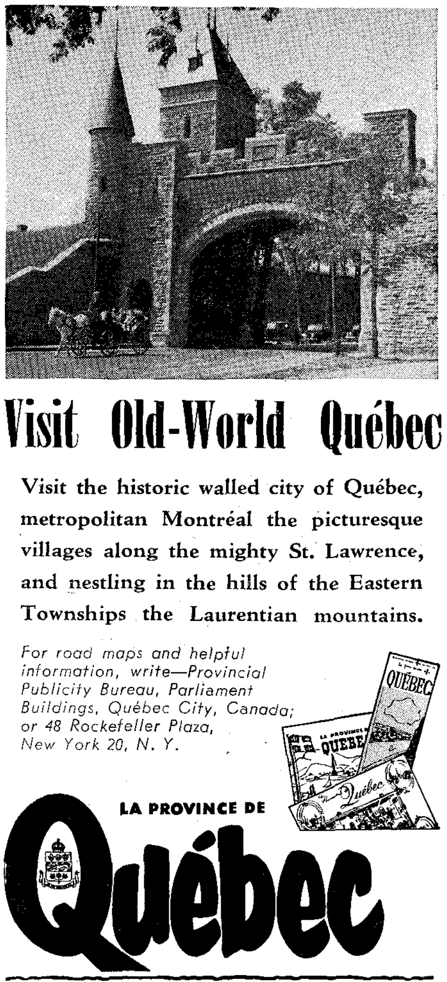
—BRUCE BLIVEN, JR.

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TO THE CASTLE, by Dorothea Malm (Appleton-Century-Crofts). Miss Malm's novel begins, "Today, in the courtyard of the Savoy, as I was setting out on the last of the errands that had brought me to London, I saw my dear father again, still in exile from that splendid Château de Ferronçalles that he once ruled with so subtle a tyranny. But I was prepared against the possibility of a chance encounter—he lives chiefly in England now. So was he. We did not speak." From this promising beginning, full of romance, mystery, and splendor as it is, Miss Malm develops a charming plot that revolves around the personality of a beautiful young girl, born in France and brought up by her distinctly low-class mother in America and England. The girl, Isabel, knows that her father is a duke, and what she wants to find out—and does find out—is, first, which of the world's dukes he is; second, whether he knows that she is alive; and, third, what changes would occur in her life if the secret of her birth became known. The time is now.

THE LADY, by Conrad Richter (Knopf). A slight, melancholy story, set in New Mexico about a hundred years ago, that tells about a bad-tempered, beautiful, well-born woman, Doña Ellen, whose egotism blinds


Visit Old-World Québec

Visit the historic walled city of Québec, metropolitan Montréal the picturesque villages along the mighty St. Lawrence, and nestling in the hills of the Eastern Townships the Laurentian mountains.

For road maps and helpful information, write—Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE NEW
Casino
ON THE
Park

Designed by Raymond Loewy Corp.
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
MARTIN BURNS AT THE PIANO
Tel. CIrcle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Again available!

ST. JOHNS BAY SOAP
VIRGIN ISLANDS

M. W. McIntyre Ltd.
292 Madison Ave.
New York, U. S. Agent

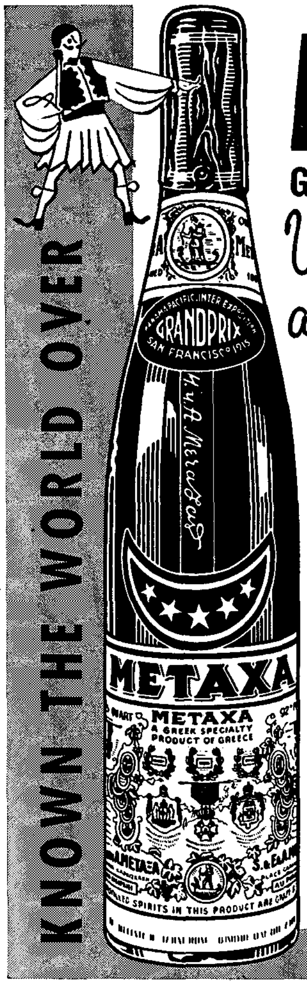
BATH SIZE

her to the fact that she is wrecking the lives of her brother, her husband, and her son—whom she loves and who love her. The narrator is a cousin of hers, who as a young boy adored her. He is old by the time he gets around to telling Doña Ellen's story, but his admiration of her and his appreciation of her power seem not to have been diminished by time.

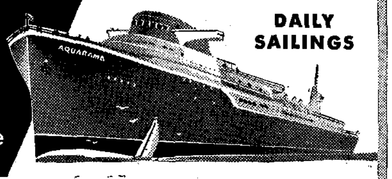
FOWLERS END, by Gerald Kersh (Simon & Schuster). This story of London centers on a squalid neighborhood cinema run by a flamboyant and brutal man named Sam Yudenow, who bullies or buys what he cannot completely destroy and whose view of life is a simple one: People are cheap. The leading figure is Daniel Laverock, a vigorous, ugly young man—his face and body have been scarred to the point of deformity by a long series of accidents—who takes the job of managing the cinema. The action lies in a series of collisions, sometimes physical and sometimes only of personality, between Yudenow and Laverock and the many other figures—all noticeable and all crudely drawn, male and female—who come to a semblance of life in the book. Since none of Mr. Kersh's characters seem likely to develop beyond the stage they have already reached, he devotes his energies to giving bold color and the appearance of violence to their performances.

GENERAL

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO CONSERVATISM, by Russell Kirk (Devin-Adair). The author has borrowed his title from Bernard Shaw, but that is all, since this "tract for the times," as he calls it, is the antithesis of everything Shaw argued in "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism." The author, one of the most articulate expounders of the new conservatism, believes that women are by nature conservative; this book is designed to confirm them in that attitude and to give them some debating points for use in combatting "doctrinaire liberalism." Mr. Kirk discusses conservatism as it applies to religion, the conscience, the individual, the family and the community, government, private property, power, and education—which just about covers the field. Much of what he says is sweet sense—that revolution does not bring revelation, for instance, and that the social scientists' tendency to flatten human beings into a gray norm


KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

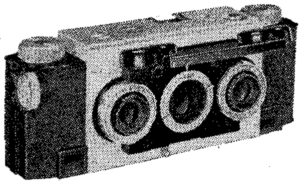
METAXA
GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR
Versatile-Unique-So different and delicious-It wins respect wherever served-
AS A BRANDY
AS A LIQUEUR
ON THE ROCKS
-for a Brilliant Change!
92 PROOF
SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS—IMPORT DIVISION
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK
48 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS


New Detroit-Cleveland Auto SHORT-CUT across Lake Erie
Save 180 Miles of Tough Driving!
Enjoy Cool Comfort . . . Faster Service
DAILY SAILINGS
TRAVEL ELEGANTLY—TRAVEL AQUARAMA
Service starts June 21, 1957
new S.S. AQUARAMA
Low auto-passenger rates. Ocean Liner comfort—beautiful lounges, spacious decks, good food and drinks, dancing and entertainment. Supervised children's playroom. (Food, refreshment only additional cost).
For illustrated folder write Michigan-Ohio Navigation Company, Dept. NY-6, 2028 National Bank Bldg., Detroit
TICKET OFFICES & DOCKS:
Detroit—Foot of W. Grand Blvd.
Cleveland—Foot of W. Third

How about Fido's SUMMER COAT?
Give him New Formula
VIONATE®
Complete vitamin and mineral supplement
Poor Fido can't put his fur in cold storage! But you can help keep him from scratching, keep his coat healthy and glossy all thru the hot dog-days.
Good for cats, too. Promotes pep and vigor—good appetite—sturdy bones—healthy skin.
79¢ 8 oz.
Save on kennel-size packages!
VIONATE® is a Squibb trademark
SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

JONAH JONES QUARTET
FAMOUS FOR
ROAST BEEF • STEAKS • BARBECUED RIBS
EMBERS
DINNER From 5:30 P.M. • OPEN 'TIL 4 A.M.
161 E. 54th • NYC • PL 9-3228

Re-live the best with a
Stereo REALIST camera



when you're ready for
the best—buy a . . .

Stereo REALIST

Realist, Inc., subsidiary of David White Instrument Co.
Manufacturers of precision surveying instruments and photographic products. 2051 N. 19th St., Milwaukee 5, Wisconsin.

FLY **NATIONAL**
AIRLINE OF THE STARS

HAVANA

For reservations anywhere
see your Travel Agent or call

NATIONAL
AIRLINE OF THE STARS

Serving the East and Gulf Coasts,
Florida, Texas, California, Cuba

is an invitation to totalitarianism—but too often, one feels, he uses an oversized stick to belabor his thesis, and too often he only states what to any sensible person is quite obvious.

GO SOUTH TO SORROW, by Carl T. Rowan (Random House). Last year, the author, who is a Minneapolis newspaperman and a Negro, returned to his native South to find out how the cause of integration had fared since the Supreme Court ruling of 1954. This is his report, and it is not a pretty one. He found race hatred, lawlessness, and civic cowardice in the ascendant, and he puts much of the blame on the "cooling-off" period prescribed by the Court—a period, he says, that has given demagogues a chance to strengthen the bastions of ignorance and prejudice—and on the "moderates," in both the South and the North, who seem to think that if nothing, or very little, is done about desegregation, the thing will resolve itself. For all his bitterness, Mr. Rowan never rants; his book shows the discipline of the good reporter—notably in accounts of the Emmett Till and Autherine Lucy cases—and while his irony can be wicked, his emotions are always under control.

MAN INTO SPACE, by Hermann Oberth (Harper). The author, who is called "the father of space travel" in the introduction to his book, worked on the Nazi V-2 rockets at Peenemünde under Wernher von Braun and now finds himself working on American military rockets in Alabama under the same Wernher von Braun. Here he gives us a preview of the brave new world—space cabins, armored space suits, and reaction pistols; space mirrors, sixty miles in diameter, that could fry an enemy nation to a crisp; one-legged cars for hopping around on the moon; and so on. (The author advances the practical thought that earth-based rubbernecks, along with the newsreel and television companies, would help pay for all this.) It is easy to dismiss Professor Oberth's forecasts as either Rube Goldberg lunacy or just plain power fantasy, but he has worked out everything in great detail—the book has a whopping mathematical appendix, as well as many diagrams—and, as he keeps pointing out, people once thought his military rockets were sheer insanity.

DUST FOR THE DANCERS, by Beth Dean and Victor Carell (Philosophical Library). Mr. and Mrs. Carell

The finger is mightier than the fist . . .

When you staple
ELECTRICALLY with
the "*Swingline® 66*"

Saves work, time, money! Yes, with the new electric SWINGLINE 66 stapler, only a *Feather Touch* will staple up to 40 pages together. No more pounding or punching. No more jammed-up machines. Ask your stationery supplier for a demonstration or a free 10-day trial!

only $29^{75}*

(Foot pedal model available at $35.75*)

Swingline® INC. World's Largest Manufacturers of Staplers for Home and Office, Long Island City 1, N.Y.

*Slightly higher in the West

From SWEDEN

Jon brings you a classic bowl of lead crystal by HOVMANTORP in clear or smoke.

Diameter 10", height 5½"

From DENMARK

Servers by Krenit of ebonized nylon

BOWL $10.00
SERVERS $5.00
Size 11½ in. long

Check or money order, no CODs. Add .75 for postage and insurance.

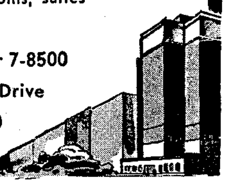
JON'S SCANDINAVIAN SHOP
179 W. 4th St.
New York, N. Y.

*Facing Lake Michigan
on the Gold Coast*

Lake Shore Drive
HOTEL

Enjoy superlative luxury only five minutes from downtown . . . steps from famous restaurants and exclusive North Michigan Avenue stores. Superb appointments and friendly service. Rooms, suites and apartments.

PHONE: SUperior 7-8500
181 East Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO



Overlooking NARRAGANSETT BAY, R. I. and ATLANTIC OCEAN

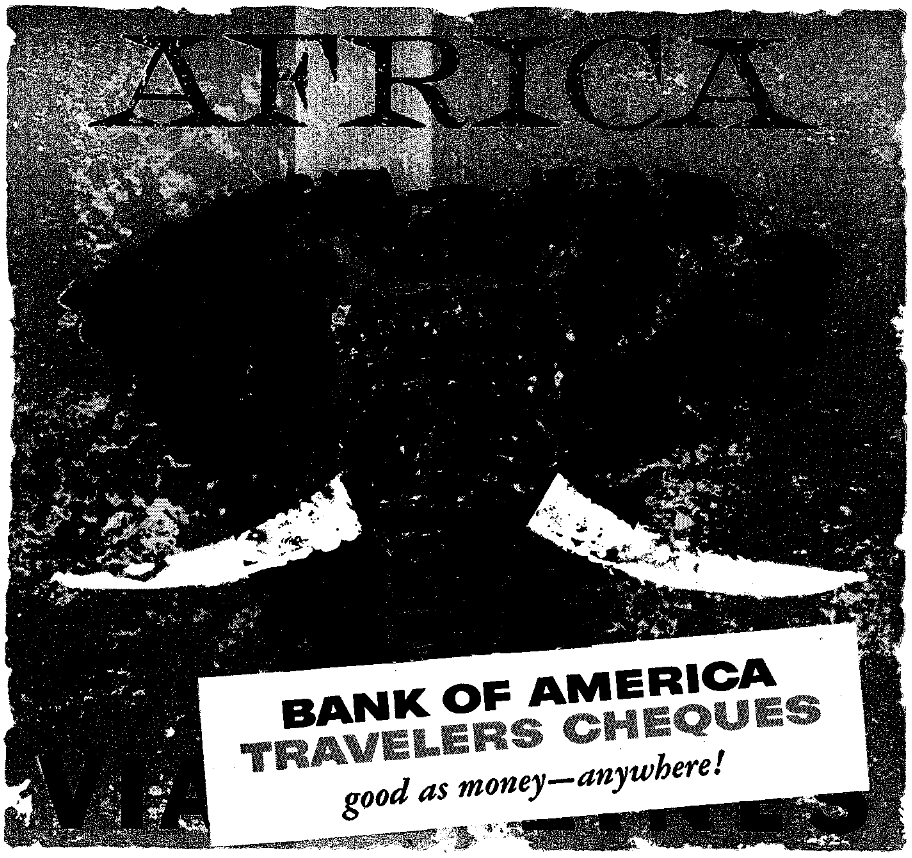
An Estate of great beauty, in superb location, with *Low-lying Norman Home* of medium size, built by eminent architect, and recently completely modernized. About 200 acres; small stable; cottage; pond for trout-fishing, and picturesque small island. Suitable for home and investment.

Mrs. Olive F. Thornton, Realtor
547 Washington Street, Wellesley, Mass.
WEllesley 5-3812

recently travelled ten thousand miles through Australian back country to study aboriginal dancing, out of which Mrs. Carell eventually got a ballet, called "Corroboree," that she put on in Sydney. This book is an engaging by-product of the trip—sensitive to the values of the aboriginal cultures, amusing on such ironies of acculturation as the native to whom the authors showed his first boomerang, sometimes gushy and superficial, but never pretentious. With glossary, end-paper map, and fine colored and black-and-white photographs.

THE TWENTIES, by John Montgomery (Macmillan). An amiable treatise on the nineteen-twenties as they were lived in England. In many ways, the English twenties were much like ours, combining a cheerful sense of irresponsibility with a rather glum political obtuseness. We read the same authors (Michael Arlen, Evelyn Waugh, Sinclair Lewis, Hugh Walpole, Ernest Hemingway, D. H. Lawrence, and Aldous Huxley), went to pretty much the same plays and movies, and sang the same songs—and, of course, both countries saw the emergence of the Modern Young Woman. Mr. Montgomery, a Scotsman, also discusses some features of the twenties that were peculiarly English—the activities of the Prince of Wales, the Irish troubles, the dole, the General Strike, and Stanley Baldwin. He has made a nice little book out of it all, and has illustrated it with some nice nostalgic photographs, cartoons, and reproductions of advertisements.

THE MIND AND ART OF HENRY ADAMS, by J. C. Levenson (Houghton Mifflin). A first-rate study of the paradoxical figure who, on the one hand, was among the wisest Americans of his time and perhaps our greatest historian, and, on the other, could write of the Boer War and the campaign on behalf of Dreyfus: "Both of them are Jew wars, and I don't believe in Jew wars." Professor Levenson suggests that the suicide of Adams' beloved wife

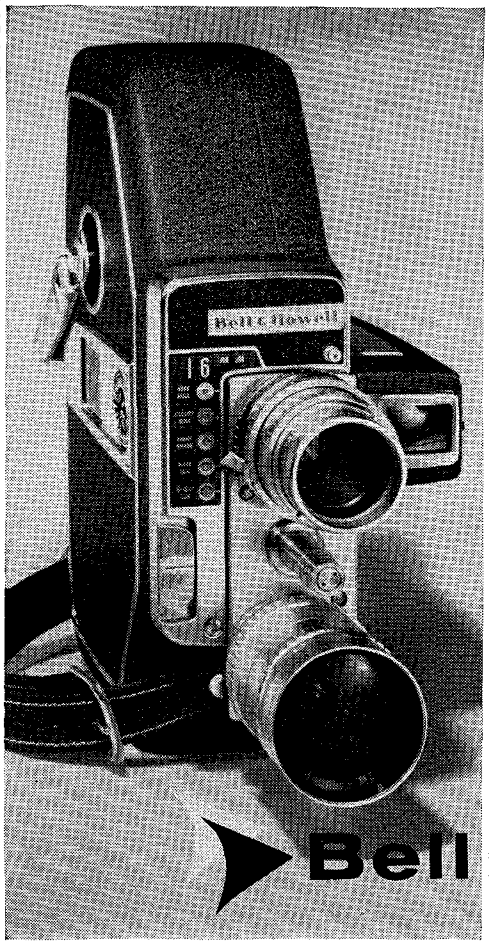


BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES
good as money—anywhere!

TRAVEL CAREFREE—with your funds protected by the world's largest bank! Recognized everywhere, Bank of America Travelers Cheques are sold by your local bank or travel agent.

Bank of America
SPECIMEN

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



Bring your vacation back alive!

Just pack your bag—and this brand new Bell & Howell movie camera. It holds 100 feet of film, takes eight average scenes per winding. And it *threads itself* for quick and easy loading.

Set the Sun Dial . . . sight . . . shoot. Great movies! Great fun! You'll love the Swifturn turret too. From normal lens to telephoto is a fast flip of your wrist.

So start your vacation at your dealer's. The 16mm 240-T is as easy to take as two weeks with pay. With f/2.5 Sunomatic lens, $219.95.

Free Booklet! Write Bell & Howell, 7101 McCormick Road, Chicago 45, Illinois.

Bell & Howell

50 YEARS OF FINER PRODUCTS THROUGH ***IMAGINATION***

SHE DESERVES TO EAT OUT

—at least once a week!

Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch . . . the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage—coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!

PRESSURE PACKED Chase & Sanborn COFFEE

Bargain Air Fares to Latin America

MIAMI TO

RIO

30-DAY EXCURSION RATE

$392.70 ROUND TRIP

Fly REAL to Gay, Romantic Brazil! You'll travel first-class in a Douglas four-motor Skymaster (four flights weekly), with complimentary hot meals served aloft, attentive bi-lingual stewardesses, 66 lb. baggage allowance.

You'll have fun on Copacabana Beach... dance to exciting rhythms in fabulous nightclubs...see Sao Paulo, and other cities and sights that make Brazil your most thrilling travel adventure. Send for free illustrated brochure No. NY-700.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

FLY REAL

(BRAZILIAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES)
545 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.
LATIN AMERICA'S LARGEST AIRLINE

warped his later life and views, but his book beautifully shows how remarkable a man and writer Adams was, warp and all. Illustrated.

RACE AND NATIONALITY IN AMERICAN LIFE, by Oscar Handlin (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A collection of magazine pieces about American minorities, so skillfully woven together that even a harsh review of a book by Carey McWilliams seems no more than a nub in the fabric. Few historians who are as passionately committed as Professor Handlin is to the American equalitarian tradition manage to remain so witty, so urbane, and so aware of unmeasurables; when social science is not up to dealing with a problem, he advises his readers, turn to novels.

ROYAL WALES, by Cledwyn Hughes (Roy). A history and travel book, by a Welsh novelist and regional writer, who is a demon on his subject and packs in facts as thick as currants in a bun. Mr. Hughes first introduces us to "the physical presence" of his country, one of the loveliest northern lands in the world, and then to the people, who have a reputation among Englishmen and Americans for being slightly second-rate, uncultured, and uncouth. (Some observers, notably Evelyn Waugh, and the author of "Taffy Was a Welshman," have said even unkinder things about them.) This is all a canard, says Mr. Hughes. Since the thirteenth century, when Wales was conquered by Edward I, it has been, for all practical purposes, an occupied country, and after Owain Glyn Dwr (Owen Glendower) made his unsuccessful bid to restore nationhood to Wales in the fifteenth century, enterprising Welshmen have often got out of the country and become great adventurers, explorers, and colonizers. Seventeen of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, for instance, were of Welsh blood; a Welshman named Madoc is credited by a small but noisy group of scholars with having been the real discoverer of America; and seven Presidents of the United States have, by their own proud claim, been of Welsh descent. This book is partly an apologia—although its author would deny the necessity for any such thing—and partly an invitation to come and see Wales at the first opportunity. Illustrations.

ROME, by Y. and E.-R. Labande, translated and adapted from the French by George Millard, and YUGOSLAVIA, by Suzanne Normand

TWO WEEKS WITH PLAY?

RENT A CAR FROM COUTURE IN

- CUBA
- PUERTO RICO
- FLORIDA
- COLORADO
- NEW YORK
- TEXAS

TAKE A PLANE OR TRAIN, pick up car on arrival, drive off to vacation fun! Charge it with Diners', Esquire, airline, or Couture card—ask for application!

PHONE RESERVATION OFFICES:
N. Y. CI 7-4886 • Chicago WE 9-2380
Dallas RI 7-1031 • Denver FL 5-1691

Write for free folders:

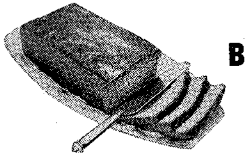
Couture RENT A CAR
825 Fifth Street, Miami Beach, Florida
See your travel agent, airline, railroad

RANCH DRESS

is a classic that will take you thru your busy day's schedule—unruffled. It has easy-to-get-into snap front, smart white stitched trim. Navy or Faded Blue Denim, or Cadet Blue or Red Chambray, or pin-striped beige, yellow or turquoise poplin. Sizes 10-44 & 12½-20½. Over 20 . . **$12.95.** Sizes up to 20 . . **$10.95.** Matching adjustable Hat & Shoulder Bag . . **$3.95** ea.

Send cash, check or m.o. to

WESTERN CLASSICS
Box 4035, Dept. RY
Tucson, Ariz.



EXOTIC DELICACY you simply *can't* buy elsewhere . . .

HAWAIIAN BANANA LOAF

Cake of the Gods!

Everyone who's tasted our unique Loaf calls it an adventure in regal eating. Deliciously light, full-textured, 3 huge, ripe bananas, 2 eggs, 7 secret ingredients *plus* a master's skill with a slow-bake oven . . . make this golden brown masterpiece naturally rich and flavorful. Superb eating, plain, toasted, a la mode. Delicious with beverages or dessert. Magnificent gift! Custom baked to your order. Mailed prepaid in its own deep tin pan. **2 pound loaf** each **$2.98**

Please send check or MO, no COD's.

MARVIRA SHOPPE dept. N, 1276 Clay Avenue New York 56, N. Y.

Established 1864
Keeler's
STATE STREET
The Restaurant Landmark of
ALBANY, NEW YORK

and Jean Acker, translated from the French by Jean Penfold (Essential). Two more volumes in the superior Les Beaux Pays series of travel books. The first is an intense cultural swing through Rome that is by turns crotchety ("The virile personality of St. Norbert is outrageously misrepresented by his effigy [in St. Peter's]"), joyous, and sedate, so that, with the help of more than two hundred handsome photographs, one comes away stuffed with the beauty, ghosts, and noise that tangle on almost every corner of the city. The second book has a largely Impressionistic text, which presents a spirited, if rather jumbled, portrait of a queer, changing land, where one finds enormous, traffic-stopping tortoises crossing the bad roads, Roman ruins that are still lived in, sumptuous hotels for workers standing in the middle of nowhere, palm trees, and deserted mosques, as well as much that the authors wearily describe, time and again, as "squalid," "sullen," "forsaken," and "barren." All the hundred and twenty photographs are excellent. Good maps in both volumes.

BELLINI AND TITIAN AT FERRARA: A STUDY OF STYLES AND TASTE, by John Walker (Phaidon). One of those "detective stories" of art history, involving X-ray studies of suspected canvases, and so on. Although the crime involved was regarded at the time as casually as a run-of-the-mill stabbing, it is one that would outrage the entire art world today. The culprit was Titian, who had the temerity to paint over a picture by his old master, Giovanni Bellini, after the latter's death. The job was done at the behest of the Duke of Ferrara, and there were extenuating circumstances, for the picture was one of four meant to adorn the walls of the Duke's study at Ferrara, and Titian had done the three others. The bare facts of the case have been known for some time, but Mr. Walker, the director of the National Gallery in Washington, using the most modern investigative techniques, set out to discover just what changes Titian made, when he made them, and even (since the alterations, in a sense, embody the change in taste from one generation to another) why. The answers to this last question take the author far afield indeed—not only to related works by the two principals and their contemporaries but on to such later masters as Poussin and Rubens, who were inspired by them. Some seventy black-and-white illus-

OUTSTANDING
NEW CREME DE CACAO
One of twenty delightful new cordials carefully made by Canada Dry, which assures you of quality you can buy with complete confidence.
CANADA DRY
AMERICA'S FINEST
CREME DE CACAO
Produced and Bottled by CANADA DRY DISTILLERS, INC. HUDSON, N.Y.
60 proof
CANADA DRY CORDIALS
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., 100 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

Only 17¢ a day . . .

can mean so much to Man Rook and his mother

Yes, 17¢ a day could mean so much to Man Rook. It *could* mean, for a whole year, attractive new clothes, bedding and warm blankets, a toy to play with, even food—including extra milk. Man Rook's mother struggling in post-war Korea does not have the 17¢ a day for her baby.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Man Rook or another needy baby through the Baby Sponsorship Plan of Save The Children Federation. For just $5 a month—$60 a year—you can have food and the essential clothing for an entire year sent to a baby in Greece, Finland, France, Western Germany, Italy or Korea. You will receive a photograph and full information about "your" baby. You may write to his family, and your generous material aid will become part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (*a partial list*)
Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, James A. Farley, Herbert Hoover, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Mrs. Spencer Tracy.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

● I would like to sponsor a baby in.......................... (country, or where the need is greatest). I will pay $60 for one year (or $5 a month). Enclosed is payment for the full year.............................., first month.............................. Please send me the baby's name, story, and picture.

● I cannot sponsor a baby, but I want to help by giving $..

Name ....

Address ....

City.............................. Zone........ State......................

Contributions are deductible for income tax purposes.
NY 6-7

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE

Ever read the Hippocratic oath all the way through? After more than 2,000 years, some of it is a bit outdated. But there's one sentence that is still held sacred by all doctors — and by members of many other professions and trades as well:

"Whatsoever in my practice or not in my practice I shall see or hear amid the lives of men which ought not to be noised about, as to this I will keep silence, holding such things unfitted to be spoken."

Here at Merrill Lynch, that's how we feel about the private affairs of our customers, too. Even when you place an order through us, nobody but your account executive knows your identity, because all our business is transacted and all our records are kept by account number only. Finally, when you write to Research for investment help, the information you give us is seen only by the people inside our firm whose job it is to help you.

We believe that you will have confidence in us only as we keep confidence with you, and we act accordingly.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 112 Cities

trations—detail, X-ray, and others—add considerably to the book's interest.

VERSE

ARISTOPHANES: THE BIRDS, an English version by Dudley Fitts (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Fitts, having already given us delightfully lively and readable versions of Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" and "The Frogs," comes to this new translation with his wits and skill well sharpened, so the Greek comedy first produced in Athens in 414 B.C. moves along with ease in modern American idiom. The topical barbs of this satirist, as Fitts says in a foreword, have become unimportant compared to the concept of Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, a kind of "comic dream" of a utopia, which can inexhaustibly appeal to the imagination in any time or place. And Mr. Fitts, following his author, has kept the lyrics as charmingly smooth as he has kept the comedy rough.

NOTE: "You Can't Get There from Here," a collection of the poems that Ogden Nash has written since 1953, has been published by Little, Brown. Many of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*. Illustrations by Maurice Sendak.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Robert N. Fuller has been named president and chief executive officer of Seabury Press, Inc., the official publishing house of the Protestant Episcopal Church, it was announced yesterday. He succeeds Leon McCauley, who retired May 1 after serving as manager of the press since it was founded in 1951. Mr. Fuller was previously associated for many years with G. C. Merriam Co. as advertising manager, executive vice-president and from 1950 to 1953 as president.

Second children in the family sequence learn to manipulate people even while they are toddlers.

•

DEAR SIP

WE HAVE THE PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THE BEGINNING OF OUR SUMMER SALES. IT STARKS JUNE 20, AND IN EVERY ONE OF OUR ITEMS YOU WILL FIND FPOM 10 o)o TO 30 o)o DISCOUNT. OUR WHOLE STOCK OF CERAMICS BRONZE, METAL,NEW AND OLD ITEMSOF GREEK ART, LEATHER CARPETS, NEEDLE WORK AND OTHERS, WE WILL GIVE YOU AT A TERRIFIC DISCOUNT WE WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU, BRASMAN AND HIS WIFE. OPEN EUERY DAY IN CLUDING SUNDAY AT ALL HOURS.

TEHNK YOU
BRASMAN

—*A dodger handed to passersby in Kephissa, Greece.*

Tehnk *you!* And don't call us Sip.

IT'LL TASTE BETTER WITH **ESCOFFIER** SAUCE! ®

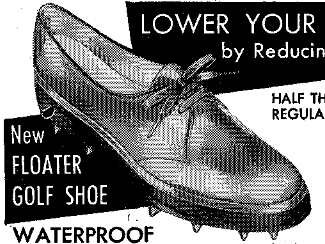
Unquestionably the world's finest sauce—the most expensive—and worth it! Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.

SAUCE DIABLE—Piquant, sharp and zesty... does wonders for fish and meat!

SAUCE ROBERT—uniquely spicy yet smooth... a must for steaks, chops and poultry.

Available at specialty food stores or send $1.10 for your choice of a bottle of Sauce Diable or Sauce Robert to Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Dept. 12, Teterboro, N. J.

Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877



LOWER YOUR SCORE
by Reducing Fatigue

New FLOATER GOLF SHOE

HALF THE WEIGHT OF REGULAR GOLF SHOES

$13.95 POSTPAID

Add $1.00 if desired with ARCH GRIP

WATERPROOF
Foam Rubber Outer Soles

- Featherweight Travelling Companion
- Removable Steel Spikes
- Glove Leather Uppers — Leather Insoles.

Resident Pro inquiries invited

Indicate size and width
BROWN ONLY
SIZES 5½ - 13
WIDTHS A, B, C, D, E
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Worn by JACK REDMOND Trick-shot Golfer

MAIL CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO **MAC SHOE CO.**
7 WHITNEY AVE., DEPT. 47 NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Holds 250 Long Playing Records

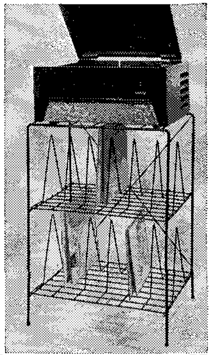


Table-size black wrought iron music-center holds 250 albums in 12 individual compartments! 2 generous shelves of solid record storage space enables you to sort your collection into many musical classifications. Top holds largest table-model Hi-Fi set made! 30" h, 22" w, 17" d. Sturdy and substantial, fully assembled. Please remit $14.95, or **CHARGE** your **DINER'S CLUB ACC'T.** Shipping charges will be collect. **$14.95**

©LESLIE CREATIONS
Dept. 231S, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

Gaston

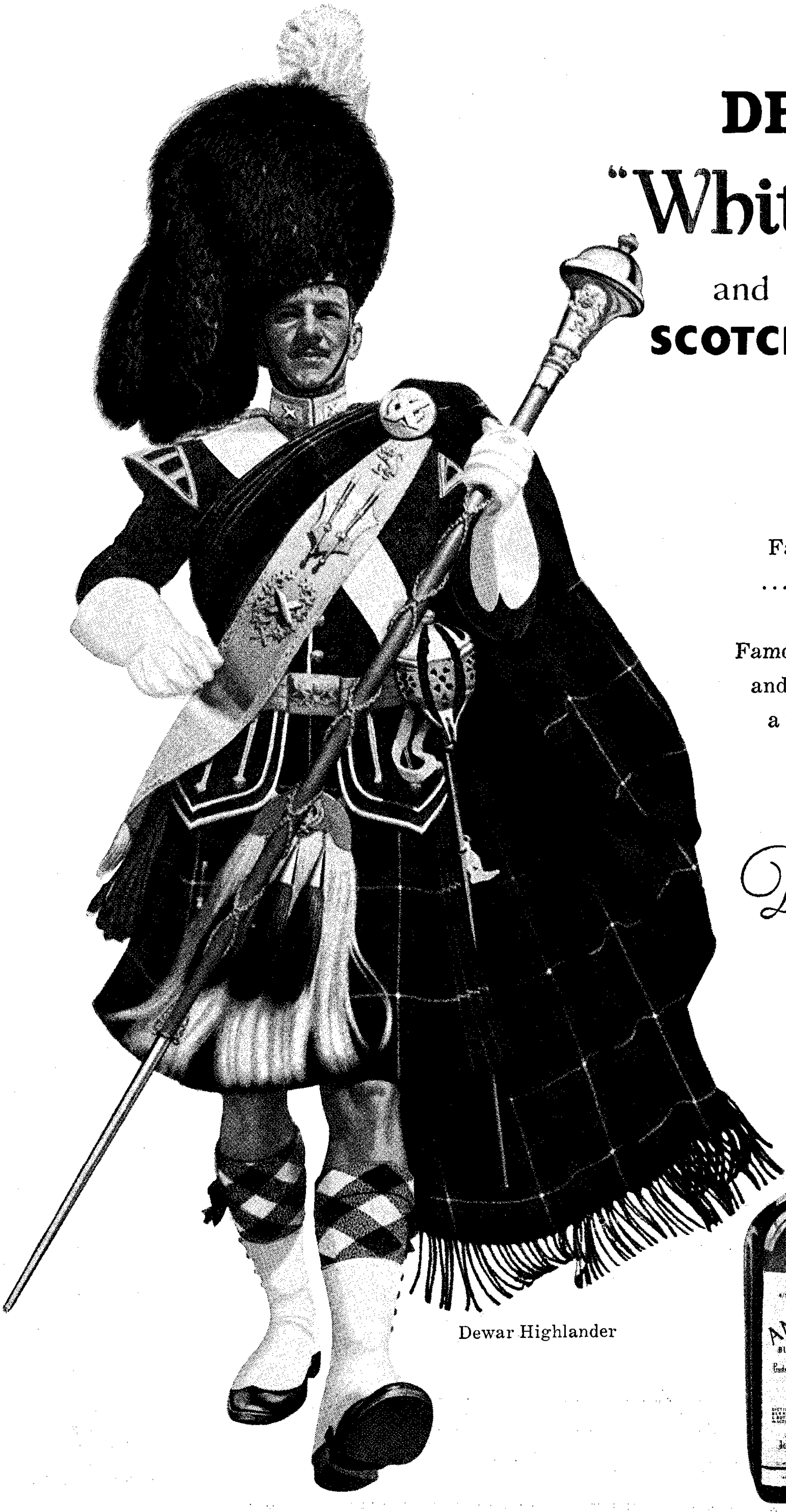
PRE-THEATRE DINNER

an intimate restaurant with a discriminating continental cuisine and matching wine cellar...

Air Cond.

48 East 49th Street PLaza 5-4285

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
and ANCESTOR
SCOTCH WHISKIES



Dewar Highlander

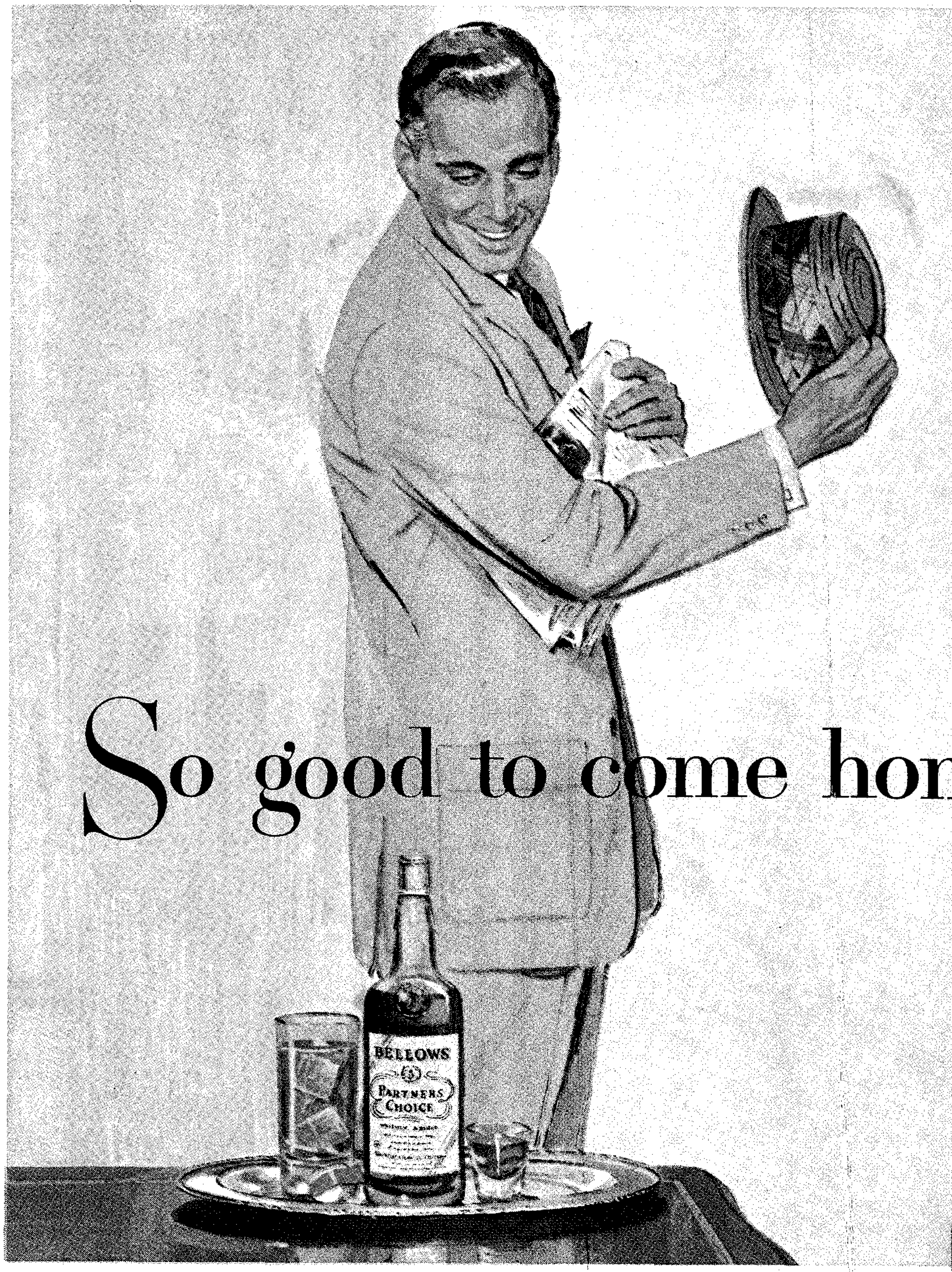
Famed are the clans of Scotland
. . . their colorful tartans worn in
glory through the centuries.
Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label
and Ancestor, forever and always
a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

Dewar's never varies!

ANCESTOR
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
4/5 QUART
86.8 PROOF
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH SCOTLAND
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
JOHN DEWAR & SONS
PERTH

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

So good to come home to


BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE

WHETHER your day has been filled with work or fun, how you look forward to quiet relaxation at home.

And how much more pleasant it is with a smooth drink made with Bellows Partners Choice.

Here is a whiskey gentle and mild, light in body, yet with a generous and satisfying flavor. Because Bellows Partners Choice contains more aged-base whiskies than any other nationally sold blended whiskey at its price.

Try it—and serve it. It marks you as a host of good taste, and your home as a place of warm welcome.

BELLOWS
BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
WHISKEY - A BLEND
BELLOWS & COMPANY

Bellows Partners Choice

Only the best is labeled Bellows

BELLOWS & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTRIBUTED BY: NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY
PARTNERS CHOICE, WHISKEY—A BLEND • 40% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD—60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF